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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 26, 1974

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DEVIL GATE DRIVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
4	2	JEALOUS MIND	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
12	3	REBEL REBEL	David Bowie (RCA)
5	4	WOMBLING SONG	The Wombles (CBS)
10	5	THE AIR THAT I BREATHE	Hollies (Parlophone)
2	6	TIGER FEET	Mud (Rak)
18	7	YOU'RE SIXTEEN	Ringo Starr (Apple)
3	8	THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD	Lulu (Polydor)
13	9	LOVE'S THEME	Love Unlimited Orchestra (Pye)
26	10	REMEMBER (SHA-LA-LA-LA)	Bay City Rollers (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 26, 1969

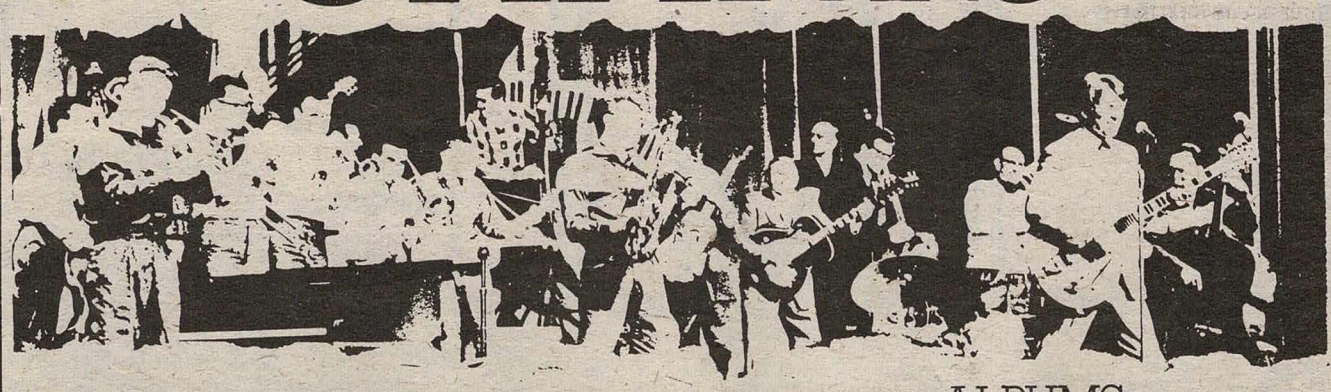
Last Week	This Week		
2	1	WHERE DO YOU GO TO	Peter Sarstedt (United Artists)
1	2	HALF AS NICE	Amen Corner (Immediate)
4	4	I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME	Diana Ross & The Supremes & The Temptations (Tamla Motown
5	4	DANCING IN THE STREET	Martha Reeves & The Vandelias (Tamla Motown)
3	5	BLACKBERRY WAY	Move (Regal Zonophone)
9	6	PLEASE DON'T GO	Donald Peers (Columbia)
5	7	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (Blue Horizon)
11	8	THE WAY IT USED TO BE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
7	9	YOU GOT SOUL	Johnny Nash (Major Minor)
16	10	WICHITA LINEMAN	Glen Campbell (Ember)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 28, 1964

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
3	2	DIANE	Bachelors (Decca)
7	3	BITS AND PIECES	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
2	4	NEEDLES AND PINS	Searchers (Pye)
6	5	I THINK OF YOU	Merseybeats (Fontana)
4	6	I'M THE ONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
5	7	5-4-3-2-1	Manfred Mann (HMV)
8	8	CANDY MAN	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
9	9	AS USUAL	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
11	10	I'M THE LONELY ONE	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

CHARTS



SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending February 24, 1979		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	1
2	(1)	CHIQUITITA	Abba (Epic)	3	1
3	(—)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees (RSO)	1	3
4	(7)	CONTACT	Edwin Starr (20th Century)	3	4
5	(3)	WOMAN IN LOVE	Three Degrees (Ariola)	5	3
6	(6)	I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'	Leif Garrett (Atlantic)	4	6
7	(4)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Shadows (EMI)	5	4
8	(24)	OLIVER'S ARMY	Elvis Costello (Radar)	2	8
9	(8)	MILK AND ALCOHOL	Dr Feelgood (United Artists)	4	8
10	(11)	KING ROCKER	Generation X (Chrysalis)	4	10
11	(5)	HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	10	1
12	(10)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel (CBS)	9	10
13	(28)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	3	13
14	(21)	AIN'T LOVE A BITCH	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	14
15	(16)	TAKE ON THE WORLD	Judas Priest (CBS)	2	15
16	(18)	GET DOWN	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	3	16
17	(17)	SOUND OF THE SUBURBS	Members (Virgin)	2	17
18	(8)	CAR 67	Driver 67 (Logo)	6	7
19	(15)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Barry White (20th Century)	7	12
20	(—)	GET IT	Darts (Magnet)	1	20
21	(12)	SEPTEMBER	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	9	3
22	(13)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People (Mercury)	12	1
23	(22)	COOL MEDITATION	Third World (Island)	6	14
24	(14)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	9	4
25	(—)	DON'T STOP ME NOW	Queen (EMI)	1	25
26	(—)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray (Capitol)	6	16
27	(—)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	2	27
28	(—)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros)	1	28
29	(—)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto (CBS)	1	29
30	(23)	YOU BET YOUR LOVE	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	2	23

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

LUCKY NUMBER — Lene Lovich (Stiff); CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE — The Real Thing (Pye); BABY OF MINE/ JUST FOR YOU — Alan Price (Jet); DOCTOR DOCTOR — UFO (Chrysalis).

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending February 24, 1979	
1	(1)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart
2	(2)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters
3	(5)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
4	(4)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John
5	(3)	LE FREAK	Chic
6	(6)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
7	(11)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer
8	(7)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees
9	(17)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches and Herb
10	(10)	SHAKE IT	Ian Matthews
11	(21)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees
12	(14)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD	Melisa Manchester
13	(16)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
14	(8)	LOTTA LOVE	Nicolette Larson
15	(24)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers
16	(9)	SOUL MAN	Blues Brothers
17	(19)	NO TELL LOVER	Chicago
18	(25)	WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE	Bobby Caldwell
19	(20)	BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY	Foreigner
20	(23)	DANCIN' SHOES	Nigel Olsson
21	(30)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits
22	(15)	I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'	Leif Garrett
23	(26)	EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU	The Babys
24	(—)	CRAZY LOVE	Poco
25	(28)	LADY	Little River Band
26	(13)	SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT	Barry Manilow
27	(—)	I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT	Evelyn "Champagne" King
28	(12)	EVERY 1's A WINNER	Hot Chocolate
29	(18)	GOT TO BE REAL	Cheryl Lynn
30	(—)	BIG SHOT	Billy Joel

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending February 24, 1979		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	19	1
2	(11)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	3	2
3	(2)	ACTION REPLAY	Various (K-Tel)	6	2
4	(3)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	6	3
5	(5)	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1	(CBS)	7	5
6	(4)	DON'T WALK, BOOGIE	Various (EMI)	8	1
7	(9)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	40	5
8	(15)	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	UFO (Chrysalis)	2	8
9	(12)	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins (Lotus)	2	9
10	(6)	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	9	6
11	(8)	WINGS GREATEST	Wings (Parlophone)	9	3
12	(—)	THANK YOU VERY MUCH REUNION CONCERT AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Cliff Richard & The Shadows (EMI)	1	12
13	(16)	TRES CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	3	13
14	(12)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	12	2
15	(23)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	33	2
16	(7)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	6
17	(25)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	59	3
18	(14)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket)	16	5
19	(19)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	14	1
20	(—)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Ariola Hansa)	30	1
21	(—)	CRUISIN'	Village People (Phonogram)	3	20
22	(—)	FORCE MAJEURE	Tangerine Dream (Virgin)	1	22
23	(—)	REFLECTIONS	George Hamilton IV (Lotus)	1	23
24	(27)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	7	14
25	(—)	THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DICKIES	Dickies (A & M)	1	25
26	(29)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	24	6
27	(10)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	32	1
28	(18)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	5	18
29	(17)	INCANTATIONS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	9	14
30	(—)	VALLEY OF THE DOLLS	Generation X (Chrysalis)	1	30

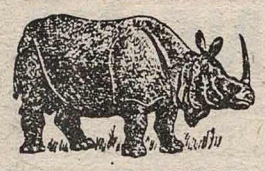
BUBBLING UNDER . . .

STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger (Capitol); LOOK SHARP — Joe Jackson (A&M); LIVE AT THE BUDOKAN — Cheap Trick (Epic); INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL — Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade).

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending February 24, 1979	
1	(4)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
2	(1)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
3	(2)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
4	(3)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
5	(5)	TOTALLY HOT	Olivia Newton-John
6	(11)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
7	(12)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits
8	(9)	TOTO	Toto
9	(10)	CRUISIN'	Village People
10	(6)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1	
11	(8)	C'EST CHIC	Chic
12	(13)	NICOLETTE	Nicolette Larson
13	(7)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	
14	(19)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
15	(14)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
16	(17)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
17	(25)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
18	(22)	LIFE FOR THE TAKING	Eddie Money
19	(18)	BACKLESS	Eric Clapton
20	(15)	GREATEST HITS	Barry Manilow
21	(27)	ENERGY	Pointer Sisters
22	(20)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
23	(24)	HERE MY DEAR	Marvin Gaye
24	(—)	2 HOT!	Peaches & Herb
25	(16)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY	Steve Martin
26	(21)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond
27	(23)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart
28	(26)	GREASE	Various Artists
29	(—)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
30	(—)	CHERYL LYNN	Cheryl Lynn

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



RAR MILITANT ENTERTAINMENT TOUR 79

Massive RAR package

SEVENTEEN OUTFITS IN NATIONWIDE TOUR

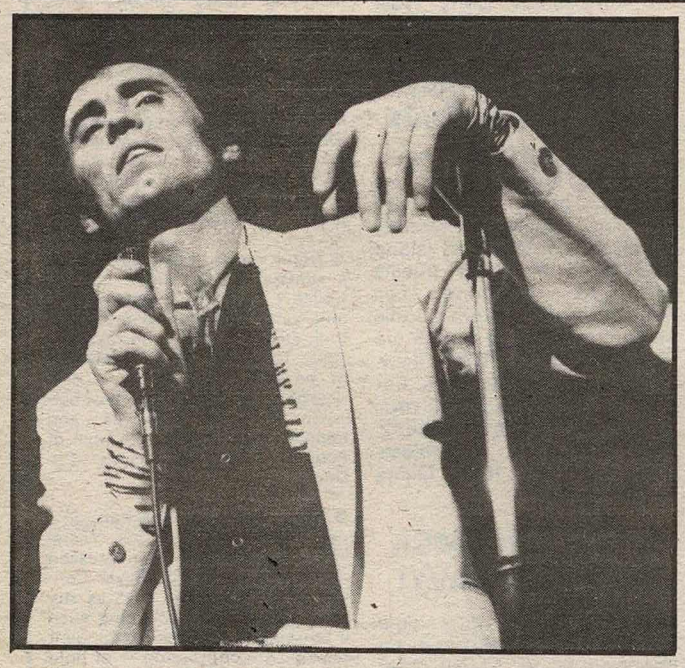
ROCK AGAINST RACISM are organising their own nationwide package tour, featuring a mixed bill of rock and reggae bands. Already 17 bands have volunteered their services, and negotiations are under way for several others to participate. Obviously not all these acts will play at each gig — the bill will vary from venue to venue, augmented by prominent local bands.

Groups so far confirmed for the tour are The Mekons, Stiff Little Fingers, The Gang Of Four, Aswad, Misty, The Carol Grimes Band, The Leyton Buzzards, The Ruts, The Angelic Upstarts, Exodus, 90° Inclusive, Crisis, Belt & Braces Band, The Fans, Flying Saucers, Iganda and The Piranhas.

Dates finalised at press-time are Cambridge Corn Exchange (March 17), Leicester Polytechnic (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (22), Leeds Polytechnic (23), Lancaster University (25), Edinburgh Clouds (27), Stirling University (28), Aberdeen Ruffles (29), Manchester Polytechnic (April 3), Birmingham Regal Cinema (4), Nottingham Club Malibu (6), Llanelli Glen Ballroom (8), Exeter Routes (9), Plymouth Woods Centre (10), Newport Stowaway (11) and Bristol University (12). All these venues are officially confirmed.

Further gigs have still to be added to this itinerary, including dates in Belfast and Dublin. And to climax the tour, RAR plan a special London show at a large venue — possibly Alexandra Palace — with a top name band headlining. Ticket prices will be pegged at "under £2" for all dates, with a special reduction for the unemployed, and all college gigs will be open to the general public.

RAR describe the tour as part of a campaign to stop the election bid of the National Front at the next General Election, whenever it may be. According to RAR, every town to be visited by the tour has a National Front candidate standing. RAR say the message of the tour is: "Form your own RAR club — make the second culture".



GIBBONS SETS MARCH DATES

STEVE GIBBONS BAND, who played three selected dates last week, have confirmed another seven for early next month — including a major London appearance. This mini-tour has been set up for two reasons — to promote their recently released Polydor single 'Get Up And Dance', and as a warm-up for an extensive European tour starting on March 13.

Their UK dates are Liverpool's Oscar's (March 1), Bristol University (2), Southampton University (3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4), Sheffield Polytechnic (7), Bath University (8) and London Victoria The Venue (9). The Birmingham gig is a special charity show to raise money for kidney machines.

The Euro-tour opens with a TV spot in Munich, then takes in 11 concerts around Germany, before moving on to Scandinavia. On their return in April, the band start preparing for a new album, the follow-up to their current set 'Down In The Bunker'.

● Dutch band Gruppo Sportivo have also been confirmed for a show at London The Venue, as the final date of their current extensive UK tour. It's on Friday, March 2.

CULTURE GIGS

REGGAE BAND Culture, who played to sell-out houses on their debut visit last year, return to Britain next month for their second visit — climaxing in two nights at London Rainbow Theatre on March 24 and 25 (tickets on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50). Other dates at Brighton Top Rank (March 16), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (17), Bristol Romeo & Juliet (18), Sheffield Top Rank (19), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (20), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Portsmouth Locarno (22) and High Wycombe Town Hall (23). Support act is expected to be Reggae Regular.

NEWS

Pursey veto has Sham in discord

SHAM 69 have their new single issued by Polydor on March 16, titled 'Questions And Answers'. There are two tracks on the B-side, 'We're Gotta Survive' and the Beatles classic 'With A Little Help From My Friends', which features drummer Mark Cain on vocals. Meanwhile, the band seem to be in some disharmony over their future plans, with Jimmy Pursey adamant that they have played their final live gig — while manager Tony Gordon insists that they'll be back on the road again within a few months.

As reported last week, and following NME's exclusive disclosure a fortnight ago that Sham are quitting the live scene, Pursey still seems totally disenchanted with the gig circuit and is determined to concentrate future efforts on recording and his own individual activities. But Gordon says that, although the band intend to miss out the London area, they'll be back on stage in the summer. The ultimate decision obviously rests with Pursey, who this week assured us that his quit decision is final.

But as a source close to the band commented: 'Time is a great healer. Jimmy is a natural performer, and he'll have to go back on stage eventually.' We shall see — but, at the moment, the portents are not good.

● The Buzzcocks' new single "Everybody's Happy Nowadays", penned by Pete Shelley, is set for March 2 release by United Artists. And Shelley has been invited to produce the next single by Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias.

LATE NEWS The Undertones' drummer, Billy Doherty, died in hospital on Monday, from injuries received in a road accident. The Irish band will go ahead with their planned March tour using a stand-in.

MOTORHEAD'S TOUR IN FULL

FULL DETAILS of the spring concert tour by Motorhead have now been finalised by promoters Straight Music. Initial plans were exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago, and the complete 17-venue itinerary is now confirmed as follows:

St. Albans City Hall (March 24), Newcastle City Hall (26), Edinburgh Odeon (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Cambridge Corn Exchange (30), Aylesbury Friars (31), London Strand Lyceum (April 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (2), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Liverpool Empire (April 5, replacing original plans to play there on March 30), Birmingham Odeon (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10), Manchester Free Trade Hall, instead of the Apollo as originally announced (11) and Bradford St. George's Hall (12).

Ticket prices for all shows are £2.50, £2 and £1.50 — except at Aylesbury and Hanley (all at the price of £2) and the Lyceum (all £2.50). Cambridge prices haven't yet been arranged. Box-offices are open now, except at Bristol where tickets go on sale on March 6. As reported, the band are promoting their new album and single on Bronze Records, both titled 'Overkill'.

Degrees add 3!

THE THREE DEGREES have added another three concert dates to their current UK tour itinerary — at Brighton Dome (March 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (2) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (3), with two performances each night. Ticket prices are £6, £5 and £4, with additional £3 seats at Bournemouth. Although their current single 'Woman In Love' is still high in the charts, the group's follow-up has already been set for release — titled 'The Runner', it's issued by Ariola on March 16.

GONG HERE NEXT WEEK

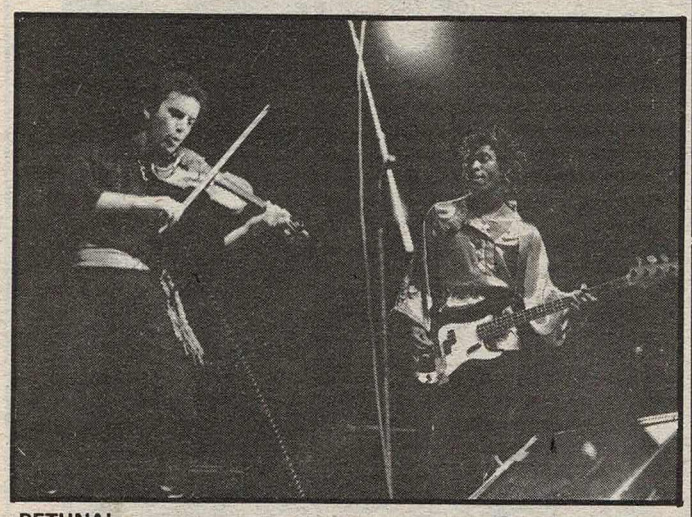
PIERRE MOERLEN'S GONG arrive in Britain next week for a college and concert tour, which includes a major London appearance. Dates so far confirmed are at Cambridge University Union (March 3), Sheffield Polytechnic (9), Bangor University (10), London Victoria The Venue (11), Leicester University (13), Liverpool University (14), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (16) and Salford University (17).

The tour ties in with the release by Arista of their new album, and it was only arranged at relatively short notice — which means that more gigs are still in the process of being set. These will be announced shortly, probably next week.

Bethnal head back on the road

BETHNAL go back on the road next month for their first tour since their enforced lay-off, when singer George Csapo underwent a sinus operation. The band play a one-off concert in Berlin on March 3, then return for their UK outing, before setting off for extensive tours of Europe (April) and North America (May). They'll be showcasing material from their current Phonogram album 'Crash Landing' on their British dates, and those confirmed so far are:

Nottingham University (March 9), London Queen Mary College (10), Manchester Polytechnic (13), Sheffield Polytechnic (14), Slough Langley College (16), Birmingham Barbarella's (17), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (18), Hucknall Welfare Club (22), London Middlesex Polytechnic (23), Kingston Polytechnic (24) and London Camden Music Machine (29).



BETHNAL

JAPAN AT THE RAINBOW

JAPAN are set to headline their first major London concert. It's at the Rainbow Theatre on Thursday, April 12, and tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50. For more about Japan, see In Brief, page 5.

ONLY ONES HEAD TWO-LEG OUTING

THE ONLY ONES set out next week on the first leg of a major UK tour, tied in with the March 9 release by CBS of their self-penned and self-produced second album "Even Serpents Shine" — which includes their recently issued single "You've Got To Pay".

Confirmed dates are York University (March 2), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (3), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (9), Durham University (13), Edinburgh Astoria (15), Aberdeen University (16), Dumfries Stagecoach (18), Sheffield Polytechnic (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Lancaster University (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (31), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (April 1), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (2) and Manchester Polytechnic (3).

More dates will be slotted into this list, prior to the group leaving for a series of shows in Holland, France and Belgium. On their return to Britain in mid-spring, they'll begin the second leg of their tour, details of which are still being finalised.

COUNTY CAMPAIGN

WAYNE COUNTY has a single, two albums and a major tour lined up for the next three months. The single 'Thunder When She Walks', featuring County and The Electric Chairs, is out this week on Illegal Records. And the band have just started work on a new album, with David Cunningham producing, for late April release.

Meanwhile, an album of early '70s recordings titled 'The Lost Wayne County Tapes' is issued by the same label at the end of this month. To tie in with all these releases, Wayne and the band are undertaking an extensive tour from mid-April to mid-May, and full details will be announced shortly.

● Illegal Records, the label formed by Miles and Stewart Copeland, release two other strong singles this week. The first is a double A-side by L.A. cult hero Kim Fowley, coupling 'Rubber Rainbow' and 'In My Garage' — both culled from his LP 'Sunset Boulevard', issued simultaneously. And the other is 'I Need Nothing' by Menace, which was produced by John Cale.

Three-piece Sweet!

CONNOLLY OPTS OUT

THE SWEET are down to a three-piece unit following the departure, after ten years, of singer Brian Connolly who's decided to pursue a solo career. The remaining three members — Andy Scott (guitar), Steve Priest (bass) and Mick Tucker (drums) — are not going to replace him, and will in future share vocal honours.

This new trio format can be heard initially on a new single titled 'Call Me', for Polydor release on March 2. And this will be followed in April by an album called 'A Cut Above The Rest'. They have no immediate plans for live dates, but a spokesman said they will probably do a few selected gigs at the time of the LP's release.

The Sweet enjoyed enormous success in the first half of the '70s, notably in the singles charts with a string of ten successive hits, including a No. 1 with 'Blockbuster'. They've tended to fade out of the picture more recently, though this could partially be attributed to their lengthy absences abroad — having built up a considerably reputation in such territories as Germany, Japan and America.

Connolly will remain with Polydor, and his solo career will be launched officially in the summer, by way of an album and single — with the likelihood of live appearances to follow.

The new slim-line SWEET

SNOW JOKE FOR GIGS

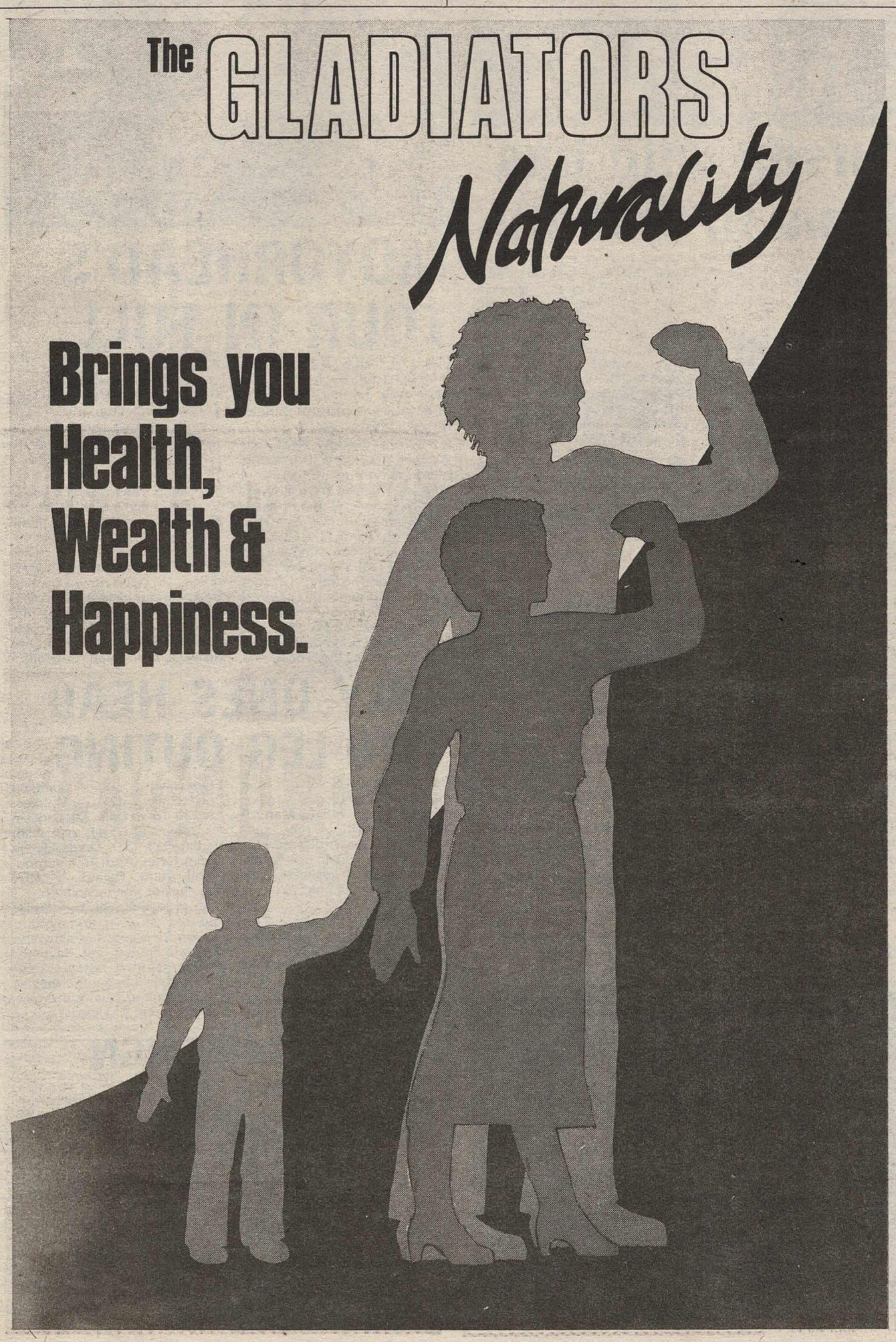
THE APPALLING weather of the past ten days has played havoc with gig schedules. Scores of dates around the country have had to be cancelled, because bands were snowbound or venues inaccessible. Among some of the bigger names to have suffered are Radio Stars, Racing Cars, Lene Lovich and Joe Jackson. And the situation has been further complicated by continuing NUPE industrial action causing some shows to be scrapped, including Wayne County's projected RAR show in London last weekend. At press-time, the situation regarding both the weather and the strike seemed to be improving, and it's hoped that all the cancelled gigs can be rescheduled in the not-too-distant future.

SOFT BOYS GO FOLK!

THE SOFT BOYS are out to prove that they're not just another provincial new-wave outfit, by demonstrating that they're equally adept on the folk scene! The first move in this direction comes on March 17, when they play an entire acoustic set at Cambridge Portland Arms. And in the summer they plan to make a special appearance at the Cambridge Folk Festival!

Other dates for the band during the coming weeks include Cambridge Girton College (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Nashville (March 3), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (10), Cambridge Union Debating Chambers (12). London Islington Hope & Anchor (24) and a benefit show at Cambridge Alex Wood Hall (31). They'll be undertaking an extensive nationwide tour during April and May, to tie in with the release of their long-awaited debut album.

The LP, now re-titled 'A Can Of Bees', is due out in early April on their own Two Crabs label, packaged in a sleeve featuring Robyn Hitchcock artwork. It includes both live and studio tracks, and it will be followed in May by a single called 'Have A Heart Betty', which isn't included on the album.



RECORD NEWS

EMI disco label

EMI RECORDS are launching their own disco label. Called Sidewalk, it will have its own logo and sleeve, and will be used solely for commercial disco product. First release this weekend is the Gonzalez single 'Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet' (both seven-inch and 12-inch), which is already a hit in the States. Other singles include 'Book Of Rules' by Galaxy (March 2) and 'Got My Dancin' Shoes' by Plaza (March 9). First album releases are 'Haven't Stopped Dancing' by Gonzalez and 'Windstorm' by Gloria Jones, which both feature long versions of tracks included on the hit compilation 'Don't Walk Boogie'.

Linda McCartney's thriller with Rods

LINDA McCARTNEY appears as back-up vocalist on the new Eddie & The Hot Rods album 'Thriller' which, as already reported, is released by Island on March 9. Other guests include Dr. Feelgood's Lee Brilleaux and Squeeze's Jools Holland. Tracks on the LP are **The Power & The Glory, Echoes, Media Messiahs, Circles, He Does It With Mirrors, Strangers On The Pay Phone, Out To Lunch, Breathless, Take It Or Leave It** and **Living Dangerously**.

FROM THE YMCA INTO THE NAVY!

VILLAGE PEOPLE's new single 'In The Navy', released by Phonogram on March 9 in both seven-inch and 12-inch versions, is the group's official follow-up to their 'Y.M.C.A.' chart-topper — as opposed to their treatment of the title song from the film 'Just A Gigolo' which, as reported last week, DJM Records have just issued. This latest single is culled from their upcoming album 'Go West', due out in the early spring.

● **Phoebe Snow's** first U.S. hit single 'Poetry Man' is released by Island this weekend. It's taken from her current album, which has her name as its title.

● **Patrik Fitzgerald's** debut single for Polydor is finally set for release on March 2, in a full colour bag — titles are 'All Sewn Up' and 'Hammersmith Odeons'. Fitzgerald will be going back on the road next month to promote it, dates to be announced shortly.

● EMI have signed a long-term licensing deal with New York-based Tammi Records, specialising in U.S. disco and R'n'B material. First release this weekend is a newly-recorded version of 'Goin' Out Of My Head' by **The Imperials**, who had a Top Ten hit with 'Who's Gonna Love Me'.

● Rushed out this week by Island as a 12-inch disco-mix is 'Cuba' by **The Gibson Brothers**, already a hit in Europe. The three-piece Caribbean group, now based in Paris, are also preparing a salsa-orientated album.

● **Paul Evans'** follow-up to his hit single 'Hello This Is Joanie' is released by Polydor this Friday. Title is 'What's A Nice Guy Like Me (Doing In A Place Like This)'.

● **Ian Dury** chart-topper 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick' has already sold 900,000 copies in Britain. And Stiff Records say that, if and when it reaches the million mark it will be deleted from the catalogue — thus making it the first million-selling collector's item!

● The **Judas Priest** album 'Killing Machine', a likely chart entry in view of their current hit single, is being made available by CBS in red vinyl. A limited edition of 15,000 copies will be in the shops from the weekend.

● **Joe Egan,** formerly of the late-lamented Stealers Wheel, stages a comeback next month with the March 2 release by Ariola of his first solo single 'Back On The Road'. He's backed by a group of well-known session musicians — including Henry Spinetti, Dave Markee and Phil Palmer — and the producer is Dave Courtney, noted for his work with Leo Sayer and Roger Daltrey.

● The new **Bad Company** album 'Desolation Angels' is now confirmed for March 2 release by Swan Song. It's preceded this weekend by a single taken from it, titled 'Rock'n'Roll Fantasy'.

● Roots reggae band **Misty** have a double A-side single out on March 2, coupling 'How Long Jah' and 'See Them Ah Come', with their album 'Mankind' to follow in April. These are the first releases to be announced under a new pressing and distribution deal between Propellor Records and People Unite, the record label of Peoples Unite Musicians Co-Operated.

● Some copies of **The Rumour's** new Stiff single 'Frozen Years' have inadvertently been pressed at the EMI plant with Silver Convention's 'Fly Robin Fly' as the coupling! Anyone obtaining such a pressing may either exchange it for the correct pressing — or hold on to it for its rarity value!

TOM ROBINSON

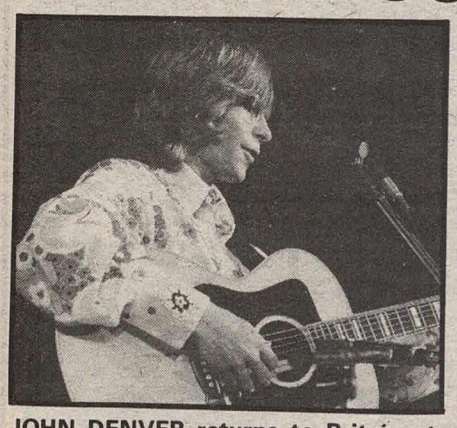
● Singles out this weekend on EMI include 'Bully For You' by **The Tom Robinson Band** (penned by Robinson and Peter Gabriel), 'Someone's Coming' by **Steve Harley** and the title track from the ablum 'Totally Hot' by **Olivia Newton-John**. 'Out Of My Hands' by **The Dwight Twilley Band** is on Island, and 'Lover Goodbye' by **Tanya Tucker** on MCA.

● **The Members,** who made an impressive chart debut last week with their single 'Sound Of The Suburbs', have just finished work on their first album. Consisting entirely of self-penned material, it's called 'At The Chelsea Nightclub', and it's due for April 6 release by Virgin.

● Motown's latest 12-inch out this week is 'What You Gave Me' by **Diana Ross** taken from her recent album 'Ross'. It is Disco-Eye Cued and the picture sleeve details both the Eye Cue programme and the beats per minute. Flip side is her classic hit 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough'.

YACHTS have just finished recording their debut album (for Radar Records) in New York. Produced by Richard Gottehrer, it is tentatively titled 'Files Destroyed' and planned for April release, preceded by a single. Yachts members Henry Priestman (keyboards) and Martin Watson (guitar) are currently in the States supervising the mixing of the LP. And the band are being lined up for a major UK tour to tie in with the release, details to follow shortly.

DENVER CONCERTS



JOHN DENVER returns to Britain at the end of next month for his first visit in three years. After playing two shows (7.30 and 10 pm) at Dublin RDS Hall on March 28, he arrives in the U.K. to headline four major concerts — at Manchester Apollo (29), Glasgow Apollo (30) and London Wembley Arena (April 1 and 2). He'll also be filming his own TV special during his stay in the country, probably on March 31.

First U.K. dates for three years

The two Wembley gigs will have a "theatre-in-the-round" format, with the stage set in the middle of the arena, encircled by the audience (like the boxing tournaments at that venue). Tickets are available from today (Thursday) priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 to personal applicants at Wembley or promoter Harvey Goldsmith's two London box-offices. Alternatively they may be ordered by post from Wembley Arena Box-Office, Wembley, Middlesex — cheques and POs to 'Wembley Stadium Limited' and enclose SAE.

Tickets elsewhere range from £2 to £8, and are available now. The Manchester show starts at 9.30 pm, and the Glasgow and Wembley concerts at 8 pm. After these dates, Denver sets out on a European tour, opening in Germany.

To tie in with his visit, a new single titled 'Downhill Stuff' is rèleased this weekend by RCA. His latest album, called simply 'John Denver', was issued earlier this month.

Essex for spring tour

13 DATES SET, MORE FOLLOW

DAVID ESSEX, recently named joint Show Business Personality of the Year in the Variety Club Awards, is undertaking an early spring concert tour. Thirteen dates have so far been confirmed by promoter Mel Bush, including two major London shows, and there's a good chance of more being added. The dates are:

Ilford Odeon (March 22), London Hammersmith Odeon (23 and 24), Middlesbrough Town Hall (25), Edinburgh Odeon (26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Hull Dorchester Theatre (28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Coventry Theatre (31), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (April 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Southampton Gaumont (3) and Portsmouth Guildhall (4).

Prior to the tour proper, Essex plays a special concert at Manchester Apollo on March 15. This is being filmed by Granada TV, for inclusion in an Essex spectacular they are preparing for network screening.

The tour ties in with the March release of his new Mercury album 'Imperial Wizard', his first since he signed with Phonogram. The title track is already out as a single. Both the LP and the single are also available in limited blue-vinyl editions.

News waves

THE FUNBOY FIVE are a new band formed by ex-members of The Anal Surgeons, The Untouchables and The Vice Creems. The outfit, who describe themselves as 'the missing link between The Doors and Wreckless Eric', claim to have a half-woman half-man freak of nature playing keyboards! They play their first dates at Luton Alberto's (March 1), Hemel Hempstead Porters Club (3), High Wycombe Nags Head (5) and Brighton Sussex University (6), with more to follow.

THE POP GROUP have delayed plans for a major tour until April, and are now playing just five dates beforehand — at Manchester King's Hall (this Friday with Public Image Ltd), Liverpool University (Saturday), Portsmouth Locarno (March 8), Manchester Polytechnic (10) and London Covent Garden St. Paul's Church (17) — supported on all dates by Linton Kwesi Johnson, plus either Alternative TV or Manicured Noise. Their first single, out on March 2, is a double A-side comprising 'She Is Beyond Good And Evil' and the disco instrumental '3'38'.

A FREE PACKAGE tour, featuring a bunch of upcoming bands all associated with the same agency, goes on the road next month. Acts include Danny & The Dressmakers, Wilful Damage, The Astronauts, Vince Pie & The Crumbs, The Dogends, Blank Space, Dangerous Girls and Suze da Blooze. They are borrowing Here & Now's bus and P.A. system, and various members of Here & Now will be taking part, with Alternative TV guesting on selected dates. Among first confirmed gigs are Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel (March 4), High Wycombe Nags Head (5), Canterbury Art College (6), Brighton Resources Centre (7), Norwich Whites (8) and Colchester Essex University (9).

WRECKLESS ERIC has slotted in two last-minute gigs this weekend, prior to his guest spot with Cheap Trick at Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday. They are at Brighton Sussex University (tomorrow, Friday) and London Chelsea College (Saturday).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS have now fixed a London date for their package tour with Essential Logic and Robert Rental & The Normal — at Camden Electric Ballroom on March 10. Other gigs next month are at Lincoln Drill Hall (1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (2), Bristol Locarno (4), Malvern Winter Gardens (6) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (9).

BOB GELDOF of The Boomtown Rats is the special guest in BBC-2's new chat show from Manchester 'Seven To One' this Saturday (24). The title refers to seven youngsters who'll be questioning the star guest.

WILKO FOR MINI-TOUR

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders undertake a brief five-venue mini-tour early next month, supported on all dates by the Lew Lewis Reformer, and including an appearance at London's newly re-opened Electric Ballroom in Camden Town. The dates are Reading University (March 6), Electric Ballroom (7), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (8), Durham University (9) and Sunderland Polytechnic (10).

After much speculation about a label change, Wilko confirmed this week that he and the band are leaving Virgin Records. His manager told NME: 'We are already negotiating with another major label, and expect to tie up a deal very shortly.' He added that they already have a quantity of new material in the can, so releases should follow soon after the new deal is clinched.

LIZZY EXTRA —but sold out!

THIN LIZZY have added three more dates to their UK spring tour, two in London and one in Glasgow, making a total of 26 shows in all. But it's no use applying for tickets for these extra gigs, because they are already completely sold out — on the strength of the backlog of postal bookings carried forward from their originally announced dates.

For the record, the additional concerts are at Glasgow Apollo (April 15) and London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28). Bookings for Lizzy's gig at Ipswich Gaumont on April 24 are the heaviest the theatre has ever known, and the manager says the band could easily play a full week at the venue, and still not satisfy all applicants!

In Brief

CAPITAL LETTERS are on tour around Britain to promote their current single 'Smoking My Ganja' on the Greensleeves label. Confirmed gigs are Halifax Good Mood (this Saturday), Bilston Rising Star (March 3), Rugby Emmaline's (9). Leeds Trinity & All Saints College (23), Norwich Boogie House (26), Canterbury College of Art (28) and Derby College of Further Education (April 6). A series of London dates in late March and early April will be announced soon.

BOB PEGG presents the premiere of his new show 'Songs Of Magic And Science' at London's Young Vic Theatre in Waterloo at 10 pm on March 1, 2, 8 and 9. The work reflects his interest in both folklore and science fiction. Admission is £1.

ROKOTTO have March dates at London W.1 Hombre (2), Ipswich Tracey's (3), Sunderland Fusion (8), Barrow Rugby Club (10), Helensburgh Trident Club (14), Rosyth Lion Club (15), Bognor Harrison's Bar (17), Manchester New Century Hall (23), Stroud Leisure Centre (24) and Norwich Tudor Hall (29).

MARTHA REEVES & The Vandellas have added a major London date to their current UK tour, reported two weeks ago. It's at the Music Machine in Camden on Thursday, March 1.

WHITESNAKE — the band whose six-piece line-up includes two former Deep Purple members, David Coverdale and Jon Lord — play a one-off charity concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, March 3, in aid of the Gunnar Nilsson Cancer Treatment Campaign. Tickets are £3.50, £2.75, £2 and £1.50, and the gig has been slotted in between the band's current tour of Germany and an eight-week U.S. itinerary starting later in March. Support act is Marseille.

ULTRAVOX, currently negotiating a new worldwide recording deal, begin their debut American tour this Saturday. They're playing a month-long series of dates, including three nights at both New York Hurrahs and Los Angeles Whiskey A-Gogo.

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias, who recently competed a series of UK dates, are now undertaking an Irish tour. Their itinerary includes one major date in Ulster — at Belfast Queen's University next Wednesday (28).

JAPAN are making their first visit to Japan next month for a series of major concerts, opening on March 5—6 with two nights at the renowned Budokan Hall in Tokyo. On the way out, they're stopping off in Los Angeles to record a new single with producer Giorgio Moroder.

ROY HILL BAND — whose line-up now includes two former Strawbs, Tony Fernandez (drums) and Chas Cronk (bass) — play a major London show tonight (Thursday) as the climax of their UK tour. It's at The Venue in Victoria, starting at 9pm and admission is £3. Hill's single 'I Like, I Like, I Like' is reissued this week by Arista.

CROCS, a plush disco in Rayleigh (Essex), is starting a Wednesday-night new-wave series — when, says the management, its usual dress regulations will be scrapped. First bookings are Wayne County & The Electric Chairs and The Steve Hooker Band (February 28) and The Doll (March 7).

GILLAN, the heavy rock band fronted by former Deep Purple stalwart Ian Gillan, return from a six-day Spanish tour (March 2—7), to complete their current gig series at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall on March 10. They then go into Gillan's own Kingsway Recorders studios in London to finish work on their first album, for mid-April release.

MANYANA, the London salsa-rock band formed from the ashes of the now-defunct Spiteri, have a new lead singer in 21-year-old Swiss girl Rebecca — she replaces Joy Askew. The band, currently recording their first album, resume touring in early March.

MATCHBOX, who'll be appearing with Bill Haley & The Comets in the upcoming rock revival film 'Blue Suede Shoes', spend the first half of April recording their third album. A new gig series begins at Leicester Union Club (April 13), Morecambe Central Pier (14), London Southgate Royalty (16), St. Albans City Hall (19), Haverfordwest RAF Bawdy (21), Sevenoaks Black Eagle (23), Horncastle Town Hall (27) and Southend Minerva (28).

MICK GRABHAM, former Procol Harum guitarist, has joined Ariola outfit Bandit. He replaces Danny McIntosh in the band, whose new single 'High On Your Love' (from their current album 'Partners In Crime') is released in early March. In order to join Bandit, Grabham pulled out of Roger Chapman's new backing group The Shortlist, where he's now been replaced by Clem Clempson.

MARGIE EVANS, the American blues and R'n'B singer, makes her first-ever appearance in this country when she plays a one-off date at London Oxford St. 100 Club on Sunday, March 11. She's best-known for her work with The Johnny Otis Show, and was featured on their 'Live At Monterey' album. Other upcoming blues artists booked for the 100 Club include Charles Brown (April 15), Cousin Joe (May 6), Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson (June 9—10) and J.B. Hutto (June 30—July 1).

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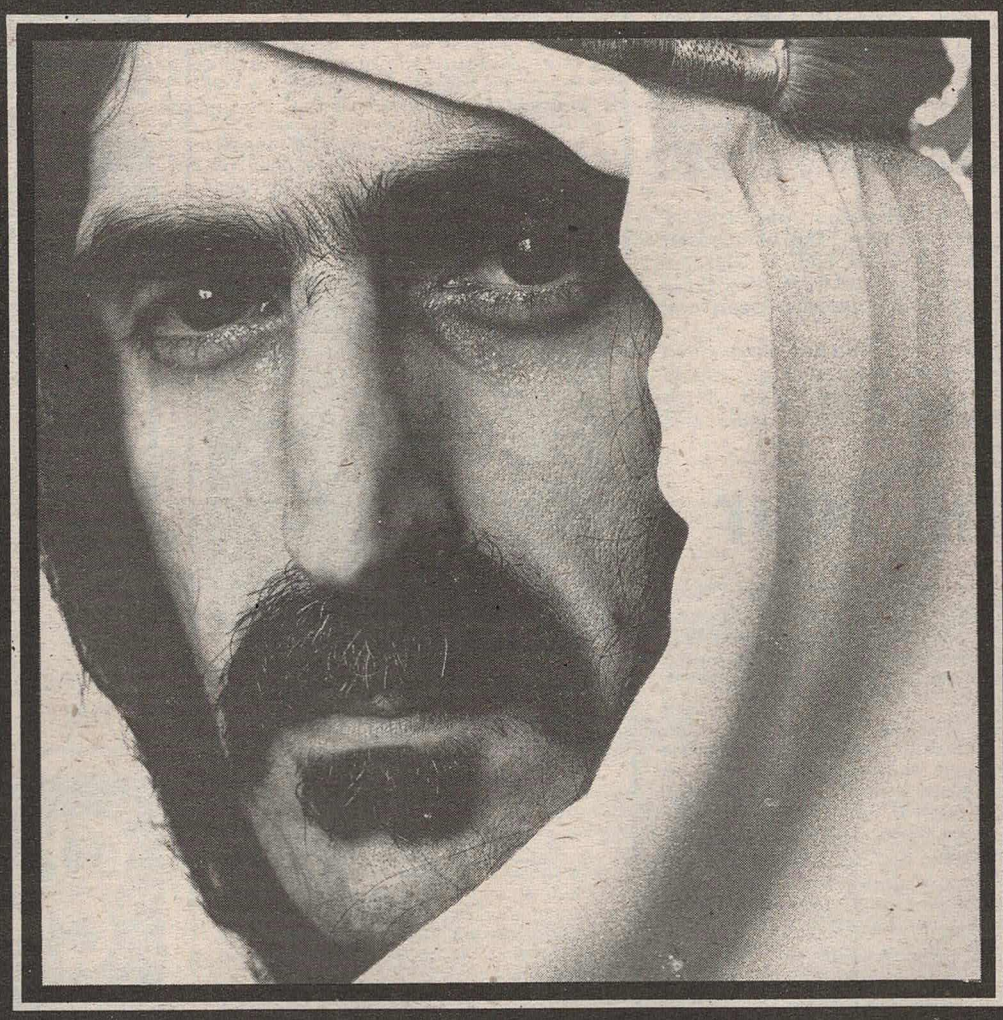

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'NOTHING BUT THE REAL ME'

Patrik Fitzgerald: A Punk Goes Pop

Words: GRAHAM LOCK. Pix: PENNIE SMITH

"I don't wanna end up as ugly as you
I don't wanna end up as grey as all the others"

A SMALL back bedroom in a terraced house. The wall-paper is pastel-drab, typically suburban. A stereo deck lies on the floor, but there are no speakers. Instead, The Doors trickle from a pair of headphones hung across a lamp stand. On each side of the chimney-breast, shelves of paperbacks indicate a catholic taste — S.F., occult, pop music, R.D. Laing, a smattering of fiction from *Pilgrim's Progress* to Beryl Bainbridge.

The gas fire is turned full on but Patrik Fitzgerald looks cold. He's huddled in an armchair beside the rain-spattered window, a check jacket pulled across his chest. From time to time he pours himself a snowball. He drinks too much, he says, because he gets bored; but just now there's less chance of that happening.

For the past fortnight he's been recording his first album. Another week's work of vocals and re-mixing should see it completed. His play, *Babytalk*, in which he also acts, is now in rehearsal, due to open on February 28th at The Garage in SW1 — performed by a youth theatre group attached to The Royal Court. And a book of his stories and poems is soon to be published by the Tower Hamlets Art Project.

An impressive flurry of activity for an ex-punk with a battered acoustic guitar.

We're here in his mother's Leytonstone home on a dark, wet afternoon to discuss these events. I haven't come to praise Patrik Fitzgerald, nor to slag him off, but because I'm curious. Curious to see how people deal with the compromises and contradictions of the record business; to see if the mocking idealism discernible on his early records is still thriving.

Curious, too, that his critics have been unduly vitriolic, and even his supporters have spiced their compliments with patronising epithets like "cuddly" and "winsome".

Simply, I thought someone who could write such hard-bitten lyrics as 'Banging And Shouting' or 'Backstreet Boys' deserved a little respect.

What follows is mostly Patrik verbatim. The conclusions I've left to you. We begin by talking about his book.

Patrik: "It's just a little paperback. It'll only cost about 50p. It's got a load of poems in it, and some song lyrics. Some quite good stories too. I like my stories. I think I write better stories than *anybody* (laughs). A lot of my stories are moral tales. A lot of my songs are too. And people don't understand. I think most people just don't listen. It's sad."

I ask where this morality comes from and what it consists of.

"I dunno. I don't know if I have a moral outlook. I've always thought that I must do, cos I try not to get like a lot of other people. Like people who indulge in violence for the sake of it. I'd like to be a better human being and all this kind of stuff.

"I suppose it just comes from looking at people and thinking 'What a load of bastards', you know. Cos most people are when it boils down to it, and I don't wanna be like them. I wanna be me and an individual. I guess this sounds very hippy to your average reader."

Not really. It sounds like you hate people.

"It annoys me when people say that. A couple of interviewers came around and said 'Oh, people say you hate everybody'; and it's totally untrue. I don't hate anybody. That's stupid."

But you've just dismissed humanity as "a load of cunts."!

"That doesn't mean I *hate* 'em."

It suggests you don't have a very high opinion of them.

"I think there's a big difference between the two. I dunno. Maybe I just hate the way some people come across. I don't call it hate. I don't think the emotion I feel about people is strong enough to call hate. Maybe it's wanting to be an individual that makes you give off that aura of hating people. I don't think I do. It's silly."

"When I get famous
There'll be so many people wanna know me"

PATRIK FITZGERALD is a true London East Ender. He was born in Stratford, grew up in Leytonstone and went to school in Forest Gate. He says it's no big deal: "Millions of people come from the East End." He started to write at school, because he was bullied. "I used to get picked on all the time cos I was small, so writing was the outlet I had, the only way I could say what I felt about things.

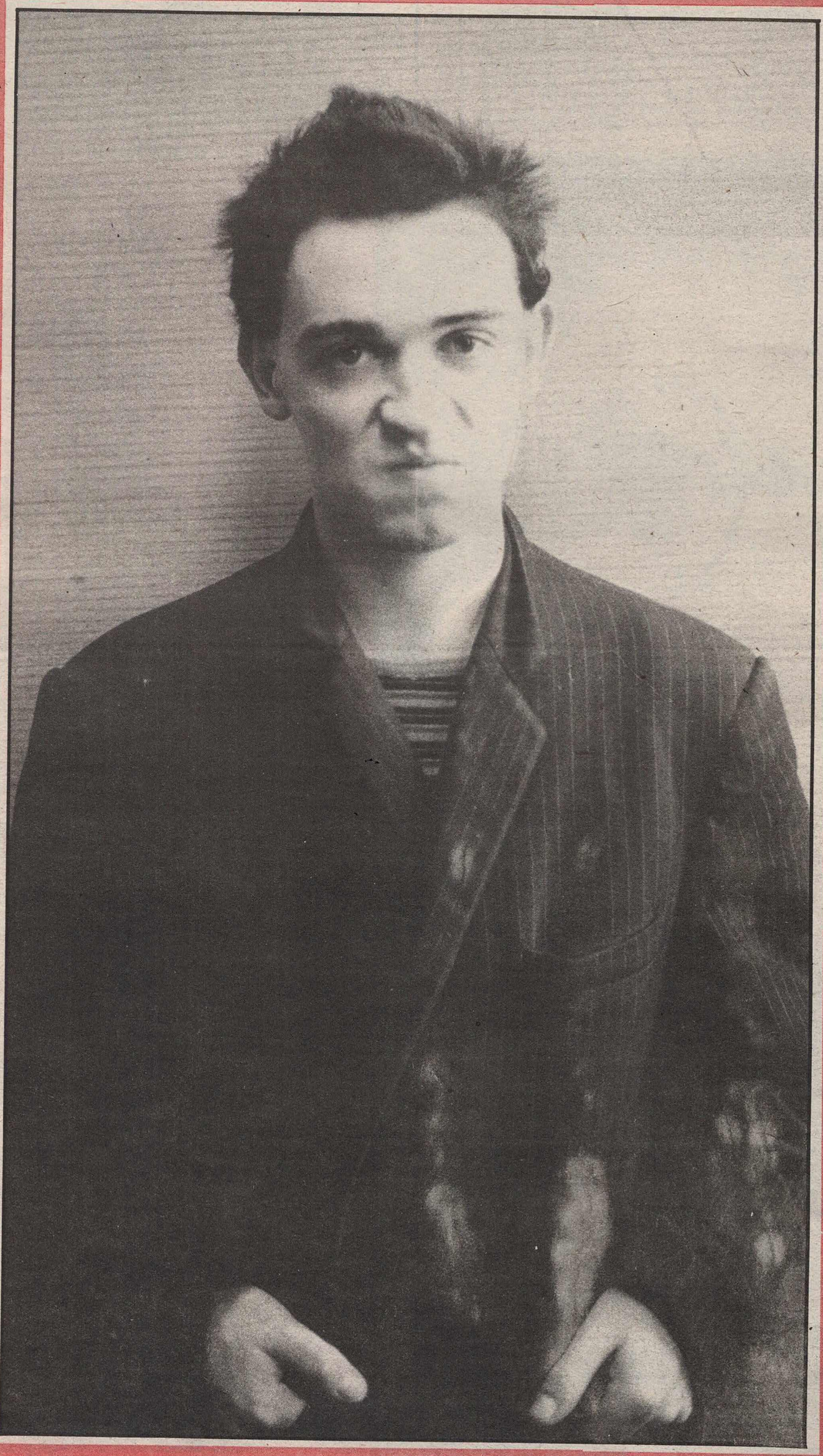
"If you've got a page in front of you, you've got the freedom to say what you want. Whereas if somebody's saying 'shut up' or kicking you in the back you ain't got that freedom."

He left school with six O Levels, worked in an office for a couple of years, learned to play acoustic guitar. Then came a long period on the dole and fruitless attempts to get a band together. "The very last band I played in was probably just going at the end of '76, when 'Anarchy' came out, cos I remember trying to get 'em to play it (laughs). Which they wouldn't — 'whaaat, we're not playing that rubbish!' "

Disillusioned with groups, Patrik persisted with his acoustic guitar. And when local record shop Small Wonder decided to start its own label he recorded some songs in his bedroom and slipped the tape through their letter-box.

He's made three EPs since then — 'Safety Pin Stuck Through My Heart', 'Backstreet Boys' and 'The Paranoid Ward' — and played hundreds of gigs including tours with Sham 69 and The Jam. His modest stage presence and acoustic style have brought him hecklers galore, and he knows what it's like to be canned off stage. But he's still playing.

■ *Continues over page*



■ *From previous page*

Patrik: "I do get pissed off playing acoustic gigs where people just shout and shout. You can only put up with that for so long before you get driven totally mad. If I do gigs like that I'd rather go home and watch television, quite honestly. Because primarily it spoils everybody's evening — it means anybody that does wanna listen to me can't hear anyway.

"But I'm not gonna give up. I'm not made that way. I'm gonna keep performing until those people get sore throats from shouting at me. I'm not gonna give up cos I still enjoy it. And it's the only thing I've got."

"Buy me, sell me
Now I'm product, why me"

Despite his various activities it's obviously the forthcoming album that looms largest over Patrik's future. When Polydor release it — in April or May — it's guranteed to split the critics asunder, particularly on the matter of the electric tracks.

'Don't Tell Me', 'All The Years Of Trying', 'Adopted Girl', 'Suicidal Wreck', 'But Not Any More' and 'No Fun Football' have Patrik on electric guitar, Buzzcock John Maher on drums, Penetration's Robert Blamire on bass and producer Peter Wilson on occasional keyboards.

These tracks are interspersed with many old acoustic favourites, the new 'Lovers' Pact' and a couple of poems.

It would be unfair to pass any judgement on the album, because I've only heard the rough mixes and the track selection still hasn't been finalised. But I was disappointed that the electric tracks weren't more adventurous. The songs have been fleshed out in an obviously traditional rock-pop format — the extra instruments used merely as a backing.

When I ask him about the arrangements Patrik confirms this.

"I wouldn't say any of my records ever come together as grandly as that, having arrangements and stuff. We just went into the rehearsal studio a week before recording and I sort of played through the songs and the others jammed along. There's nothing particularly inspired about it. They're basically just colouring for the songs.

"If it's just me and an acoustic guitar all the time people fall into the trap of saying 'oh it's all the same'. I mean, it's not. There are different chords, different melodies, they're totally different; but people still think it's the same."

I suppose my misgivings about the album centre on the lack of any great songs. It's the usual Fitzgerald ragbag of good and bad. He can be witty, moving and perceptive; he can also be obvious and trite — a Tommy Steele with a social conscience. Perhaps the most intriguing number is the recent 'Lovers' Pact'. To a remarkably attractive guitar duet Patrik sings tenderly of a double-suicide: *"Can I share in your blood / Drink the liquid of your love / I will be there to feel the throes / Of your body as it freezes / Next to mine."* The most unusual thing he's done, it'll either sound hauntingly effective or slick and pretty, depending on the way it's mixed.

As for the choice of songs it's noticeable that there are no explicitly political songs in the vein of 'Set We Free' or 'Work Rest Play Reggae'.

Patrik: "I guess there aren't. But the thing is, I've never had any political affinity anyway. I started off believing I was gonna change the world, like everybody did. I still believe I can but not in the way I used to think I could. Not in the sense of going out and saying 'look Parliament, fuck you' or anything like that (laughs). Cos that don't work.

"Besides which politics ain't worth changing. It's so fickle and unimportant. I used to believe in politics to a certain extent. I used to believe if you were politically inclined, and believed in something very strongly as a group of people, you could change things. I used to think the punk thing was, er, gonna change the world a little bit.

"Like, I bought 'Anarchy' when it came out. I remember going into Small Wonder and saying 'oh, I'll buy this record cos I wanna help start a revolution' (laughs). Pete (Stennett of Small Wonder) must've thought I was absolutely fucking bonkers. I really believed in it at the time. Now I don't think you can change the world that way."

So how is change possible?

"Ian Dury said something like, if people thought a bit better of themselves and other people in 25 years time the world would be a better place. I think that's true, cos when you look around and see what people are doing to each other the world doesn't come across as a very nice place. So where's the fault? Either it's atomic bombs and silly rules like 'don't jump on the grass', or else it's down to people themselves."

But things like the atom bomb aren't *your* fault — so how will changing yourself have any effect on what's wrong with the world?

"No, the world's not my fault, I'm not that presumptuous (laughs). But the way I always thought about it was, if I know what I want to do in my own head, and if I know the things that are wrong and need changing, and the reasons behind the way people act, then I can write these things down and put them on a record and other people have time to dwell on them. And that's the way I do it. You get things clear, write them down and give people time to think about them."

Then, the theory goes, these people begin to change; and they influence the people around them, who begin to change; and so on, until one day everyone wakes up happy. A nice theory — if it didn't ignore vested interests, wealth, property, control of the media and armed forces and suchlike — but about as practical as that one which says if the entire population of China leapt into the air at precisely the same moment, they could shift the earth's axis.

However ... Back to the pressing problems of showbiz.

I remark that Patrik's love songs are a little ... mm ... strange. Most of them seem to end with death, disease or disaster. He grins.

"Yeah, they're meant to be strange. They're about love and death, mainly. That's because I've always felt the word 'love' to be associated with things like that. The only times I've dealt with people being in love, or with me being in love, I've always felt it was a bit of a dead end. A bit like nowhere.

"I think that most people's opinions — the way the word has been abused and all the rest of it — turned it into that for me. I dunno. I mean, 'Lovers' Pact' is quite glamorous, quite 'film star' — the idea of loving somebody so much you'd actually die for them. I just felt that love *was* like a disease or something. I also think my views of that are changing. I don't feel like that anymore. Other people claim they do all the time but I don't. I like love. It's nice (laughs)."

"Don't ask me to be your hero
I will only let you down"

A couple of months ago there was a letter in *Gasbag* which claimed "punk died the day Patrik Fitzgerald signed with Polydor." So why did he?

"Mmm, well, people can't see the sort of things that go on. They say 'oh, look at him, big sell-out' and that kind of stuff. I mean, there are obvious advantages to signing with Polydor, I won't deny that. They can get me on *Top Of The Pops* or *The Old Grey Whistle Test*, and so what? I'd love to be on there cos if I'm on then the Dooleys or whoever's in the charts can't be on. And they might get me famous in other countries so I can go on nice holidays (laughs).

"But the main reason I signed with them was that if I didn't I wouldn't have made records much longer. See, while I sold a lot of records at Small Wonder it was a lot of hard work for Pete and Marion. And there would've come a point where I felt so guilty about that I'd have been too pissed off to carry on. Or they'd have been too pissed off with the work (laughs). So I thought my safety valve was to sign with a big label. And I've only got a licensing deal with Polydor; so I'm still with Small Wonder and I'm with Polydor as well. I don't see that as any big deal. It's only another record company. They're all just record companies."

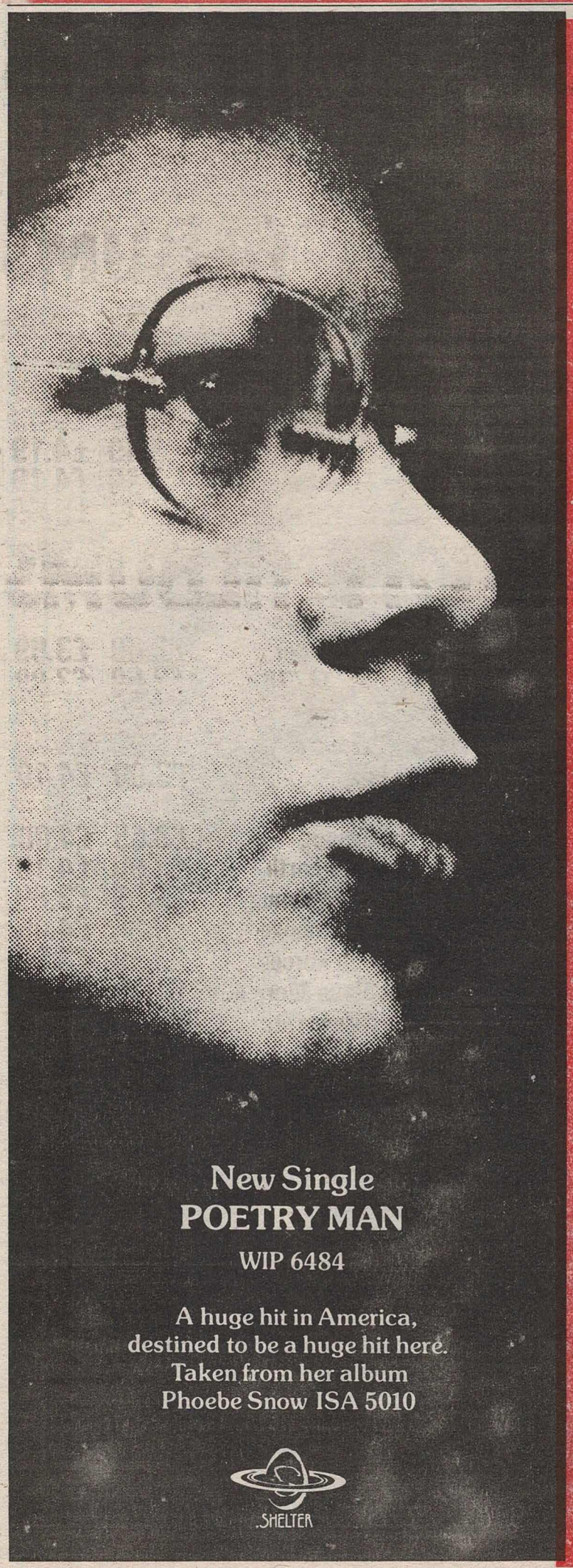
Isn't there a danger Polydor might try to exert an influence on the music, the marketing etc?

"Not really. They might try a few tricks, but basically I take in a tape and they just press and distribute the records. If they're unhappy about something then fine (laughs). But they're not a bad company and really they just save us a lot of effort. I mean, you either fade out, go on doing shitty records, or sign with a big label and have a bit of scope. If you wanna make records in a serious way, which I do, you need some scope. I don't wanna do just bitty little records forever."

The other recent controversy in Patrik's career was his playing the Great British Music Festival at Wembley. When I ask about that he groans loudly and mutters "horrific." So why do it?

"I did it because it was part of The Jam tour, and I was enjoying that tour so much — so it was a silly reason really. Just that I wanted to do the whole tour. Also because it was a

■ *Continues page 57*



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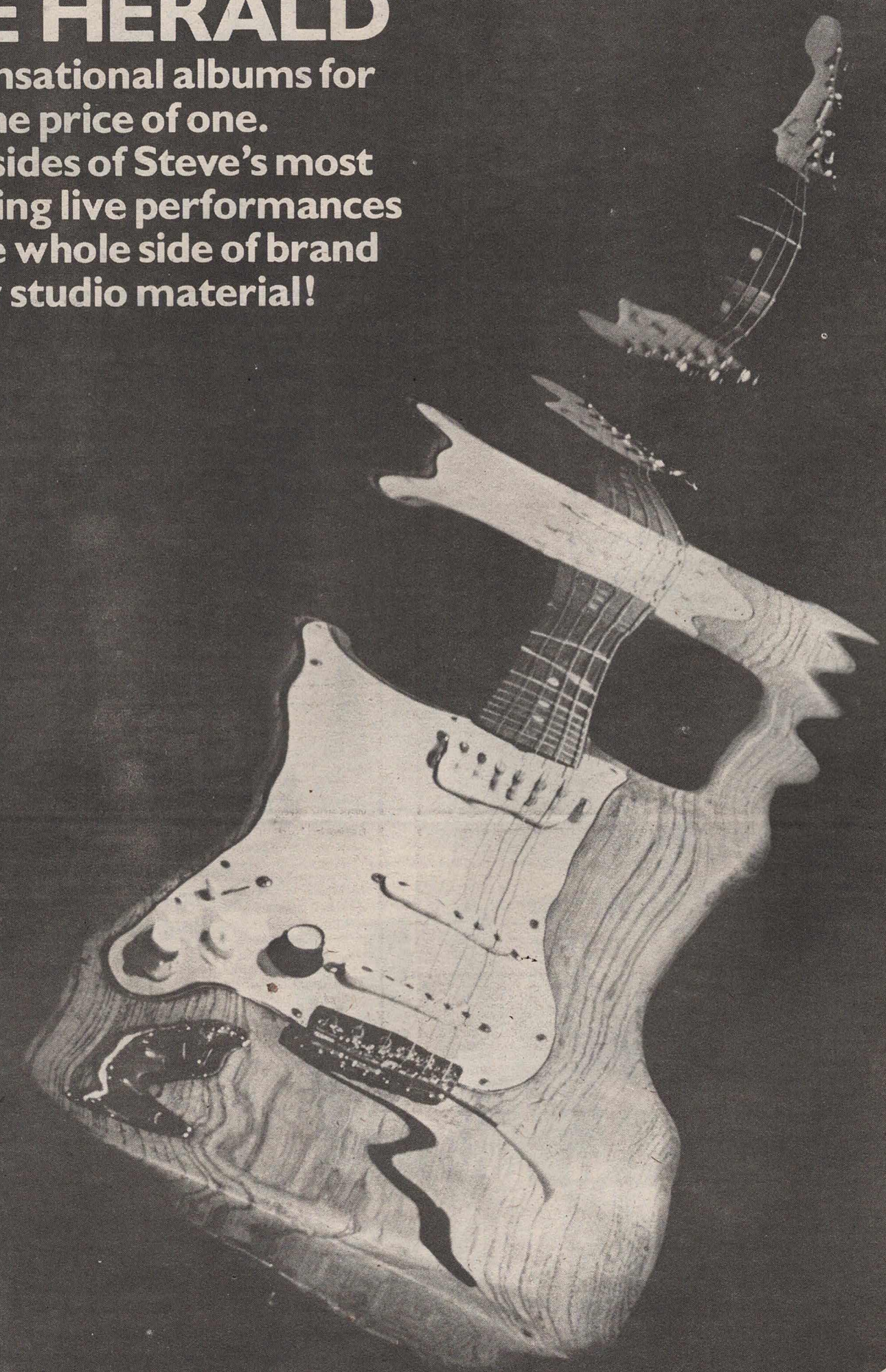

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THRILLS

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

Pistols to be 'exploited' yet again— by the Official Receiver...

AFTER A seven-day hearing, and possibly as many changes of garb by plaintiff John Lydon, it was decided in the High Court last Wednesday that a receiver is to be appointed to sort out the financial affairs of The Sex Pistols.

In other words, Lydon has won at least part of his action against Glitterbest, the company formed by Malcolm McLaren to manage the Pistols. As to who should own the name Sex Pistols, and whether Lydon's contract with McLaren was void, these matters, said Judge Mr Justice Browne-Wilkinson, should be sorted out by the parties concerned.

The judge said that from the figures disclosed the group had received £880,000 from the period up until December 1978. This figure included the various record company advances Glitterbest had received on the Pistols' behalf.

Apart from £30,000 in Glitterbest bank accounts, neither the Pistols nor Glitterbest had any assets other than income from a planned film *(The Great Rock And Roll Swindle)* and publishing agreements.

The judge said it appeared that substantial sums of Sex Pistols money had been invested in the film, due for release later this year. And the only realistic hopes of any substantial funds being rescued for anybody depended on the prompt exploitation of the movie. He therefore authorised the receiver to exploit the film and related record and other matters.

He suggested that as the man with the know-how of the film, McLaren should be appointed sub-manager, with the receiver having power to remove him if necessary.

The judge's final advice was that the differences between the parties should be settled as soon as possible rather than litigate the matter through to the bitter end.

JAMIE REID, Glitterbest's art director, immediately rang *NME* to say that as far as he was concerned Virgin Records had won the case.

Virgin's role in the whole affair has in fact been very low-key. Although they hold recording contracts on both The Sex Pistols and Lydon's new band Public Image Ltd., the company was hardly mentioned at all in court.

Reid told *Thrills*: "The people who won the court case are the people with the money, as usual."

Virgin boss Richard Branson was the real winner, said Reid. "He takes over the film. We've lost everything we've put in. It's a victory for the music business."

But aren't Glitterbest part of the music business?

Reid replied that when Glitterbest formed their aim was to inspire kids to form groups and play music. He added that he thought John Lydon was totally incidental to the entire court proceedings.

Reid also claimed he was in possession of a document which showed that Branson had promised certain things to McLaren provided that McLaren promised to clear out of the music business. When asked if Reid would agree to be interviewed by *NME* face-to-face he said he would call back the following day. He didn't telephone again.

Pic: JOE STEVENS

ROTTEN searches for McLaren in Central London. "I know he's here somewhere . . ."

THE HEARING itself had taken an unexpected turn last Tuesday when it was announced that Pistols Paul Cook and Steve Jones, hitherto co-defendants with McLaren, had changed sides — i.e. they now agreed with their former colleague Lydon's version of the Pistols' story.

McLaren later claimed that Cook and Jones had been influenced by Virgin in their volte-face — although in an affidavit from Branson which was read out in court on Lydon's behalf, Branson denied emphatically that there was any direct competition between himself and McLaren over who should control the Pistols.

Branson later told *NME* that McLaren now hopes to do a deal with him and the rest of the Pistols and settle the whole thing with a lump sum payment in return for Glitterbest's rights to the film *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle.*

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

Pic: JOE STEVENS

McLAREN FLIES INTO EXILE

AS THE Lydon / Glitterbest court case wound to a close last week, Malcolm McLaren flew into exile in Paris, down but not yet out.

Evidently weary from the months of negotiations surrounding both the court case and the Sid Vicious episode, McLaren also seemed profoundly depressed at the outcome of the trial — in particular the way that Cook and Jones had "stabbed him in the back" by defecting from the Glitterbest camp. He claimed that Virgin had been instrumental in changing their minds.

For McLaren the trial seemed to mark the end of the Pistols. He maintained that the case had left him without any rights to the film. He was, furthermore, "broke".

McLaren also seemed to fear that with him "out of the way" and with Lydon, Cook and Jones all under contract to Branson, the way was clear for the original Sex Pistols line-up to re-form. Considering Lydon's commitment to Public Image, however, not to mention the strong antipathy between all four Pistols, this seems unlikely.

McLaren himself intends to cut a solo record, a version of Edith Piaf's 'Je Ne Regrette Rien' ('I regret nothing'), for the French record company Barclay, with whom McLaren signed a deal shortly after the A&M contract had fallen through in 1977. Barclay this week rush-released 'The Great Rock & Roll Swindle' in France, and were exporting the album to neighbouring countries. It was this, said Branson, that had precipitated Virgin rush-releasing 'Swindle', to avoid losing sales to import copies.

Barclay was France's largest independent record company until founder and former owner Eddy Barclay sold out his interest to Phonogram Records last September. Prior to this Barclay had contributed £10,000 to the Pistols film and it is he who plays the record company boss shot by Sid Vicious at the Paris Olympia after Sid's rendition of 'My Way'.

PHILIPPE MANOEUVRE

THRILLS

WHAT DAVID DID IN LONDON

1. NIGHTCLUBBING

AN EXTREMELY relaxed and amicable David Bowie took time off from being a gigolo last week to sample the pleasures of Friday night at London's Nashville Rooms, where Sheffield *Practical Electronics* subscribers and synthesizer operators The Human League played to a packed house with plenty more thronging at the doors outside.

Bowie, attired in low key rock punter togs — brown houndstooth jacket, blue cuffed jeans and pint of lager — lost no time in acquainting himself with the four Human Leaguers and their manager, Fast Product impresario Bob Last.

Chain-smoking throughout and chatting to any goggle-eyed punkster prepared to give him the time of night, Bowie admitted a keen interest in HL video operator Adrian Wright's slide show technique, proclaimed his love of Indian and African pop music, said he rated 'Diamond Dogs' as the artistic high-point of his career and referred to 'Young Americans' as his "cynical period".

Seemingly dreading the prospect of returning to Berlin he said that he would be staying awhile in Blighty to add the finishing touches to the final album in the 'Low'/'Heroes' trilogy, and was even considering a permanent move back home. "There are a lot of interesting things happening over here."

And how did he rate The Human League?

"They were great. I was watching from behind the lighting desk, so that I could see the audience as well as the group. It was like watching 1980!"

Bowie seemed particularly chuffed at the League's synthetic rendition of his own 'Nightclubbing', written with Iggy Pop for the 'Idiot' album.

Before departing, he made a point of swapping phone numbers with the League, saying he'd be in touch.

Whilst backstage he also showed a keen interest in the various examples of contemporary French graphics — as seen in *NME* last month — being plied by Pierre Bernard, leader of The Brigitte Bardots. But he was unable to persuade Bob Last to part with his copies and left empty-handed.

Such is life at the rock roots, Dave . . .

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

Illustration: BARBARA FRY

2. RADIO SLUMMING

DAVID BOWIE, back in town to promote the film *Just a Gigolo* ("Bowie as you've never seen him before" . . . . hardly), last week spent two hours answering phone-in questions on London Capital Radio's *Your Mother Wouldn't Like It* show hosted by the bland, humble Nicky Horne.

It proved to be inessential, irritating listening.

What we got was plain courteous conversation, incongruously understated, peculiarly inarticulate. Maybe 'unassuming' would describe Bowie's demeanour.

Part of his task was to choose a selection of pop music near to his heart — arbitrary selections of his own stuff, the inevitable Iggy, Yardbirds, Eno and Velvets plus the predictable Talking Heads and La Dusseldorf, the German electronic beat unit wistfully romanticised by Bowie as being "the soundtrack of the '80s . . . disco-folk."

Bowie inelegantly achieved

● *Continues over*

BOWIE
BLANDS OUT

● *From previous page*

chummy rapport with the nervous, disbelieving callers. He had some nice looking things to say, but his remarks and explanations were shallow and shady.

So what did the cross-section of Bowie freaks want to know?

There were questions on where he got his sailor trousers, and about the 'lookalikes' that still plague his concerts — Bowie loyally protecting these overzealous followers by claiming that this mimicking was their route to an alternative lifestyle.

Really?

One caller revealed that he had procured a ticket for the premier of *Just A Gigolo* and had his optimistic request to meet his idol slickly squashed as the Man swiftly went on to vaguely reply to a vague question about reggae, reminiscing about long ago days in Brixton with the authenticity of Prince Charles recalling days spent as bassist with Camel.

Pushed later by Horne about the new LP, which was implied as being the end part of the trio so far formed by 'Low' and 'Heroes', Bowie cryptically attempted to capture its atmosphere.

"It's like, I went into a disco in Berlin and there were all these fluorescent lights, blue, pink, green, and a load of punks, and it was the 25th anniversary of the Berlin Wall, and right across the floor was a 15 foot cake model of the wall, complete with guns and turrets — and the punks all ate the cake. That," Bowie triumphantly concluded, "is what the album sounds like."

He repeated his perverse affection for the invigorating disorientation and conflict of Berlin, but confessed that he thought he'd soaked up all he could, and, replying to a question from a teenage girl as to whether he was going to move back to London, unconvincingly decided that he felt despondent whenever he visited the city.

DB and movie co-star SYDNE ROME flash wide array of different coloured eyes at extremely boring press conference last week (for edited lightlights, see T-Zers)

It'd be nice to come back for the fish 'n' chips, he laughed.

Thanks, Dave, gosh.

It seems, though, that just as much as Berlin's atmospheres of darkness and moral indiscipline, it's the catalytic lunacy, subjectivity and oblique strategies of Brian Eno that have shaped much of Bowie's recent and certainly strongest music.

Eno, Bowie said, had completed his contributions to the new record and had now "gone away".

Mention of punk offended the flighty one.

"But dahling I *am* new wave". Delusions! Delusions! "I once met Johnny Rotten but didn't say much to him. He was talking to Iggy and being a Capricorn. I just stayed in the background and listened."

If this numb dumb exhibition was anything to go by, Bowie could do with a long dose of Lydon, Shelley, Devoto, Banshees, Mark Perry, Human League, etc.

Other issues raised were disposable records, the film — not a lot to say about that except that he was knocked out to hear that Marlene Dietrich had heard of him and actually played the second side of 'Low' to friends — new methods of composition, bootlegs — Bowie barely keeping the snap out of his voice as he 'requested' payment for these illicit souvenirs — and his last London performances, of which Horne nervously enquired about Bowie's blatant on stage parading to David Hemmings' camera while 12,000 £4 paying fans hungrily looked on.

"It's unfortunate," David reflected, "but if there are cameras, you tend to play to them."

Political issues rose into view. Horne warily introduced the Victoria Station neo-fascist farce, Bowie murmuring that he remembered the incident "all too well".

He deftly side stepped the 'mistake' but said a rather strange thing, presumably regarding the National Front: "Enough silly sods have put that party in its place."

The party piece neatly concluded with a question concerning his ill-formulated fascination with 1984 and all its ramifications, and how a lot of Britain's inhabitants were predicting tough times ahead.

"I think we're going to pull through," Bowie graciously concluded.

The caller wasn't so sure.

David sighed — "But what are you going to do about it!" and finished off his promotion with a rare gesture of defiance.

So the game goes on. Or the game was something we all manufactured and Bowie gleefully exploited the catalyst for something ultimately greater than he intended or predicted.

The whole aura was of an entertainer out to maintain his following and silently seduce a few more with his pally blandness.

Apparently incapable of justifying or analysing his work and its implications, he stumbled through supplying earnest sounding but empty replies.

Just a dilettante.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL THE BOZESS

MS X HAD never heard of Trim-Jeans. "I sure was one hell of a fat slob in them days," she told our reporter. "I'd think nothing of 17 'Buffalo Breath' ice creams before lunch.

"And I drank Red Mountain table wine by the gallon — always had a jar in my purse. As for potatoes . . ." Ms. X giggled. "I guess I single-handedly supported the economy of the sovereign State of Idaho.

"But then a friend told me about Trim-Jeans. I was dubious at first, but once I'd mastered the Loktite safety webbing and practised the breath-holding exercises, it came easy. I lost one whole tonne in the first week, shed pound after pound of disgusting, slobbery *fat* in the days that followed. I began to get dates. I ate 'em all, even the stones, but by now nothing could have set me back on the road to obesity.

"Pretty soon guys began to ask me out. I dyed my hair, bought a guitar, cut down my beer drinking and took up cocaine.

"Now I'm an International Star. And I owe it all to Trim-jeans."

● Who is Ms X? Answers to BLACKMAIL THE BOZESS, Thrills, NME, the usual address. The first five correct entries will of course get no *prize* as such, but if we get it together we may print their uninteresting names somewhere in the rag.

'Answer next week. A tip: LDBAGSO ZNIP *might* be an anagram (Then again, it might not).

THRILLS

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IS THIS

THE NEW FACE OF MERSEYBEAT?

A SELECTION of Merseyside new wave bands will be featured on an album given away as the fourth edition of *More Or Less* — a free fanzine supported by the Merseyside Arts Association — if the Liverpool music scene gets its way.

Behind the ambitious plan are Radio Merseyside's Phil Ross, Pete Fulwell from Eric's Club and Pete Wylie, erstwhile guitarist with the now defunct Merseyside band Crash Course.

The Malchix Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Rainbows Over Nagasaki, A Teardrop Never Explodes, and Those Naughty Lumps are among the bands who may be featured. It's hoped to bring out the record in March, and from 15 bands who have submitted tapes *More Or Less* are hoping to squeeze ten or eleven cuts onto the album.

Says Pete Fulwell: "There's no way that it's going to be Merseyside's Greatest Hits or whatever. The most important reasons for doing it are to make a document of what's happening at the moment, and to give these bands experience of working in the studio. That really helps bands rehearse as they have to listen to their material and discipline themselves in a way they would never have to do if just left to themselves."

Fulwell is currently lobbying for money to be made available for an office and full-time organiser for *More Or Less*. There are also plans to set up a gig circuit in youth clubs and community centres so that kids living in the likes of Runcorn and Birkenhead don't have to come in town to see bands. Says Ross: "A lot of the kids won't go all the way into the town centre to see a local band. If they wait another few days and pay an extra 75p they can see a name act."

Other developments on the Merseyside new wave scene include the setting up of two local labels, Zoo Records and Skeleton Records. There are also plans for a third label, the Inevitable Label.

Despite its proximity to Manchester, a city responsible for thriving new wave scene of which Buzzcocks and John Cooper Clarke are but two, Liverpool has recently sired a few new groups that have broken nationwide.

The now defunct Big In Japan were one of the few acts to even begin to create a buzz nationally. Jayne Casey, formerly of Big In Japan and now with Pink Military Stand Alone, says: "I lived in Manchester about two years ago. You walk about the streets and there's a really horrible atmosphere.

"You come to Liverpool and people are really rude to you but really funny. Liverpool people hit you in the face with things. They don't beat around the bush. Like they say, 'The fooking state of you, girl.' It's funny. In Manchester they just gawk at you."

Lack of interest by the music press, the paucity of rehearsal rooms and good local management and agencies, together with the expense of gigging in London, according to the *More Or Less* collective, are the reasons for the failure of Liverpool bands to achieve national recognition.

There is also the problem of living up to the heritage of the Merseyside beat boom of the early '60s — not to mention the lack of encouragement from local radio.

Says Ross: "The two local radio stations have a very rigid playlist. Apart from two specialist shows — and mine is only once a week — local bands don't get played at all. Therefore no one ever gets to hear them."

Things are looking up, though. As Pete Wylie points out, the gap left by the demise of Big In Japan has suddenly been filled: "There's no general direction, no 'Liverpool Sound'. But there's several strands. Echo and The Bunnymen are taking one route, Pink Military another and Ded Byrds are totally different altogether."

And as Jayne Casey told me: "Liverpool must be the most optimistic city in the world. It must be. With all the poverty and degradation that people live in here, you've got to be opitimistic."

IAN WOOD

THRILLS

Shootout in Chinatown with PINK MILITARY STAND ALONE and (inset) punk military Pete from RAINBOWS OVER NAGASAKI

TORIES CHOOSE 'EURO' MAN

Ah so! Jean Jacques Burnel gets Express credibility at last, via the Kent Messenger. Thanks to Paul Biggs of Maidstone.

Elton packs them in

British pop singer and painist Elton John was greeted by a sell-out crowd in Stockholm last night for his first concert performance in almost two years.

Music for masochists, huh? Sent by Bureaucrat of Winchester.

Rush on Ulster gay Bill

. . . And another upsurge in gay rock. Above, The Guardian heralds Messrs Peart, Lee and Lifeson's defection to pinko decadence. Below, NME 1958 fingers the true precursor of Bowie, Elton and TRB — thanx to reader John McDonnell.

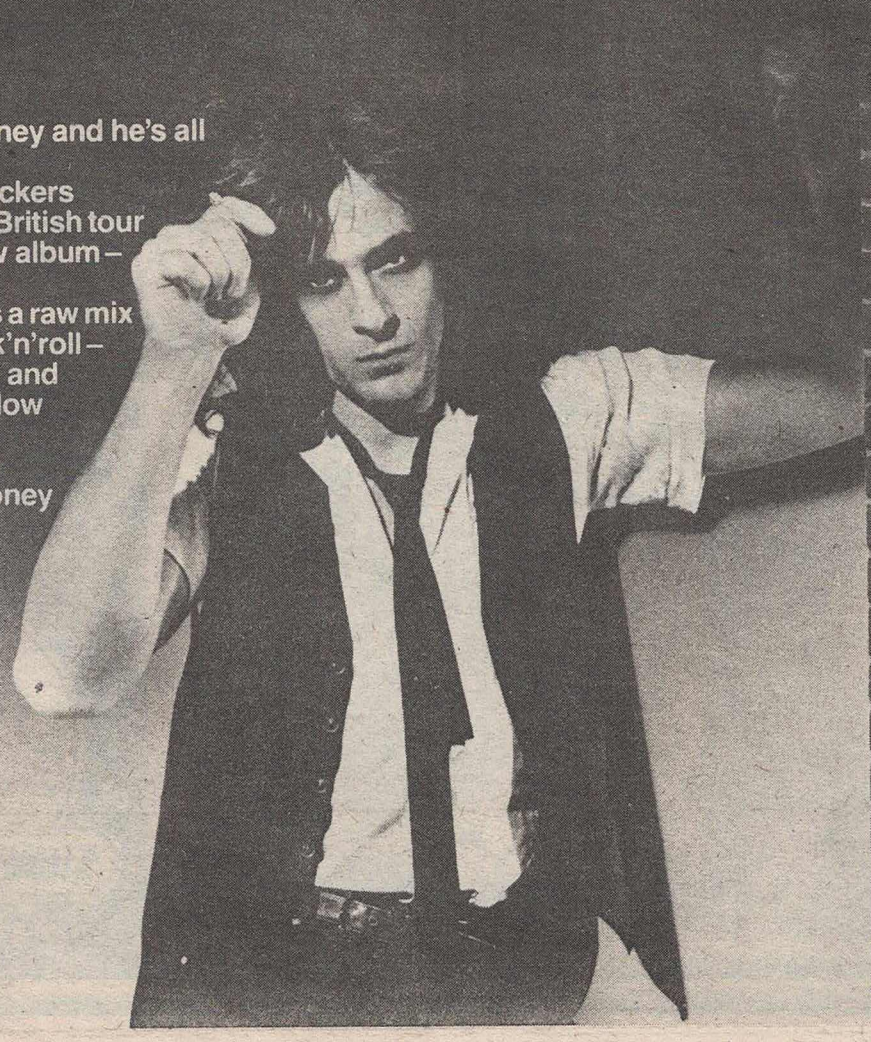
Marty Wilde dances and drums in gay stage act

MARTY WILDE, 19-year-old

Rock fans arrested by New York cop

He used to be on the payroll of New York's illustrious Police Department. Then he turned in his badge and became a rock'n'roll star.

His name is Eddie Money and he's all ready to get a brand new badge as a UK rockers favourite, with a great British tour and a devastating new album – 'Life For The Taking.' 'Life For The Taking' is a raw mix of R&B flavoured rock'n'roll – emphatic, outrageous and powerful enough to blow your cans off. Listen to 'Life For The Taking.' It'll make a Money junkie out of you.



GET READY FOR

EDDIE MONEY NEW ALBUM 'LIFE FOR THE TAKING' INCLUDES THE SINGLE 'MAYBE I'M A FOOL'

83159 CBS Record & Cassette

. . .OR IS THIS THE NEW FACE OF MERSEYBEAT?

THE SEARCHERS, those veterans of Merseybeat, whose early '60s hits included "Sweets For My Sweet" and "Needles And Pins", have recently become label mates with Talking Heads, The Undertones, and — irony! — The Ramones, whose last album was graced by young Joey's heartbreaking rendition of the very same 'Needles And Pins'.

Yes, bud, The Searchers have signed to Sire Records. And as you read this Elvis Costello and Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler are writing — or should it be penning? — songs for them.

"The Searchers want to make a modern album," Sire British boss Paul McNally told *Thrills*. Not modern like produced by Eno, but modern like produced by Tom Petty or Nick Lowe and singing songs by rock's foremost contemporary songwriters like the above mentioned.

Not surprisingly The Records' Will Birch has also written a song for them. In fact, knowing his predeliction for 12-string Rickenbacker-soaked pop-rock it's a wonder Will hasn't joined them. Apparently the song he's written for the lads "sounds like 'Needles And Pins' backwards," said McNally.

In case you're under 20, let it be said that The Searchers (Chris Curtis, Mick Pinder, John McNally and Tony Jackson) had a string of hits in the first half of the '60s before virtually disappearing into the obscurity of the Northern cabaret circuit. Which is where they've stayed ever since.

Their current line-up includes two of the original members: Pinder, he of the 12-string Rickenbacker, and lead guitarist John McNally. Completing the group are Frank Allen (bass) who replaced Jackson in '64, and a relative newcomer in drummer Billy. Unfortunately his surname is unknown by Sire *(Tsk tsk! Surely everyone who's anyone knows Billy Adamson — Ed.)*.

McNally — Sire's McNally that is and no relation — booked The Searchers when he was social secretary at Loughborough University five or so years back. Remembering how impressed he was with The Searchers at college, McNally recently checked them out again, and dragged along Sire supremo Seymour Stein too. Hey presto, a deal was clinched.

The group's current repertoire includes a host of old R&B standards as well as one Neil Young song. Tom Petty was approached to produce the band, but after initially expressing interest, the liaison fell through. Sire would like Basher Lowe to do the album, but not surprisingly he has too many other knobs to twiddle at this juncture.

According to McNally, The Searchers, despite being well into their third decade, are "in embarrassingly good physical shape." *(Must be all that scampi and chips — Ed.)*

If The Pirates, no spring chickens themselves, can do it, then maybe The Searchers, with Sire's backing, are destined for a successful revibe too.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

THE SEARCHERS then and now. Above: arriving in New York, 1964. Left: arriving in Batley, 1972. Above (L-R): Jackson, McNally, Curtis, Pinder. Left: McNally, Pinder, Allen, Adamson.

Captain Beefheart's Got A Brand New Band

LADIES AND gentlemen . . . please meet and greet the forever enigmatic Captain Beefheart and his *all new* Magic Band.

In no particular order, here are some names to go with the faces: below Robert Williams (drums), Jeff Morris Tepper (guitar), Richard Redus (guitar), Eric Feldman (keyboards, bass), Bruce Fowler (trombone, airbass) and Mary Jane Eisenberg (not pictured) on maracas and choreography. Plus of course the Captain himself.

Don Van Vliet has been busy of late, guesting on two tracks on The Tubes' "Tubes Now" album, turning in a mutha of a performance as the "hard-worked, fucked over, *drivin'* man" on the soundtrack of *Blue Collar*, and also recording and releasing his best album since the masterful 'Clear Spot' — the equally masterful 'Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)', for which Virgin Records are currently thrashing out mutually favourable terms for a British release.

Interviewed in the current *New York Rocker*, Beafheart seemed in fine fettle, issuing forth in his own inimitable style. On the subject of the prowess of his current band: "I just thought it would be a nice idea to have people see a band playing some of the things I did on 'Trout Mask' and 'Lick My Decals Off, Baby' and smiling and laughing."

On the difficulty of getting his music out: "After you do something like 'Lick My Decals Off, Baby', meaning get rid of labels, the labels get rid of you."

And on the debt owed him by much of the new wave: "Devo, well, they have one of my entire drum parts in one of their songs. But why do they have to put The Rolling Stones on it?" Why indeed.

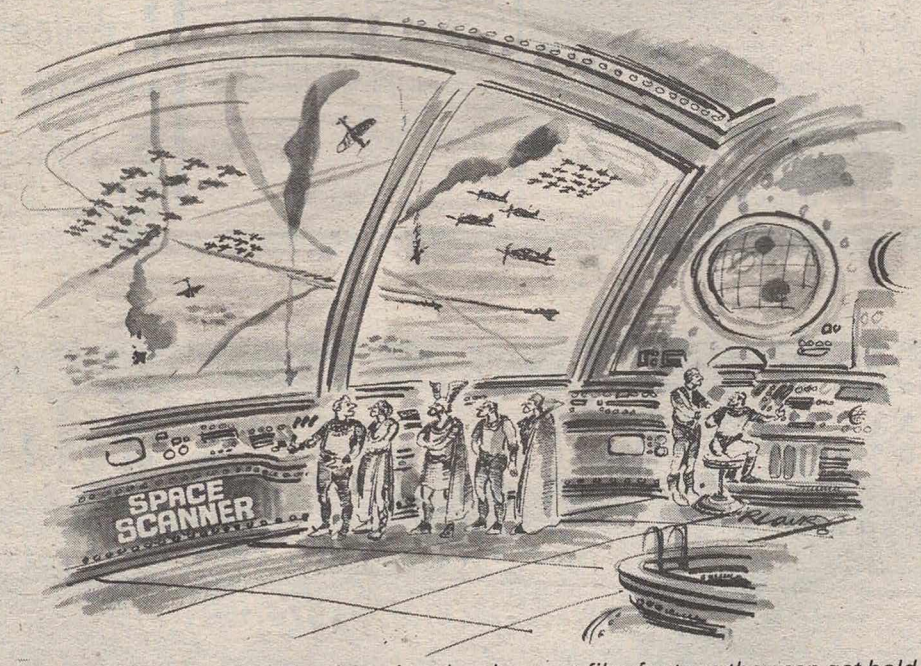
No one thought to ask him about the current world population, and how many of them are hamburgers, but Beefheart did explain, however, that "an architect is someone who wants to crawl up your penis, pull down the shades, turn off the lights, and type all night. You can quote me."

We have, Don.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

LOWRY



*"It **is** the Battle of Britain, actually. They're using the cheapest film footage they can get hold of for this series."*

Middle of the page

David Bowie

Below: The Captain and crew watch the birdie

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The Mafia moves into rock?

U.S. INVESTIGATION

JUST BY way of a change, Chicago — the group, *not* the toddlin' town — are involved in an extensive US Grand Jury probe which for the past year has been investigating inroads made by organised-crime syndicates into the heart of the American music industry — and, in particular, rock concert promotion.

Racketeering in rock is not a new phenomenon. For instance there's the oft-whispered tale alleging that during the mid-'60s the mob made an unheralded visit to the New York offices of Red Bird Records (The Shangri-Las, Adlibs, Dixie Cups) and declared: "We're your new partners. We now own 50 per cent!"

To the hoods' astonishment, while hurrying to the door the successful songwriting owners apparently replied: "No you don't. It's all yours. We quit!"

Just how many cents on the vinyl dollar is collected by the Mafia has never been estimated. But one thing is certain: it's a multi-million dollar scam.

Aside from running many of the enterprising small-investment / big-fat-return bootlegging and disc/ tape piracy operations, the mobs also control much of the juke box / fruit machine rental business as well as record and up-market drug distribution (cocaine).

Currently they're expanding their interests to "embrace" management and concert promotion.

Knowing certain facts and actually proving them are two different ball-games, but there are rumours of a technique of legitimately purchasing a piece of a successful artist or demanding the option of buying-in.

And that is why at this very moment a US Attorney's Office in Chicago (the city) and another in Los Angeles is conducting a Grand Jury investigation into a nationwide Mafia manoeuvre to try and gain control of the megabuck rock concert promotion industry.

During these Attorney Office investigations, evidence has come to light which, in the opinion of the Windy City Police Department, links Chicago's (the group) drummer Daniel P. Seraphine with the city's heavy brigade.

One of the people cited by investigators is Peter Schivarelli who, as it transpires, is also the manager of Schaumberg — a Chicago nightclub in which drummer Seraphine owns a controlling interest.

As far back as 1975 (the year in which Seraphine became a part-owner) the club was placed under close police surveillance and, as a result, reports were filed detailing frequent tete-a-tetes between the club's manager (Schivarelli) and Mr. Tony Spilotro who — the Chicago P.D. claim — runs Chicago Mafia's Western interests from Las Vegas — as well as such funsters as Harry "The Hook" Aleman and William "Butch" Petrocelli (no relation!), identified by police as professional hit men, plus James "Turk" Torello and Joey "The Clown" Lombardo.

Peter Schivarelli is apparently well known to the Chicago police who describe him as "a close associate" of leading Mafia figures. They claim to have something like two dozen reports — made between 1975 and 1978 — relating to his meetings with various underworld celebrities and phone calls to and from them.

Schivarelli has been arrested twice (1966 and 1974) on assault charges, although he was acquitted on both occasions.

A former Notre Dame football star, 33-year-old Schivarelli not only manages Schaumberg but also holds down a top job in the City of Chicago's Sanitation Department, a position bestowed upon him by the late but not lamented Mayor Richard Daley.

Chicago the group first banded together in 1967. For a time, they were called The Big Thing, then The Chicago Transit Authority. When whiz-kid record producer James William Guercio took over as producer / manager they truncated it to Chicago.

Under Guercio's Midas touch (assisted by accountant Howard H. Kaufman), Chicago became one of America's biggest-ever perennial recording acts, selling an average 2.5 million copies of their first 11 CBS albums.

Unofficial estimates put Chicago's gross income at around $10 million per annum, while CBS estimate that since 1968 the group have sold records and tapes to the tune of approximately $350 million.

Though Chicago vigorously deny allegations of underworld complicity, investigators have compiled a dossier on them allegedly as a direct result of their observations of known Mafia figures.

Chicago's present manager Jeff Wald (his other clients include his wife Helen Reddy and Sylvester Stallone) has, through Mr. Edward Medvene (an LA attorney), denied all allegations.

"The members of Chicago deny emphatically having any business relationship with organised-crime figures.

"There is no basis in fact whatsoever for any allegation or assertion, no matter how remote, that Mr. Wald has any business connection of any kind with so-called organised-crime figures."

Nevertheless, in a telephone interview conducted in the States, Wald was quoted as saying that Chicago's drummer (Seraphine) has a number of underworld acquaintances, including Peter Schivarelli.

In the interview Wald says he (Wald) had met Schivarelli "two or three or more" times — the purpose being to discuss booking talent into the Schaumburg club.

The Attorney's Office which instigated the probe has a different tale to tell.

The investigators quote one of their informants as stating that, seeing as Guercio was devoting his time and energy to such extracurricular activities as movie-making and his Caribou record label / studio, in 1976 both club manager Peter Schivarelli and accountant Howard H. Kaufman held a number of business meetings (in Chicago and Las Vegas) with Tony Spilotro to "use Chicago's (the band's) money to set up a string of nightclubs nationally."

The investigators have inferred that the Mafia intended using these night spots to "launder" illegal income.

Two un-named Chicago group members claim that sometime in 1976 both Schivarelli and Kaufman flew from Chicago to Washington D.C. with the group and made a pitch about a chain of nightclubs and a condomium project as investments.

According to another investigatory source, when Guercio heard that Kaufman and Seraphine were meeting with Spilotro, Guercio is alleged to have said something to the effect that he had scratched and clawed his way to the top with Chicago and he was goddamned if he was going to let the mob take over now.

Soon after, it is alleged, Guercio dispensed with Kaufman's services.

In December '76 Guercio suddenly employed the services of around-the-clock bodyguards, because, according to informed sources, "He (Guercio) was fearing the worst. He was scared to death."

Actually, no harm befell Guercio and eventually he paid off his personal security watchdogs. However, his relationship with Chicago and in particular Seraphine, rapidly deteriorated. The group fired him in December 1977 — "artistic differences" being more or less the official explanation.

Guercio's replacement was Jeff Wald: a close friend of Linda Ronstadt's beau, California Governor Jerry Brown.

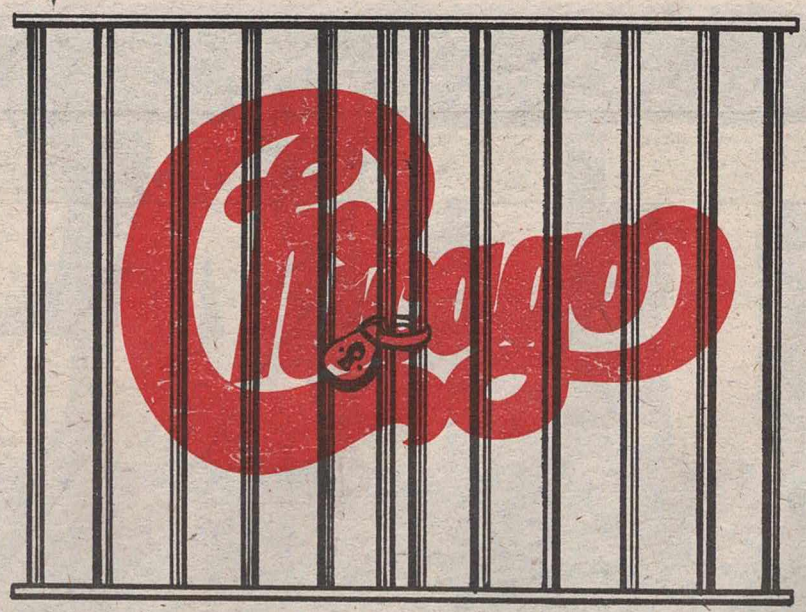
A police report claims that sometime in 1977 two meetings took place between Wald and Schivarelli, after which Schivarelli is reported to have said to Spilotro: "You'll love Wald. He knows the Governor." A direct reference to Jerry Brown.

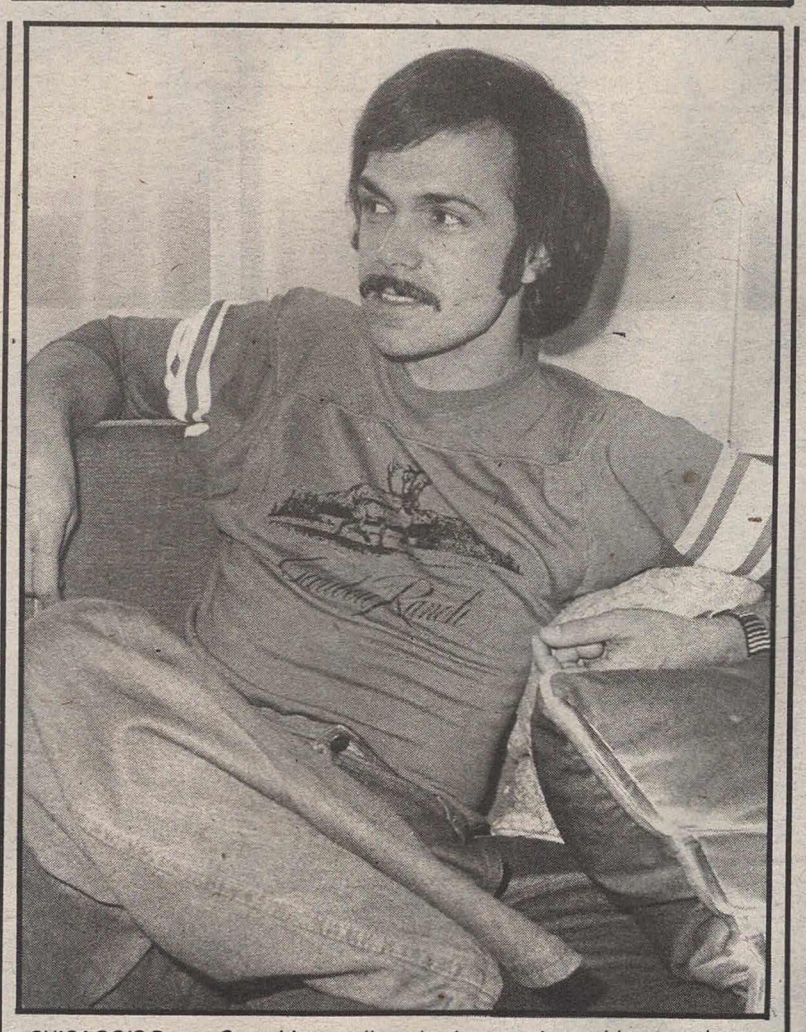
In May, 1978, police investigators took note of a further meeting held in Los Angeles between drummer Seraphine, Schivarelli and a certain Mr. Joey Cusumano, who the police identify as Silotro's courier.

The investigations continue.

ROY CARR

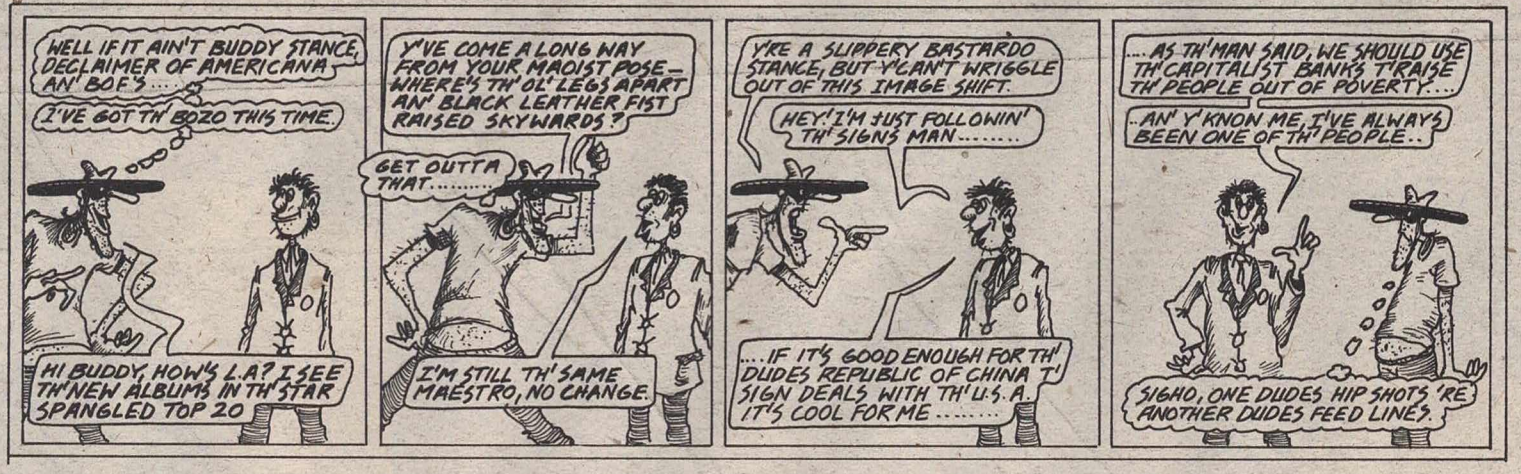
THRILLS



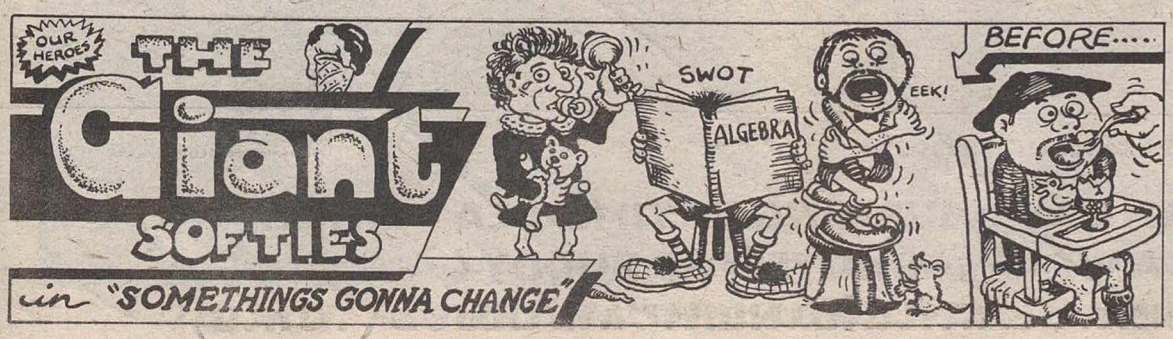


CHICAGO'S Danny Seraphine — alleged to have underworld connections.

The Lone Groover — BENYON


WELL IF IT AIN'T BUDDY STANCE, DECLAIMER OF AMERICANA AN' BOF'S.....
I'VE GOT TH' BOZO THIS TIME.
HI BUDDY, HOW'S L.A? I SEE TH' NEW ALBUMS IN TH' STAR SPANGLED TOP 20
Y'VE COME A LONG WAY FROM YOUR MAOIST POSE— WHERE'S TH' OL' LEGS APART AN' BLACK LEATHER FIST RAISED SKYWARDS?
GET OUTTA THAT.....
I'M STILL TH' SAME MAESTRO, NO CHANGE.
Y'RE A SLIPPERY BASTARDO STANCE, BUT Y'CAN'T WRIGGLE OUT OF THIS IMAGE SHIFT.
HEY! I'M JUST FOLLOWIN' TH' SIGNS MAN.....
.....IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR TH' DUDES REPUBLIC OF CHINA T' SIGN DEALS WITH TH' U.S.A. IT'S COOL FOR ME.....
.....AS TH' MAN SAID, WE SHOULD USE TH' CAPITALIST BANKS T'RAISE TH' PEOPLE OUT OF POVERTY.....
..AN' Y'KNOW ME, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF TH' PEOPLE..
SIGHO, ONE DUDES HIP SHOTS 'RE ANOTHER DUDES FEED LINES.

THE END



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Chris Stamey: when a dB meets a TV . . .

dB OR not dB? By some outrageous fortune, Chris Stamey recently pre-empted the need for a laborious phone-in review apropos him and his band The dBs when he took advantage of Sir Freddy Laker's largesse and jet-winged into the capital city last week for light hearted business discussion with a British lease on the single 'I Thought You Wanted To Know'/'If And When' (*NME* Single Of The Week, early February).

A neat coincidence really, because Mr Stamey is ripe for deployment on the British scene.

Hailing from someplace I know not in North Carolina, a liquorless, dry state, Stamey is the stuff of enigma. His associations as producer and musician alongside Alex Chilton, his A&R post at New York's Blecker Street based independent Car Records, his very own track discography — two extended players, one solo and one a collaboration with ex-Television man Richard Lloyd — combine to spell arriving cult figure. It's a millstone he hardly deserves to be burdened with.

Back in high school, Stamey ran through millions of outfits but wasn't convinced of the need to enter the rat race till he saw an early Television (minus Richard Hell) which sealed his faith in "a new music, the catch-all phrase for post-60s rock".

With the first real time band, Sneakers, Stamey and a fluid personnel put out a six-track single, pic sleeve, liner notes and that vamped Sartre's tale of the wandering Jew, titles like 'Love's Like A Cuban Crisis' and 'Condition Red'.

Sneakers somehow alternated profound corn, flummoxing pop-art (without the hip connotations) and basic ingredients. Being a clever bastard didn't help Stamey then and Sneakers No.1 faded into obscurity, a souvenir.

After that Chris and rock writer Alan Betrock decided to devote Car Records to production. They had an eye on a band name of Flesh Tones and assisted Blondie with their demos — 'Heart Of Glass', The Shangri Las' 'Out In The Streets', 'Thine Line', 'Puerto Rico' and 'Platinum Blonde'.

Sneakers played their last gig at Max's Kansas City and Stamey had a release on Ork ('Summer Sun' alongside Chilton, a ubiquitous anarchist) and a posthumous band 12" EP called 'In The Red' full of witty lines, hummable hooks, economic and unusual instrumentation.

In transforming The Sneakers into The dBs Stamey has eschewed raspberries flavoured sweet scuzz for summat more potent; the lowest pop aesthetic. Which is to say Stamey understands the lowest common denominators that turn the game into big stakes and could probably prostitute his ass for dollars, but prefers to take his chances bringing the audience around to his way of operating:

"I tend to sound like a stuffy egg-head in these interviews but really the aim is not academic. The dBs use normal elements, major and minor chords, 4/4 rhythms, rockabilly beat maybe, and try to construct music which will sound good on the air or in a car — a cliched thing to say.

CHRIS STAMEY *picture by GEORGE BODNAR*

The Move were a big influence in North Carolina but then I was heavy into theory."

Today Stamey has undergone an ingenious un-learning process:

"We won't be doing trance music that confuses the audience but we won't be in competition with other bands. I'll like a record for the sound, the engineering, production ideas rather than the artefact itself. Which is to say that the driving impetus between any two bands using identical equipment can be entirely different, it arrives from their best songs.

"I try to create an effect that certain records had on me when I was younger, like Big Star's 'When My Baby's Beside Me' or 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand'. And I couldn't care less about using '60s ingredients because that's the best way."

YET THE dBs are hardly a Beatles revival band. They don't ape old mannerisms. Stamey is a serious but not intense individual, unlikely to fall into the clique trap that characterises the majority of English new wave.

Stamey's material accomplishes what it intends though he insists that his output to date is "crappy, I've yet to make my good sounding records. We want a distinctive sound, like The Bee Gees have, but nothing we've done has really represented The dBs yet."

The new single features Richard Lloyd and another mystery sleeve, a pastiche Robbe-Grillet detective dust-jacket designed to entice. Enticement is the bottom line in Chris Stamey's musical equation; the lyrics and the melodies might follow a predictable rock pattern so far then dump the listener against some twist, a denouement he's totally unprepared for.

'I Thought You Wanted To Know' was completed while Television were in their death throes. But the Lloyd/Stamey partnership turned out to be fruitful only from the outside looking in as the former succumbs too readily to the grievous habits that stifle so many creative impulses in New York City.

Right now The dBs — Stamey, bassist Gene Holder, drummer Will Rigby and keyboards man Peter Holsapple — are hawking a 16-cut demo for a potential album. Highlights are Holsapple's 'House Is Not A Home' and 'The Fight' plus a slew of Stamey goodies, chief favourite of which must be 'What About That Cat'. Aura Records are anxious to secure the services of The dBs as back-up for Alex Chilton's springtime visit:

"I don't know if that can happen. I like Alex and I have his material off by heart but we're more controlled and want to be viewed separately. We aren't Alex Chilton's clones.

"He likes a sea of chaos where everyone is struggling to keep up. He's unlikely to do Big Star songs anyhow — his sets are often Troggs numbers, old rockabilly and very little of his own things."

Chris Stamey has the mark of future greatness. He is bursting with unique sounds and personal integrity. Not the last of a dying breed or the first of a new movement, but rather a pivotal force in a very healthy undercurrent of contemporary American music — a brand leader in a new hard core that tends to get submerged by lesser talents on both sides of the water.

That's all. I thought you wanted to know

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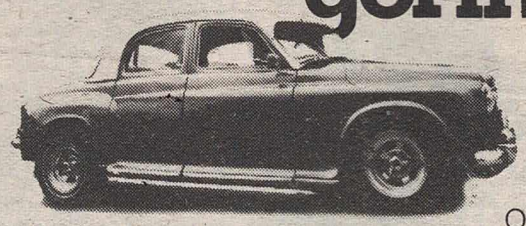
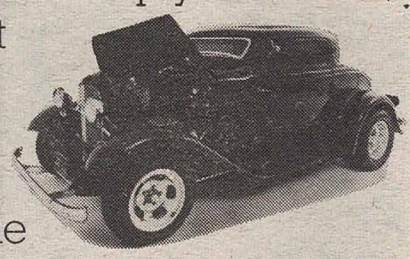


It wasn't an attempt at a certain book of records. It was simply the success of last year's Custom Car Show, when they were attracted by a formula we'll be repeating this year.



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The Hot, The Cold, And The Uncool

. . .Bring an Account of the Journeys of Mr. BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY in Foreign Parts. By PAUL DU NOYER.

VARBERG IS a tidy town, neatly placed 'midst Sweden's snowy fields. As night falls downwards life deserts the chequer-board streets.

Me, I'm plodding to local hot-spot 'The Spooky Disco' with Tom Sheehan and reformed rock-writer turned WEA press-person Mick Houghton. The feeling grows that what we have here is a Marie Celeste Situation. Is anybody there?

As if in answer a grimy white car, flash Yank job, cruises noiselessly into view. Shaded, unshaved, the *Grease*-extra occupants don't see us at all, transfixed by some inscrutable fantasy. The auto passes and we notice the back draped with a swastika flag.

This eerie bunch of Herberts, the Raggare (well-numbered by Scando-punks The Rude Kids in their fab "Raggare Is A Bunch of Motherfuckers"), give us the hint that all is not as it might be under this country's placid exterior . . .

The Spooky Disco turns out to be an overblown youth-club three miles from nowhere, and I do believe the entire place is clinically bonkers. Inside, outside, and probably on the roof as well giggling, gangling children cavort and crash about, utterly out of it.

Despite the peculiar Swedish booze-laws, not to mention the peculiar Swedish booze, the kids are rolling up to this Suzi Quatro gig in the kind of state that gave newts a bad name.

Affluent youngsters in their Friday-best Euro-togs, products of the most secure and orderly society in the world, they stagger in from the sub-zero night to the noise of shattering spirit-bottles.

Offer them a night of rock'n'roll and poker-faced Turnips evacuate reality.

Meanwhile inside the hall an English rock-group manager is watching it all and beaming. Richard Ogden beams a lot — "This is what I like to see," says he, "kids not afraid to enjoy themselves".

Right. There's nothing too cool about this lot.

Mind you, we're all beaming when the MC takes the stage: an elderly Swedish gentleman, partial to cravats and loon-pants, name of Bertel Bertelson and something of a pop-star in his own right, apparently.

The local lingo comes across like the amplified sound of a rumbling stomach, but two words I do catch: "Bram Tchaikovskeee!!"

And on leaps the erstwhile Motor, now fronting his very own band and currently playing the warm-up spot for Suzi Quatro's Nordic tour. An attractively tight three-piece, Bram Tchaikovsky are BT on guitar and vocals, co-writer Micky Broadbent on bass and vocals, and drummer Keith Boyce (gastric-flu'd for the present and replaced by Keith Line).

Ogden's smiling because his boys are shaping up; coming along well. Opening with 'Strange Man, Changed Man', they're an orthodox '70s outfit, medium-heavy and melodic, imbued with a 60s Pop feel — check out their butched-up Monkees' 'I'm A Believer' — and they've a clutch of numbers that suggest Bram (remember The Motors' "Airport"?) hasn't seen the last of the charts.

Lyrically Bram Tchaikovsky are unpretentious, nothing special, and the vocals aren't distinctive. But the sound is fast and economical and I'm growing to like it.

The kids of The Spooky Disco love it; the band return to the hotel well-chuffed and ready for the real business of the night, chiefly Ugandan discussions with members of the Swedish Nubility.

In the event, excess energies are spent in chucking drinks at good ol Bertel Bertelson — who just happens to own the hotel as well.

A bloody great bunch of lads, eh?

THESE DAYS Tchaikovsky (known to his mum as Peter Bramall) is doing what he wanted to do with The Motors — touring, no-frills rock'n'rolling — until that group's creative nucleus of Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster moved too far into studio pop. So after months of ambiguity Bram's Motoring days are over, and now it's his name up in lights.

Was this, I wondered, the plan he'd nurtured all along?

"No, not really. When I joined The Motors I thought they were great. That first album — amazing- And I still think Nick and Andy are ever so good.

"But the reason I left was I didn't like the financial set-up, the way they actually set up the band. 'Cos I didn't get a say in anything at all. When it started off I was just supposed to be the rhythm-player, and in the end it got to the point where I was in the middle of the stage and, really, the frontman. I wouldn't say it made Nick and Andy jealous, but they certainly didn't like it.

"When it came to doing the second album ('Approved By The Motors'), I'd written six songs. And I didn't say 'I want to do theses songs' — I just said 'Will you listen to the tape?'

"But they just slagged me off — slagged my songs off, slagged me off. And that was when I left."

So exit BT, guitarist, and enter BT the band. Bassman Micky Broadbent had collaborated with Bram in the past, while drummer Keith Boyce had long been admired for his work in The Heavy Metal Kids.

Last year saw the debut single on Criminal Records, 'Sarah Smiles', hard, well-crafted pop, with 'Turn On The Light', a slice of Quo-type boogie.

A deal was secured with Radar and the first album, 'Strange Man, Changed Man' (Nick Garvey co-produced) is ready for March release.

The songs — 'Robber' and 'Bloodline' in particular, as well as the new single 'Girl Of My Dreams' — are fine, commercial stuff. Nothing fancy.

"It's just rock'n'roll — our version of what rock'n'roll is. I don't want it to be any more than that, I'm not looking for anything clever. Just rock'n'roll.

This Scandinavian tour is by way of a run-in for the forthcoming UK trek, when I'll be surprised if the band don't pick up a decent following in the resilient hard-rock end of the market — hopefully enough of a following to ensure lift-off for 'Girl Of My Dreams', yet another HM Kids connection in that the song was penned by ex-Kids' bassist Ronnie Thomas.

THE DAY after the night before sees us hit the road for Helsinborg (Swedish for 'Scunthorpe'), a journey interrupted by sadistic demands from lensman Sheehan that the band immerse themselves in snowdrifts for the camera's benefit.

This is to prove a problem gig. We arrive to find the Butlin-style ballroom slowly filling to the sond of local group The Tickies as they sleepwalk their way through the likes of Roger Whittaker's 'For You Are Beautiful', accompanied by jovial cries of "Take the boxing-gloves off!" from the Tchaikovsky boys.

The miserably little rock'n'roll atmosphere generated by this preamble is dissipated by an hour's delay, the result of technical hitches. Roadies El Sid and Strangler poke, explore and fiddle about like men possessed. Up at the mixing-desk, tour-manager Howard is looking bored.

Twelve-year-old Helsinborgers start to pull faces and try a chant of "Ve Vant Suzi".

Barely do Bram's lads get the set under way when a short, stout offical, hall-manager no less, arrives backstage looking very cross. He doesn't, unfortunately, speak any English (though it's obviously the volume that's upset him), which give Richard the opportunity to try out his world-famous Muppets' Swedish Chef impression.

But Richard does rotten Swedish Chef impressions, and the Official is not impressed. He points at the amps in evident agitation. So Sid turns around and tells him to piss off. Seemingly appeased by this coup of English diplomacy, the Official leaves looking satisified.

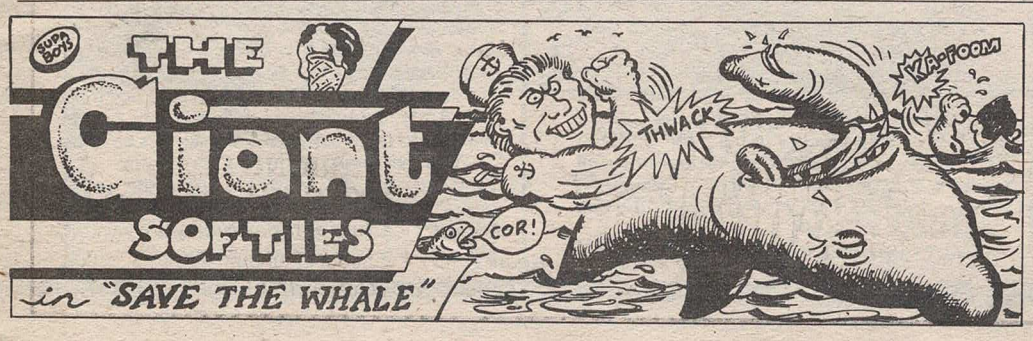
The group belt into 'Whisky And Wine' but the natives are getting restless. Bram is enmeshed in aggro with one young bozo with a taste for clambering on stage aided by his well-juiced buddies. The little girls carry on sulking and thinking about Suzi.

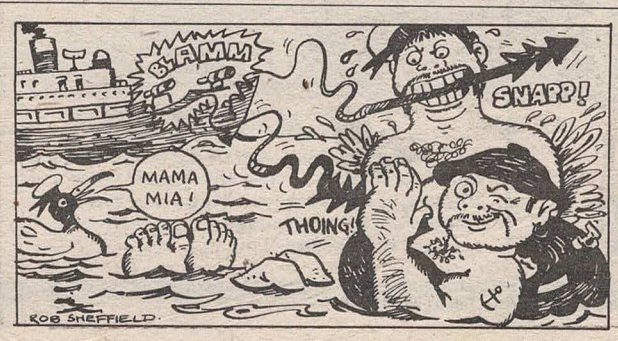
Despite or because of all this the band are playing with an even greater intensity; crisp as Ryvita, harder than Noggin The Nog. Even the geriatric 'Johnny B. Goode' comes out fresh and sprightly.

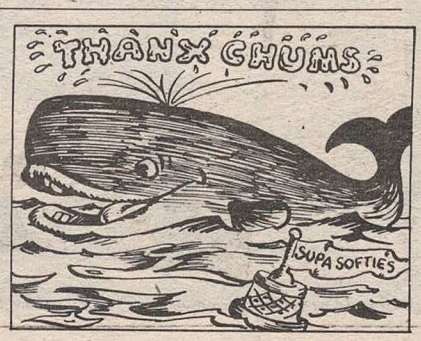
By now the night has turned a little nasty, and the Tchaikovsky crew volunteer to hang around in case the Suzi Quatro boys should require assistance later on. And sure enough, before the evening's done the gallant Howard will be arming himself with a broken bottle, confronted by knife-wielding Turnips.

Fear not, gentle reader, for by then the writer, the press-officer, photographer and manager were safely ensconced in their motel for a midnight feast of cheese and ham butties.

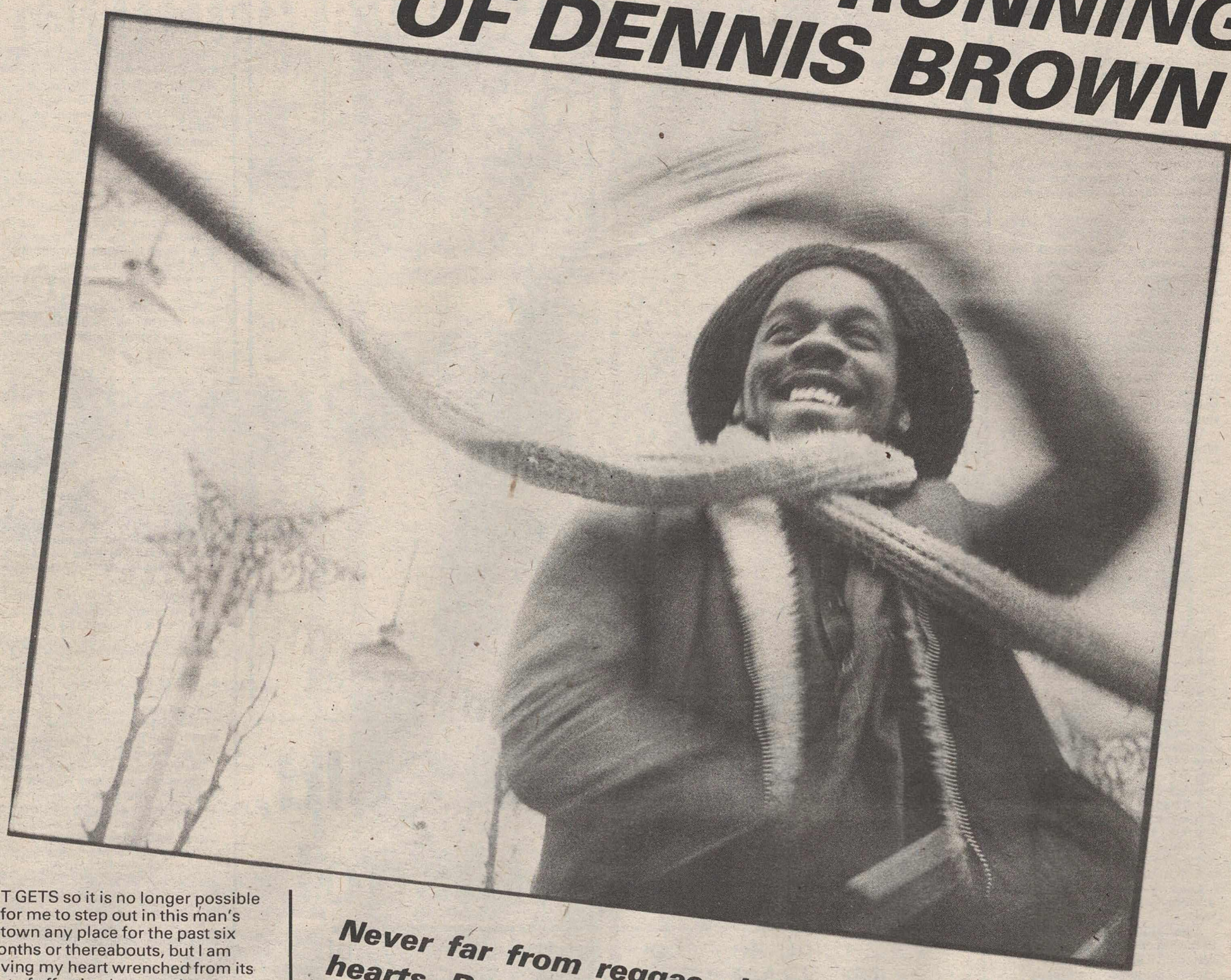
After all, it's only rock'n'roll and nothing to get cut up about.







THE COOL RUNNING OF DENNIS BROWN



Never far from reggae charts and hearts, Dennis Brown wakes up the UK's frozen airwaves.

Words: PENNY REEL
Photography: DENNIS MORRIS

IT GETS so it is no longer possible for me to step out in this man's town any place for the past six months or thereabouts, but I am having my heart wrenched from its seat of affection by a woebegone Dennis Brown lamenting as to how he's got money in his pocket, but he just can't get no love.

At first, towards the earlier weeks of the song's ascendance, this ubiquity is mostly confined to the immediate West End, and this is only natural considering the foul proximity of streets Wardour and Great Windmill, and especially as regards the loveless Mammonites as determine the area's regular flotsam.

Before too long, however, the same requiem is duly penetrating the considerably less critical, if equally dessicated sensibilities and well-oiled girths of more rustic nightgoers in Camden Town, Covent Garden, Chelsea, Mayfair, and other similar benighted districts, loving paupers and their kith notwithstanding.

Very much later, Brown's plaint reaches the ears of an unusually alert disc-jockey up in Joe Levy's Babylonian Monopoly Tower on the former site of Cumberland Market, and before you can say cool runnings, the unacceptable face of Capital Radio is beaming the tune to its vast London audience.

Now, even though it is very uncommon for any reggae recording not associated with Island Records or The Rolling Stones to attract the attention of radio programmers in any capacity whatever, perhaps the most singular circumstance in this particular case is that 'Money In My Pocket' is not on general release in this country during all this time, but only available as a discomix pre from specialist outlets, where the majority of Capital's listeners are unaccustomed to venture for fear that what money is in their pockets would be unlikely to remain there for too long afterwards.

Furthermore, demand for the disc is so intense by this time following its Euston airing, that Joe Gibbs in Jamaica is overwhelmed by orders from UK importers, and quite unable to cope with the sudden deluge — with the outcome that it is barely possible to buy the record at all.

However, with Dennis Brown's recent signing to Lightning Records, and with the company's option on all Gibbs' product, it is at last decided to issue the tune in the UK.

Also, it is common gossip in all circles in Soho that the kryptonian WEA organisation, to whom all Lightning material is licensed, are prepared to invest 'Money In My Pocket' with the expedience of their mighty publicity reserves. Like Althea & Donna's 'Uptown Top Ranking' little more than a year ago, Brown's disgruntled waxing is poised for the national charts.

"FATHER NOT sleeping, Father know it's been a long time I've been sowing seeds, and one day out of the seven I must reap. Because, it's like the saying goes, the good you do live after you, and by the sweat of your brow shall you eat bread. Maybe it's harvest time for me now."

Dennis Brown and I are sitting together up in Lightning's slightly less than salubrious offices-cum-one stop warehouse in the Harrow Road, where Cassandra is waxing eloquent and biblical on the subject of his current activities — with special reference to the success of 'Money In My Pocket' and its immediate effect on his career. He answers the flow of questions I put to him with characteristic good humour.

How does he account for the sudden patronage of his record, and does it surprise him at all?

"I think it is music many people can feel," he tells me. "In this time, some have to go out and buy love, which is a shame. You can't buy love. You must get love, and give love, and know how to be able to appreciate love. Maybe the song does do something for all these people.

"No, it's not that I'm surprised at the way it's caught on, but I must say I'm a bit amazed at its popularity."

You originally made the record back in 1973, the first time you worked with Gibbs. It was a good idea to re-record it. What gave you the idea?

"Joe Gibbs. He come to me and say let's do it over. He's my governor, so I go along with what he suggests."

I am of the impression Dennis Brown is his own boss, I say. Not only is he just about the favourite son of the reggae audience, an accomplished producer in his own right, but his record company DEB manages very well under the astute direction of co-p Castro Brown, and recently gets the vote as the best reggae label in the UK.

"Well, I am my own governor, of course," he smiles. "But, well I have to give Joe Gibbs credit still. He is above me. We work together very close.

"You see Penny, for Dennis Brown to break through, things have got to be as they are now. DEB started off with the idea of getting Dennis Brown's records to various points I'd never normally reach. In Jamaica, you need someone behind you to give the right projection, and that's where Gibbs comes in.

"As I once sung, 'No Man Is An Island'. I need Joe Gibbs as much as Joe Gibbs needs me."

A citizen hears so many negative attitudes to Joe Gibbs, I observe. There's that story doing the rounds recently that Prince Far I is looking for him to inflict damage on account of unpaid royalties, and Gregory Isaacs sings "Uncle Joe, you're stepping on my toe."

"Whatever you hear about Joe Gibbs in this sense is pure propaganda." Dennis grows animated. "You have people that when they can't be with you, they have numerous things to say. They are on about Joe Gibbs, but Gibbo shall conquer with Dennis Brown."

REGGAE SUPERSTAR Dennis Emmanuel Brown is born a scion of the Tribe of Judah in downtown Kingston in 1957, and embarks upon his singing career at the age of nine.

"I start at school," he recalls. "We used to do the end of term concert for Woolmers High Girls School, and I was asked to appear. It was the first time I had ever appeared in public."

Would you tell me about your earliest musical influences?

"In my early days of coming up I was checking singers like Delroy Wilson, Errol Dunkley, Alton Ellis, John Holt, Ken Boothe, Bob Andy, a whole heap o' bretheren, and I wanted to be like one of these artists as well.

"You see what I am doing for Junior Delgado now, that is the kind of treatment I would like to have been able to receive in those times. I am at the crossroads now, but I should have reached here sooner."

Like many Jamaican artists, the young Dennis Brown cut his first music at Studio One when a mere 11 years of age. Considering his youth, the many 45s and two albums for Dodd are remarkable waxings, both for the quality of the Brentford Road rhythms and productions, and for the tonal control and depth of feeling in the vocals.

Following this, Dennis enjoys a brief sojourn at Derrick Harriott's Crytal outlet — consolidating the reputation he had forged at Studio One on titles such as 'No Man Is An Island'. 'If I Follow My Heart', and 'Something Is Bugging Me' — when recording the LP 'Super Reggae And Soul Hits' in 1973.

What was it like working for the infamous Chariot Rider?

"Well, Derrick as a person was great, but he could only do so much. Like, for instance, 'Super Reggae And Soul Hits' — he gave that to Trojan for release up here, I know some money must pass, but to this day I do not even see a mint ball."

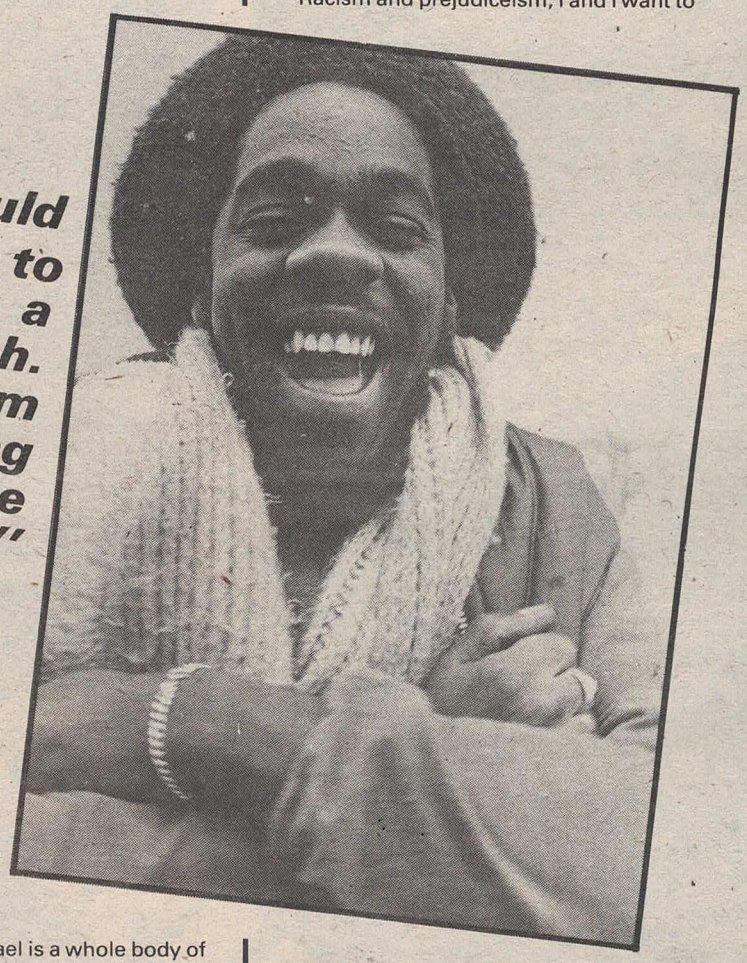
Did he prevent you from recording any message or Ras Tafari music?

"At that time is true I did not get the call to go out and identify with Ras Tafari. That came later."

How?

"I went to this meeting of the Twelve Tribes of Israel — most of my bretheren is Twelve Tribes at this time — and while I was there, one of the Gadite get up and say anyone who wants can become a member. I penetrate it from this time.

"Because of the vibration, Israel has come to gather Jah people. Israel is a whole body of like bretheren establishing to know where you are coming from and where you are going, whether you are the destructive kind or a gatherer. I believe I am here doing these works to feed those who have not yet got the realisation, to establish the works."



"I would love to be a Messiah. I'm singing the truth."

You really came into your own working with Niney up until 1976. Why did you suddenly stop?

"Well, the time had come to leave Niney then, and venture on my own. I was depending on Observer too much, and not getting the chance to do as I wanted, production and things.

"At the same time, Niney is one of the best producers to have arisen out of Jamaica. We are still spiritually close, but where the work is concerned ...

"The way I see it, my message is not just coming from me inwardly, but from my inspirer, which is the dreadful, and *yunderable,* and terrible Almighty. When they hear Jah Ras Tafari name, the weakheart tremble. He's helping me to deliver His works. I am working for the Father, and his chosen people."

Vivien Goldman tells me she sees you as the new Messiah.

"Awoah, a Messiah. Well, that could be so. I would love to be a Messiah, or a prophet. As I say, I'm doing the Father's works, because I'm singing about the truth."

AT THIS stage in the conversation, Lightning boss Alan Davidson comes over to us and asks me not to neglect mention of "the Freedom Sounds pirate".

What Davidson means, is an atrocious discomix production of 'Money In My Pocket' currently retailing over the counter of certain of the less reputable reggae outlets, a cheap cash-in designed to partially sate public demand for the tune.

"I've slapped an injunction on it, of course," says Davidson proudly, "but there's still all the legal problems to be sorted out. They even had the damn cheek to put D. Brown on the label."

"I'd like to say something about this," chimes in Dennis. "Freedom Sounds people, whoever they are, are not brotherly, they have no self-respect, and them is bloodsuckers. I don't think they will last long in this business. I'm sorry to say this, but to me them are no bretheren of mine."

You cannot fight a man down for doing a next version of your tune, I say. After all, you 'don't write all the songs you record.

"True, true," returns Dennis, "but them nah get another vocalist, only the rhythm is new. They transfer my voice from the record, the disco, onto a tape, and dub on a new backing track.

"Freedom Sounds, if they dey a JA, cho, me no even want to say that. Them bretheren a bloodsuckers, a vampire. Freedom Sounds is some boo boo. It's hard to say, but them shouldn't a do that. And me don't business them a fight against me."

It's nothing to get upset about, I remark. I know the Freedom Sounds people, they're just some young black bretheren trying a little thing. They got no money, and you're here with Lightning on the way up. And tell me, do you not feel any sort of compunction about signing for a white company?

"I am not prejudiced," comes the rejoinder. "I am not a racialist. You must treat a man as a man, with respect, and with the thought of doing unto others as they do unto you.

"Racism and prejudiceism, I and I want to cut it out, and make Father love all. We is all the same bretheren, but from different races. Anyone who will fight against a man for the colour of his skin has very little knowledge or understanding, to judge against a man not knowing where he may be coming from."

Even so, there are people I have met who claim to be Rastas, tell me that Ras Tafari is for the gathering of black people only, and no white man, Chinee man, Coolie man, or Syrian may enter Zion.

"A false Rasta, man, there's a lot of them dey a now, but still they come to fulfil prophecy in the same way. Prophecy fulfil on them too. False teacher and wolves in sheep's clothing. Some dangerous people, you can know them as you go along, because a tree is known by its fruit.

"Evil-minded people can't stay beside me, or among me. You see, I am not an evil-minded person, so any time one comes into my company I am not adapting to their principle. And if they are not penetrating my philosophy, soon they have to go."

What are you working on now?

"I've been recording some new material with Junior Delgado, Black Uhuru with Michael Rose, a new young singer by the name of Earl Cunningham, and a duo called Keith and Clive from Bull Bay. Also, I have now finished work on my new album with Joe Gibbs which will be called 'Words Of Wisdom'. I expect it will be released up here when I do my tour in May. As an artist, I will only be appearing on Lightning; all my productions with other artists will be coming through DEB same way."

Do you have any final words of wisdom for our readers, Dennis?

"There's so much to say, but be wonderful and do all the good you can to people, and love you neighbour as you love yourself, so that one day *all* nations can walk hand in hand and say we have overcome strife and distrust."

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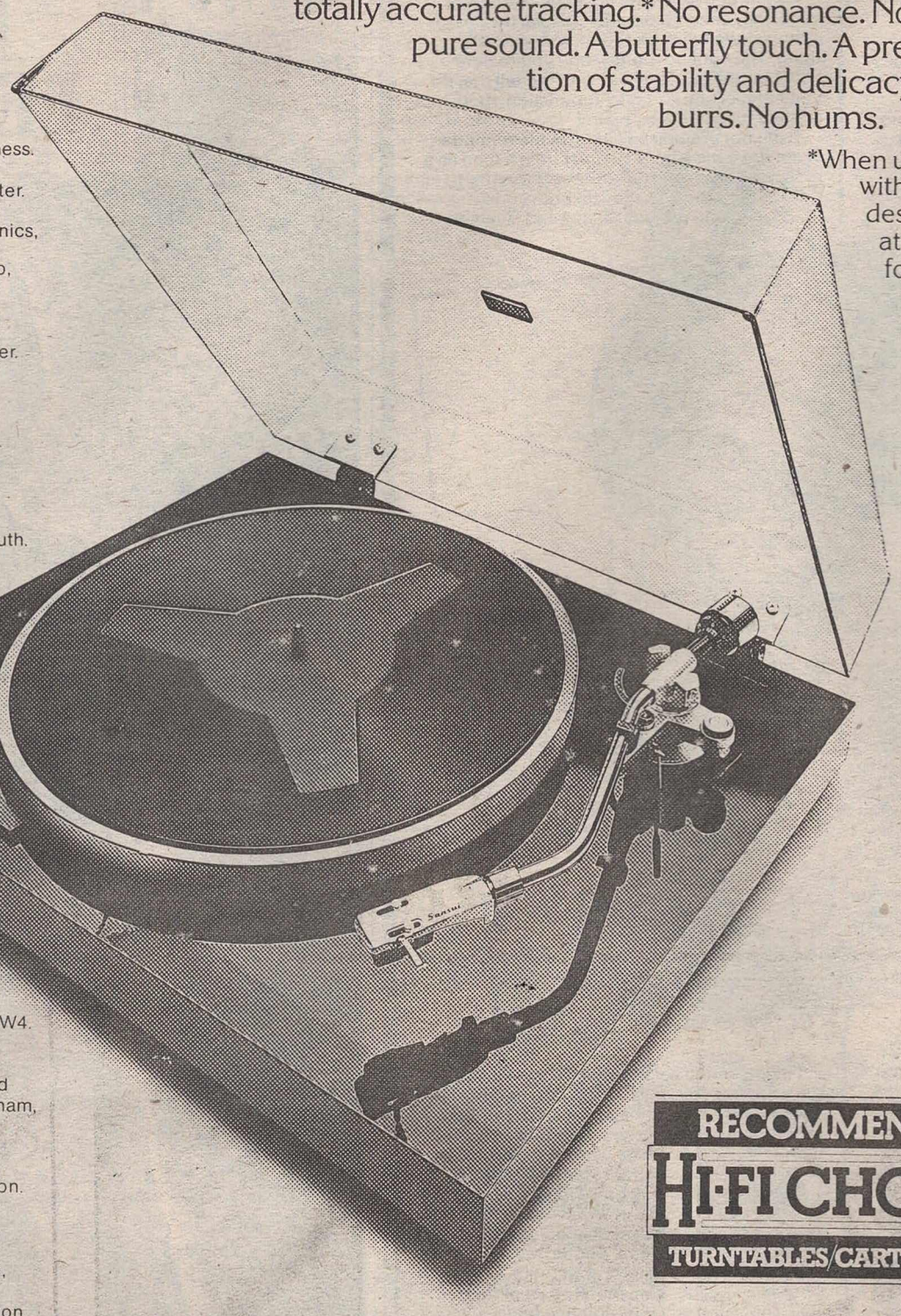

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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
DINOSAUR: Kiss Me Again (Sire import).
Look at that! The vibration just sent the ashtray flying clean off the speaker. Violas and speeded trombones battle it out, on top of a relaxed drum and bass arrangement — the first playing being what music surgeons call 'interesting', the second fun, and the third calls out the raving stakes. The packaging around this 12" screams about disco but I'll have none of it! The anonymous Dinosaur, along with Talking Heads' David Byrne, railroad and flit through 25 minutes of excellent shuffle over two sides, one being the, er, version of the other. It only ever truly touches disco on the drum breaks and because of the female vocals which are double tracked in , out and all over the shop. The rest refuses to be identified as one fad or another, so quite who it's aimed at has got me.

Straight, a great piece of music that, because of its El Cid preportions, is probably worth the import fee. And besides, be the first on your debating society to own this solid plastic heart of gold. MISS!

GIORGIO MORODER: Chase (Casablanca import).
PETER JACQUES BAND: Fire Night Dance (Prelude import).
Casablanca are getting away with murder releasing these one-sided singles just because the track is extended. The man in the shop told me this track was an electronic smash, irresistible disco dynamite. On getting the thing home I immediately sprouted ears, hoofs and started braying because it's a preposterous BBC detective theme workout of stupifying weakness raking it in off Giorgio's name (are we back to this?)

Be warned, those of you seeking to snap up some crisp disco plates to give your collection that all important 'today's alert young person' look.

Peter Jacques is the one: a crazy bop of scalding tempo that ties all the necessary points in one neat platter, with piercing production and a hefty punch in the percussion break. It can tend to be over-furious but as soon as you've got your bearings with it you'll step slicker than the Amoco Cadiz wastes. Trust your ears and don't let shopkeepers see you coming.

ROXY MUSIC: Trash (Polydor).
Now is this a good record? It certainly has more than the breath of 'Both Ends Burning' lingering around — particularly in the bass and vocals — and sounds comfortable enough to suggest the years hadn't been between at all. Now is that a good thing? It's a brief little whack — though there's a slower take on the reverse — and far inferior to, say, "Love Is The Drug" or "Sign Of The Times" so I reckon we must all sigh and mumble about unsatisfying. Still, Fat Mattress aside, their's is the best re-union we could excite about and I'd stand in line for the coming album. (Any rate, my epaulettes are non-returnable).

GARY'S GANG: Keep On Dancing (CBS).
VILLAGE PEOPLE: Just A Gigolo (DJM).
DONNA SUMMER: Heaven Knows (Casablanca).
As we sneak open the artistes' door we chance upon Village People mid-chorus. This snippet — lifted from one of their old DJM albums — really is embarrassing and always has been. It's the kind of thing those leggy ice dancers receive orgasmic applause to on Don Marie Osmond shebangs . . . a bouncy grin that has been solely released to cash in on the recent Thin Blue Angel farce, but sadly I wouldn't be surprised if DJM break the habit of a lifetime and have a non-Dwight hit. Disco it ain't.

"Disco it is" bursts in in the guise of Gary's Gang who've had their mammoth import "Keep On Dancing" just released. It's a nice enough sachet though the vocals are thin and the refrain lifts direct from Van McCoy's "The Hustle". You may be best advised to get the seven-inch version for the 12 contains just timpani extra and old Tin must've been on the sick when he laid this piece down. But there's lots worse so perhaps you might try and remember it.

After the boring 'MacArthur Park' suite Donna Summer has a little Etna to follow. An unidentified Lou Rawls type shares the vocals but is firmly the passenger to disco's self styled ruler Donnatolah Summari, and the ever-strong chorus has guts enough to win the badge of Essential Purchase. I'll let you out of the coal cellar now Giorgio, this is an all forgiving wave of the wand.

THE CLASH: English Civil War (CBS).
A wise enough if a miscued and rock'n'rolly warning about all things uniformed and sinister that this chap can flow to easier than any tuppenny ha'penny "Olivers Army". But then it was a CBS choice we hear. The flip is the old Toots "Pressure Drop" from the set of yore but done more professionally, less manic. Now is this a good thing? It sounds OK anyway and they at least *feel* the stuff — which is more than can be said for the disgusting rubbish "ol' Keef" pays his bills with. (By the way, Richards' junk was released this week too). Despite myself, The Clash are still the only rock group I would cross the road for.

CHERYL LYNN: To Be Real (CBS).
GLORIA GAYNOR: I Will Survive (Polydor).
I grant you, not two of the newest 45s about, but two of the best certainly. Lynn, who survived to win the US talent show *The Gong Show* — a kind of callous, vicious, *New Faces* — has a beauty so fine we can even overlook the fact that this record is a rewrite of The Emotions' "Best Of My Love", while Gloria Gaynor has, quite simply, the champion disc of our time — till next month anyway. I beseech thee, buy them both. (Don'tcha just wanna punch people who say 'quite simply'?).

GRAHAM PARKER & RUMOUR: Protection (Vertigo)
THE RUMOUR: Frozen Years (Stiff)
THIN LIZZY: Waiting For An Alibi (Vertigo).
DEKE LEONARD: Map Of India (UA).
My word, if your single ain't out this week you may as well sell the thing for scrap iron. Trouble is, where is the panache, the verve, the gusto I keep reading about? (Well, actually, I don't — but somebody has to start these waves of hysteria don't they?)

I prefer Graham to a great many, and the old bugger's been brooding lately so we better tread lightly on his new bazooka. He certainly is aware of Elvis Costello — that's like saying *Sounds* is aware of *NME* — and his lyric here lends itself to the suggestion that they may share the same suit, so close is the tone and spit of delivery. Well, I prefer Parker. He opens less clinical, cynical doors and Elvis has never let loose enough to embrace something with all the whoosh of "Hold Back The Night", and you gotta have miles and miles of heart in the long run. (Fact: The Lord may have created us in His own image but I refuse to accept He wears either of the rocking dwarves' choice of frames).

In their own flight, The Rumour get out on Stiff but are dull. I believe they should concentrate on upchugging forgotten standards; they certainly have the oomph. (It's my party and I'll wax jibberish if I wish to).

Thin Lizzy caused a passing whelp to comment about 'all piss and wind'. That may be too unkind, but indeed behind the belt of power this 45 possesses, it is not one of the greatest from the man in the cowskin pants. You get the force but because of its unadventurous framework it cracks as hollow as the fabled blown egg.

Deke's "Map Of India" is nothing at all to write home about and perhaps he should have stopped with his band of Hebrew eskimos, The Icebergs. What an excellent joke that was!

THE SEX PISTOLS: Somethin' Else (Virgin).
The old Pistol adjective "Bor-ing" has never been so sharply defined as by recent events. Here we are dished up some pub rock that I dare say thousands will feel the need to 'defend' and cast in heroic light. It's the kind of bilge you can find any tin pisspot combo rehashing. Yus, but it's THEM ain't it guv! What a tragedy. The reverse is a reading of a rugby song against some incidental orchestra twiddling. There really ain't nothing sadder than old hipsters or anything more obnoxious than louts given free reign while you're in the room. Anarchy in antiquity.

BEE GEES: Tragedy (RSO).
The chaps have been listening in. Anyway, you must have heard this a bunch of times, and I'm just here to review it and say it's very Bee Gees, very Baker. Very well.

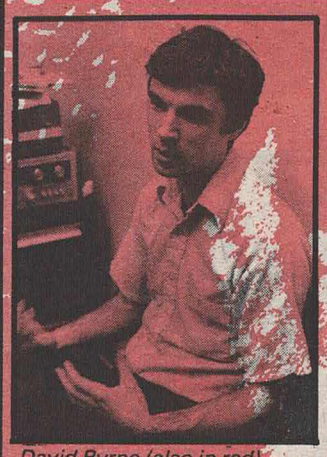
CHASER: What You Do In The Night (Harvest).
Fleetwood Mac's "Can't Stop" has its devotees, apparently. Easy going boogie (help) and words like *"Ships that pass in the night"*. And there are your tramp steamers too.

PATRICK JUVET: Another Lonely Man (Casblanca).
With this release, every track

Continues over page

As bumper bundle of '45s mounts up, they sing:

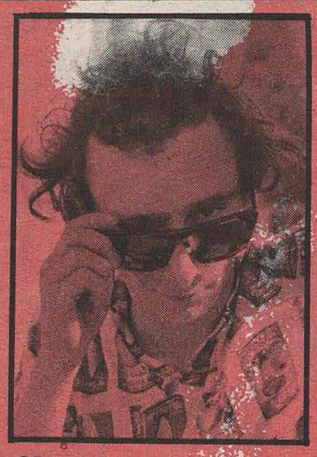
Any Day Now I Shall Be Reviewed



David Byrne (also in red) shows that Dinosaurs have intellect, enough to get Single Of The Week.

Bryan Ferry looks the other way as Roxy single fails to convince.

Strummer shows delight at thumbs up for Clash newie.



GP tips the wink to DB after complimentary remarks.

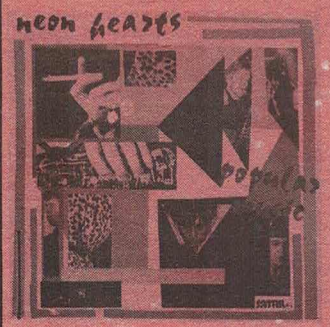
DANNY BAKER sorts them out

SINGLES CONTINUED

■ *from previous page*

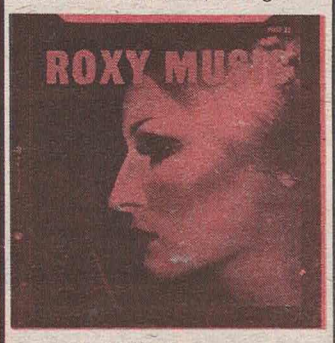
on his album is now available as a single. OK, slide rules out, chaps. If it's understood that the first track they pull off the LP is the best likely single, what deductions can be made of this being the last? Juvet looks like an old man and croons like The Kaye Sisters after a 100-yard dash. He gets by with a lot of help from producer Jaques Morali.

NORMA JEAN: Saturday (Bearsville 12").
I gave this a great review well before Christmas, and now it's been re-issued as a 12-inch. Written and, to all intents, played by the Chic crew, Ms NJ Wright delivers mightily on an essential record



concerning her counting the minutes while she "*. . . works like a jerk*" till Saturday. The best Bearsville record since Felix Cavilliere's "Never Felt Love Before" — which would be a top five single if the Warners took time from their silly holiday camps to bung it out again.

INNER CIRCLE: Everything Is Great (Island).
Since "Now That We Found Love" there's been a growth in these reggae / disco crossovers — not all as successful as the old man or "Unconventional Rhythm" by The Royal Rasses (help). This shapes up like an Olympic Runners half-baked out-take and is pretty much a plastic thrash. Watch it hit, though.



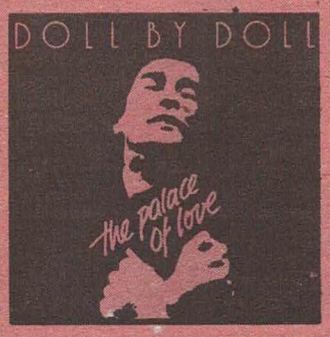
DAVID ESSEX: Imperial Wizard (Mercury).
GEORGE HARRISON: Blow Away (Dark Horse).
David Essex might write poxy songs but at least he's entitled to. He escaped from your factory and docks as much as any of the punk bands and people with bottle shouldn't deserve nit-picking until they've done something totally horrendous (And I don't mean musically). This 45 is a piece of grandiose marching pomp as serious as he always likes to be, and if fairly awful though/because he still won't attempt commercial material.

When George Harrison was a lad he wanted to grow up and be rich and famous. So far he's only become rich and famous.

PATTI BOULAYE: You Stepped Into My Life (Polydor).
TINA CHARLES: Boogie Round The Clock (CBS).
BETTY LAVETTE: Doin' The Best I Can (Atlantic).
Poor old Patti gets her cover blow-for-blow version of Melba Moore's disco killer out just in time to be three weeks late and thus sound like a "Top Pops Vol. 67" track.

Tina never looks like regaining her hit status so long as she relies on Biddu for frilly see-through songs like this. His production is wafer thin and laden with harp glissandos and tinkling pianos, while she sounds though she's reading the lyric from a sheet of paper for the first time.

Betty Lavette's name is tagged on to a song on which she has little else to do but fill in occasionally when the house band get fed up of mating Santana and The Stylistics back-up tapes.



T-CONNECTION: At Midnight (TK).
CHARO: Ole Ole (Salsoul).
BOMBERS: Get Dancing (West End import).
The T-Connection 12" is banded like an album, with the label telling you where to go for the drum breaks, vocals, second drum breaks etc. It's a good record, very strong in sound if not in tune and is given an extra lift by having a teasing tight drum run for its opening four minutes — which might sound dull but isn't. Yes, another for the list.

Charo is big in New York disco, but here — amongst whining Spaniola trumpets and castanets — she sounds very MOR and hanky-on-head cheap thrillable.

The Bombers rely hard on their ability to bass and drums it, and in the main it's enough. Clocking in at almost ten minutes, "Get Dancing" — what a stunningly thought thru title — is one of the better US immigrants around though it's not so good that you can't wait for British release. But watch it.

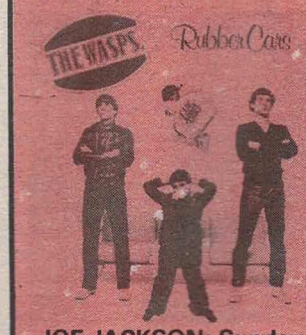
THE LURKERS: Just Thirteen (Beggars Banquet).
THE WASPS: Rubber Cars (RCA).
NEON HEARTS: Popular Music (Satril).
DOLL BY DOLL: Palace Of Love (Automatic).
I must be missing a whole channel or something because, after being quite astir at the prospect of an introduction to Doll By Doll, the record is a ham. Once or twice it veers toward the chunky but mostly it sounds very like a regular heavy song when handles like 'progressive' were the trend. There's no lyrics that scream out "THIS IS GOOD. THIS IS REAL!" at me and I find words like 'bad' floating inside my head. Are these things sent to test us?.

Status Lurk, as ever, are all plain sailing for those equipped with the right shaped coracle, reviewing all nonsense made. (This is what comes of inhaling next to a Thespian).

Do you know I just played The Wasps single and I'm seriously beginning to think I've been away somewhere, and what's more I can feel a rage coming on. I can't stand bullshit and most of what is heaped as new wave is now some of the most potent bull's shit you will find. The Wasps sing fly-in-the-air nonsense under a cloak of closed-club intellectualism, fake wonder Floyd inflection and drawing board'clever song' structure. Did I fight in the war to hear them abuse hard-worn privileges so? Jesus, rock music can pick revolutions.

Now . . .people'll accuse you of being the french letter on the prick of progress if you consider Neon Hearts' hard thrashing as better than our 'clever' friends, but ordinary though their single is I'll defend it a thousand times more passionately than any amount of rubbery twaddle from our moderne bands. Roxy Music sounds better all the time.

NOEL McCALLA: Where Is Our Love? (Epic)
Moon were a fine group and Noel, as singer, their finest glory. Shades of 'Johnny, Remember Me' haunt this dubious track, though, and all in all it fails to trundle itself anywhere. I can't imagine he's satisfied with this travesty of a melody either, but then the days of tunes like "A Cup Of Coffee, A Sandwich And You" are well past. Heap it.



JOE JACKSON: Sunday Papers (A&M).
Hey Joe. Several tempos play off for a place in the chorus line from a man very much in a frontlash situation. It's an excellent sound and arrangement, but the 'victim' is a little over stomped on. I mean, hideous though the Sunday pictorials can be there ain't a soul I know who can resist 'Nudist Welfare Man's Model Wife Fell For The Chinese Hypnotist From The Co-op Bacon Factory'. (Actual *NOTW* headline!) Bit like the old single, what? Yes, very good time, Joe.

GONZALEZ: Haven't Stopped Dancing Yet (Sidewalk).
GONZALEZ: Just let it Lay (EMI).
No, I don't understand all this either. These both appear to be new records and by the same band to boot. The first is the one to make for — a lively Latin thang, some strings and massed faceless vocals charging it up something fierce. The other one is a dog: ponderous synthesizer and bass bore topped with affected twisting of certain 'fonky' words that many of us have never forgiven Sly for introducing. One stings the other doesn't.

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES: I Don't Wanna Lose You. (RCA)
Buying singles? Then why not drop in at Daryl and John's. Daryl and John offer you the widest variety in styling today. You'll feel so different with that just-right vocal quiff or a thin comb of stringy melody. Yes, visit Daryl and John's and hit the perfect pitch every time! Not 30 yards from this singles page.

ISAAC HAYES: Zeke The Freak (Polydor).
Now that all the saccharine strings and moaning superdudes can't go and whistle for an audience, bechained old Ike has to attempt to come to grips with some real guts. He fails. Another one-legged dance tune that belongs on the *'Return Of The Saint'*.

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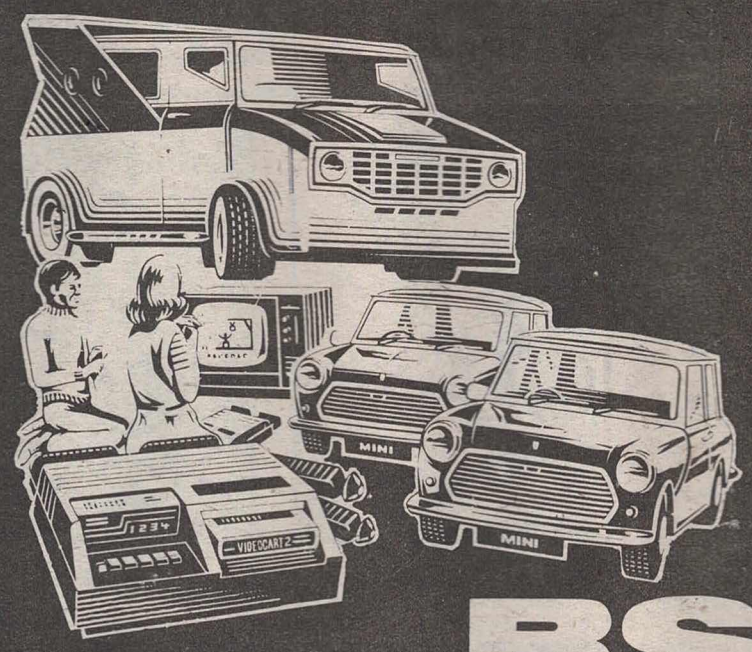

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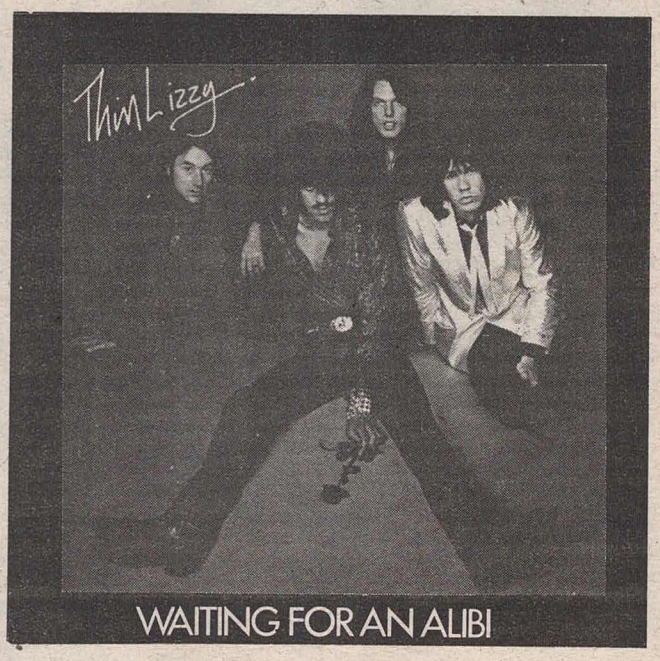

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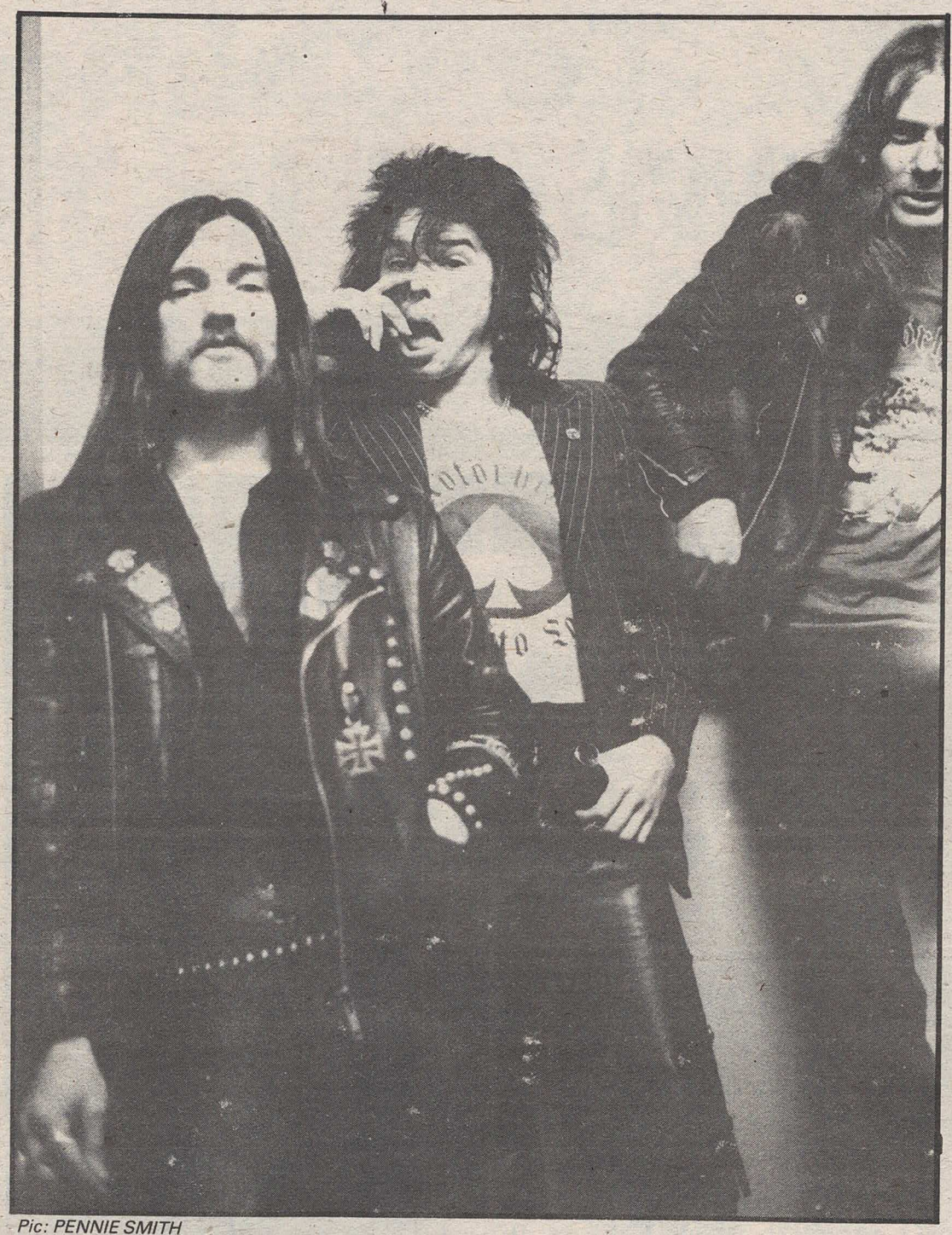


Pic: PENNIE SMITH

SAT'DAY NIGHT AN' I JUST GOT PAID

The MOTORHEAD philosophy, in fact. Waves come. Waves go. But there's gotta be room for some rock'n'roll. JOHN HAMBLETT talks to LEMMY and EDDIE CLARKE about their remarkable lack of Heavy Metal fatigue.

MOTORHEAD ARE, without doubt, this country's finest exponents of an art almost entirely forgotten; they represent with a coarse, natural, pagan glee, the downbeat allure that was Heavy Metal.

Not the sprawlingly diffused and decadent techno-dirge of the latter-day pretenders, but the simplistic, totally insensitive and brutally sensual assault of the genre's heyday prime movers.

It can hardly be passed off as mere coincidence that Motorhead list the Motor City Manglers' 'Back In The USA' and The Amboy Dukes' 'Journey' among their favourite albums, as they (Motorhead) can unblushingly claim to be true spiritual descendants.

Inelegantly at ease in their adopted role, they symbolize the continuity of the values, morality and romanticism brought to fruition in the late '60s, and, to many people's abject dismay, all but completely subverted for a time during the heady peak-hour rush of the new wave.

Slouched across a non too comfy-looking chair in a third floor room of their manager's distinctly low-life office, Eddie Clarke is throwing shapes. He has the archly sculpted, undercover easyrider, dope dealer chic off pat, right down to the hand gestures, long hair, worldly-wise leather jacket and side-on glances.

Charger Charlie The Child Molester meets the Artful Dodger.

He joined Motorhead three years ago as lead guitar player after stints with Curtis Knight and also an unfortunate combo who tripped (over) the light fantastic under the *nom de theatre* Blue Goose. (Charming, absolutely charming).

As only a band with such chi-chi connotations could, they bombed out without trace after drastically overplaying their hand in a brief but lucrative encounter with Anchor Records.

Subsequently, Clarke is not a man easily fooled by the golden, beckoning finger of the rock'n'roll 'come-on'.

Although Motorhead seem fairly well set on the familiar success course now with their first album for a major record company due for release early next month (titled 'Overkill', produced by one time Stonesperson Jimmy Miller for the Bronze label — their first album was issued by Ted Carroll's Chiswick), and a big tour planned as back up, Clarke remains knowingly unimpressed:

"Success is keeping this band alive, making the odd album and playing the music we want to play. It has nothing to with money. Oh sure, you've got to make a living at the end of the day, but we all had that choice to make, and we made it a long time ago."

"We've been lucky in as much as we've made it on our own terms," interjects Lemmy.

Lemmy is real people.

In a review of Norman Mailer's biography of La Monroe, Clive James — this country's only mainstream critic possessed of true vision and the wit to back it up — said words to the effect that Marilyn was good at being articulately abstract for the same reason that midgets are good at being short. And I can't think of a cuter, crisper or more precise way of encapsulating Lemmy's attitude to his life and his work.

He does what he does because he is what he is. Or vice versa, whichever. He's been submerged in the rock'n'roll lifestyle for close on 15 years — after first falling into step with the rhythm and blues boom of the mid '60s, playing in bands with deliciously esoteric undertones, like The Motown Sect and The Rocking Vicars, folllowed up with a gig as roady for Jimi Hendrix which led him more or less into the mammoth and blustering Hawkwind.

I have no doubt that he is as enthusiastic and completely immersed in his music today as he was in 1964.

NAIVE IN their approach to, and estimation of, their music, yet wise to all the backdoor conspiracy and double dealing rife in the music industry, Motorhead epitomise the corner store success scenario: a band who refused to kowtow to the ever fickle whim-and-want of the record company moguls, a renegade outfit too set in their ways to contemplate change, too committed to the Southern ideal to give any ground to them damn Yankees just because the battle happened to be fought and lost nine years ago.

They are rock'n'roll engine drivers, displaying a staunchly conservative attitude that Clarke feels sure accounts for a major slice of their appeal:

"What people see in us is a fighting unit, a unit that came from shit. We've had hard times and they identify with us because we're diehards, and we don't give up. We are almost heroes to them in a way, because we've had to struggle and battle on, and so have they.

"The thing is, our audience was already there, from the old Hawkwind days, and maybe even further back than that ... These shaggy guys have always been around, we didn't create them.

"You either do something you like, which is not necessarily popular, for next to nothing, or you do something you don't like and get paid for it ...

"People can relate to us, y'see. We'll sit in the bar and talk and drink with them before the gig, and it's a kind of insurance in a way, because if we then get up on stage and play a duff gig for whatever reason, at least those people will go away with *something*.

"But if you're on the big star trip, and you sit locked up in your dressing room all night and refuse to talk to your fans, and *then* go out there and play a bad gig, well, the people have got nothing good to remember.

"And what have they got to go back to? The mines, or maybe the factory. My old man worked in a factory for 20-odd years, but he never really thought about it. There were more important things for him, like his Saturday afternoon in front of the telly with his feet up watching the racing, or his Saturday night out."

Lemmy who has been nodding like a maniac throughout and making all kinds of positive noises, follows through: "And that's what we are; we are their Saturday night out. That's what rock'n'roll has always been about."

Indeed, Lemmy, it surely has. That impossibly furious rush to get a slow-ticking Friday afternoon over and done and out of the way; no time to concentrate on anything, yet what time there is sits so repressive and heavy on your shoulders and you just want to rip it up by the handful and toss it over your shoulder like a pinch of salt.

A slow cruise through Friday night and Saturday afternoon, taking the illusion by easy stages. And then whammo it's Saturday night even before you know it, and even as you're getting ready to go out you're silently cursing because it's all going to be over much too soon.

Here comes the weekend, yes indeedy.

MOTORHEAD are honest, or at least as honest as any band who are totally involved in creating the ultimate young persons' escapist fantasy can be. They answer all my questions in straight-forward fashion, with the minimum of baloney, occasionally with flashes of disarmingly simple, dead-pan, almost unintentional, humour.

But mostly they're just honest, as when I quizzed Phil 'Filthy Dog' Taylor about his first meeting with Lemmy:

"Ah, I met Lemmy through speed really, y'know, dealing and scoring. I wasn't actually playing in a band at the time."

Of course it would be easy, and almost forgivable, to attribute statements like that to the precisely cultured, outlaw bravado affected by the majority of rock establishment personalities. Except Motorhead are definitely not establishment material — though they are personalities in the truest sense.

And besides, the words are communicated with such matter-of fact, down-to-earth exactness that to misconstrue the motivation behind their utterance in such churlish fashion would be tantamount to blatant dishonesty.

Taylor is the youngest band member, and the only one to number 'Anarchy In The UK' as his favourite single and simultaneously own a pair of red drain-pipe trousers. Born in Derbyshire 24 years ago, he moved to Leeds where he took private drum lessons at the College of Music — "Mostly military drum beats" — before dropping acid, dropping out and moving down to London in 1972 or thereabouts.

Taylor replaced Lucas Fox, the band's original drummer, directly after their projected first album for United Artists had been recorded. Lemmy, not wishing to release an album that was not as exact a representation of the band as possible, insisted that Taylor overdub all the drum tracks. Not an easy task.

Lemmy needn't have bothered because UA never released the album, and in the ensuing 18 month legal hassle (during which time a single recorded for Stiff was also dumped) Motorhead came as close to going their separate ways as they are ever likely to.

But thankfully, perhaps, that is now all history and things seem to be looking up, though quite honestly I can't imagine a time when Motorhead will ever be as commercially successful as I'm sure their followers believe they ought to be. And in a perverse kind of way I find that fact almost reassuring. After all, it would be a criminal shame to see a band with Motorheads' whacked-out-but-willing dizzy offensiveness transmogrify into something as hollow and pretentious (boring) as the Black Sabbath / Judas Priest colourless merry-go-round.

Admittedly Heavy Metal has much to answer for (after all, if Heavy Metal had never evolved the record buying public would never have been driven to near insanity by the likes of the desperately awful 'War Pigs', but on the other hand all you red blooded music lovers would never have been able to frazzle your nerve ends with the likes of 'Raw Power or, 'Holidays In The Sun' either).

But to hold up Motorhead for the sacrificial knife for no better reason than they happen to be available would require a far more mercenary fellow than your sensitive correspondent.

Even though Motorheads' cryptically dense, obviously structured, conservative music consistently fails to hold my attention for any length of time I'm forced to admit to a certain amount of respect for their commitment, and their no-nonsense attitude.

As Eddie Clarke said: "We kicked everybody in the teeth, and now we're cooking, so fuck'em all. We've never bowed down to anybody, and we're not about to start now."

Admirable sentiment, no matter who's expressing it.

How To Change The World In Ten Easy Stages

"For a long time now I have felt the Void but have refused to hurl myself into the Void.
I have been as cowardly as everything I see.
When I believed I was refusing the world, I now know I was refusing the Void.
For I know this world does not exist and I know how it does not exist.
Until now, my suffering consisted in refusing the Void.
The Void is already within me.
"The New Revelations of Being" — Antonin Artaud.

YOU WANT PILLS, booze, the sweet submission of narcotic surrender? Come on down with me to the other side of the tracks. It's just a street away; one street from the picaresque sunkissed waters of London's Little Venice and its cosy houseboats, the elegant architecture of the houses stately spread along the riverside. You ascend from the grimy subway stairs of Warwick Avenue tube station, first right, then left, then right again and you're there, right on the threshold. The street is named Bristol Gardens and it is the precinct of decay.

It's rarely what could be termed a teeming hive of street activity. Only occasionally are more than four or five humans to be seen out on the street itself. The main signs of life manifest themselves in stray packs of mongrels copulating, mounting one another incessantly, while the little children play in the street, screaming, howling, staying well away from their uncaring parents who are either dead to the world in some zombie like barbiturate stupor or else out looking for their daily fix.

Superfically the street itself seems dowdy, drained of life, a desolate avenue. Almost every house is a squat and a feeble spirit of communal organisation still limply exists in the form of an office and a cafe where the remnants of the old hippy communes sometimes gather to while away the time over the inevitable tea and muesli.

Once the street was a stronghold for a burgeoning Sufi conglomerate until the conflict with the increasing decay so prevalent amongst the junkie faction, plus the promise of greener pastures, moved them to uproot their tribe and seek solace elsewhere.

The Sufis left en masse well over a year ago now and since then it's been an inevitable downhill slide.

Nowadays, it's a chilling, harsh environment frequented mostly by human debris. Drug abuse is so rife that even the police have virtually ceased patrolling the vicinity, choosing merely to let the beleaguered inhabitants get on with the business of living out their zombie existence. Barbs, Mandrax, Dykonal (prescribed for terminal cancer patients, more numbing even than heroin and probably the strongest known pain killer known to contemporary medicine; if you mainline the thing and miss a vein you automatically lose a limb), phsyseptone — these are the nutriment of most of the street's inhabitants and their lives almost solely gravitate around attaining the medication in order to survive.

Prostitution is rife amongst the female inhabitants as a means of support, death is an ever-present reality, and the hard Scots boys are a law unto themselves. You learn very quickly not to mess with them unless you want your facial contours drastically restructured.

And yet in the midst of this nightmare alley there exists a strange compassionate gang of four who call themselves Doll By Doll.

Doll by Doll are this precinct's self-appointed ambassadors. They live in the street, partake to some extent in the godforsaken lifestyle their neighbours have either chosen or else found themselves irrevocably enmeshed within, and have signed a deal with Automatic Records whose head, Nick Mobbs, believes that they, Doll by Doll, "are going to change the world."

Far from choosing to reject the environment the four members have been inhabiting for the last few years, they view it as a vital part of their creative activity even though the group's creative mainspring, Jackie Leven, is all too aware that "these people are the living dead."

Leven addresses their given context earnestly, with a rare disarming perspection and compassion.

"On the surface this seems to be a total anti-community, I know, but you've got to understand that this area's definition of itself is quite another matter."

"You see I'm not simply *using* these people as subject matter. That's not it at all. I'm being instructed by my *superiors*, I truly believe that. Because these people have made an enormous decision living the way they do, and whether they understand the choice involved doesn't even matter.

"They may try to disguise their life and death, love and loss of love, but to me they're not disguising it because I can look beyond what they say and it's all there. And I do the same for them. It's a real give-and-take process and I've never ever found a community like that.

"I continue to live here because this is a community even though I'm essentially a loner. See, what constitutes a community for me is when an individual makes a move that will affect other participants who will willingly adjust with them.

"And I'm directly involved with people who are grappling with the hold on their own self-respect and just being as conscientious as I can be, I won't budge from what's expected from me.

"At the same time, though, there are people here who I honestly hope will die because it's so patently obvious they're in such pain that the sooner they get out of the form they're in and ressurect themselves in a healthier context the better. Because those people are in a terrible danger of living out a fate far worse than death itself the way they're going.

"It's not that they're just junkies. They have a terrible psychotic problem and they're committed to a course of violence which will lead them to a hideous twilight zone."

Leven's conscientiousness within the context in which he's chosen to live is proof positive enough, yet I, for one, am openly sceptical of any truly positive end to the affiliation with what he himself has defined as 'the living dead'.

He, however, has no doubt.

"The positive side manifests itself in the undeniable fact that these people have managed to organise, albeit subconsciously, enormously significant information for others — not for themselves because they actually do understand that they're essentially dead and buried. But, essentially, they have confided in us this incandescent spark of life which we, as a band, have been virtually ordered to be responsible for or just fuck off.

"We're in the position to actually articulate, to express the purity of the instruction they've confided in us by just being a part of this entity.

"The thing is that we know we can express that, and we know that

DOLL B

After years of searching NICK KENT locates The Twilight Zone. DOLL BY DOLL have a flat there.

this area, this street, is just an extreme example of a plague that's rife everywhere. We, as group who function from this environment, have taken it upon ourselves to be spokesmen for this extreme malaise and all its ramifications. From the humanity right through to the horror, so to speak."

Doll By Doll: a case history:

Jackie Leven nee Armstrong, aged 28 — guitar, vocals.

Jo Shaw, age 28 — guitar, vocals.

Robin Spreafico, 24 — bass.

Dave McIntosh, 24 — drums.

Former group experience.

Leven, half Scottish, half Romany, played in two bands while in Scotland. The first, Deflecting Grey (name gratis an old Pretty Things song), amidst playing non-originals like 'Hey Grandma' (Moby Grape) and The Doors' Strange Days', concentrated on "plain, raunchy R 'n' B . . . in many respects earlier versions of what I'm doing now."

The second, named St. Judas after a poem by James Wright, concentrated on interpreting poetry utilising "fairly othodox melodic music as backdrop."

Leven also performed as a solo artist for periods of time, doing everything from working as support to Barclay James Harvest to the inevitable folk club gigs where, between four to six years back, he chanced to share a venue with Elvis Costello, then named simply "B.P." who would not be averse to dropping such standards as "Greenback Dollar' amid his gamut of originals.

He's been married twice — first at 16, then some years later to a millionairess — but both were failures. Also had traumatic experiences with LSD and a brief flirtation with Middle Earth Records — "horrible people" — where he was singled out to be groomed for stardom before rebelling against the system being implemented.

Jo Shaw also worked as a solo guitarist, while both Spreafico and McLintosh have been in bands that looked "promising" though the endeavours came to nothing.

Doll By Doll's original coming together is defined by Leven thus:

"Basically we were four guys getting together who'd come to the point where it was manifestly pointless just to drift on and the time had come once and for all to decide how we'd get to grips with our lives.

"I think we always understood that events would overtake our own understanding of what we were doing and then from that point there'd be two parallel lines running."

Initial media exposure came via a *Zigzag* article, followed soon enough by wider media exposure which stressed (a) Doll By Doll's literary references i.e. principally the name itself coming from an e. e. cummings' poem plus the obsession with Artaud's prose fixated philosophy, (b) the brash individualism of their music and stance, and (c) the fact that a sizeable amount of money went to the Philadelphia Association, an organisation intent on providing an alternative to treatment of mental disorders.

In reality the band's music is not as brashly unorthodox as one might at first be led to believe, relying on melody and fairly conventional rhythms which insinuate their merits on the listener as opposed to daunting him with bizarre juxtapositions.

The songs are insidiously constructed, aiming more for a subversive grasp of the subconscious than a detente on the senses.

Similarly the Philadelphia Association connection has been somewhat overplayed — not that the band don't stand simply by their beliefs in the organisation itself. Leven expresses the reasons behind the benefits.

"The P.A. benefits were performed firstly because benefits were the only gigs we could get at first, but, more importantly they were a direct reaction against Rock Against Racism. I read a book by David Cooper entitled *Death Of The Family* and it just seemed to make sense to get involved in something of genuine human benefit as opposed to R.A.R.'s slimy corporate vehicle."

It's something of an understatement to claim that Leven sees absolute nada value in R.A.R. strategies.

"Goddam right, I don't. What these people are doing has nothing to do with hard-core reality. For me, it's a mistake to talk about it. It's just black - white - black - white - money - money - money - time - time - time.

"The heart of the matter is that it's a boring pointless sidetrack away from the essential purpose of rock 'n' roll to talk in terms of 'racism' and 'sexism'. Like when I read that Jean Jacques Burnel-Phil McNeill interview two weeks back I just cringed at the fact that there seemed any interest in the issues because they raised nothing to do with anything."

Leven, you see, is a man with a very firm grasp on his perspective of where he and Doll By Doll stand. The Nick Mobbs quote about 'Doll' changing the world, for example, excited him where others would have shuddered.

"It's actually enabled us to refine and gain a further understanding in the communication process we've been involved in between the band members. The immediate reaction was, 'well, this is very interesting', but once filed away, things have come out in the open as basic psychic references between us — certainly in terms of the way the business was initially going to push us and how our own ideas matched up to that.

"So essentially, instead of being a liability, it was an access — a very, very sharp focus on our activities, forcing us to examine once and for all a line of defence and attack."

Leven's focus shows its true pinpoint acumen when the inevitable question of how Doll By Doll intend to fulfil Mobbs' quote is asked.

"I believe, you see, that as a generation we probably loosely belong to an eternal line of thought that states that 'all this' — whatever 'this' is — must stop somewhere as a result of individuals both understanding and accepting their role. That is, the real job we're supposed to be dealing with as opposed to the mirror image of the job they've been given. And, once accepted, they must next take a firm step based on any kind of solid belief in themselves that they have.

"See, I've always been greatly intrigued by the concept of organising a situation which seems to me to exist via the law of averages whereby you can somehow get everyone in the world to be transfixed by exactly the same thought. Now, if you could achieve that, then the human sense of time — the concept — would be immediately illuminated. And then people could be locked in a forever moment which to me should be the ultimate purpose of any living art form — which I believe rock 'n' roll is.

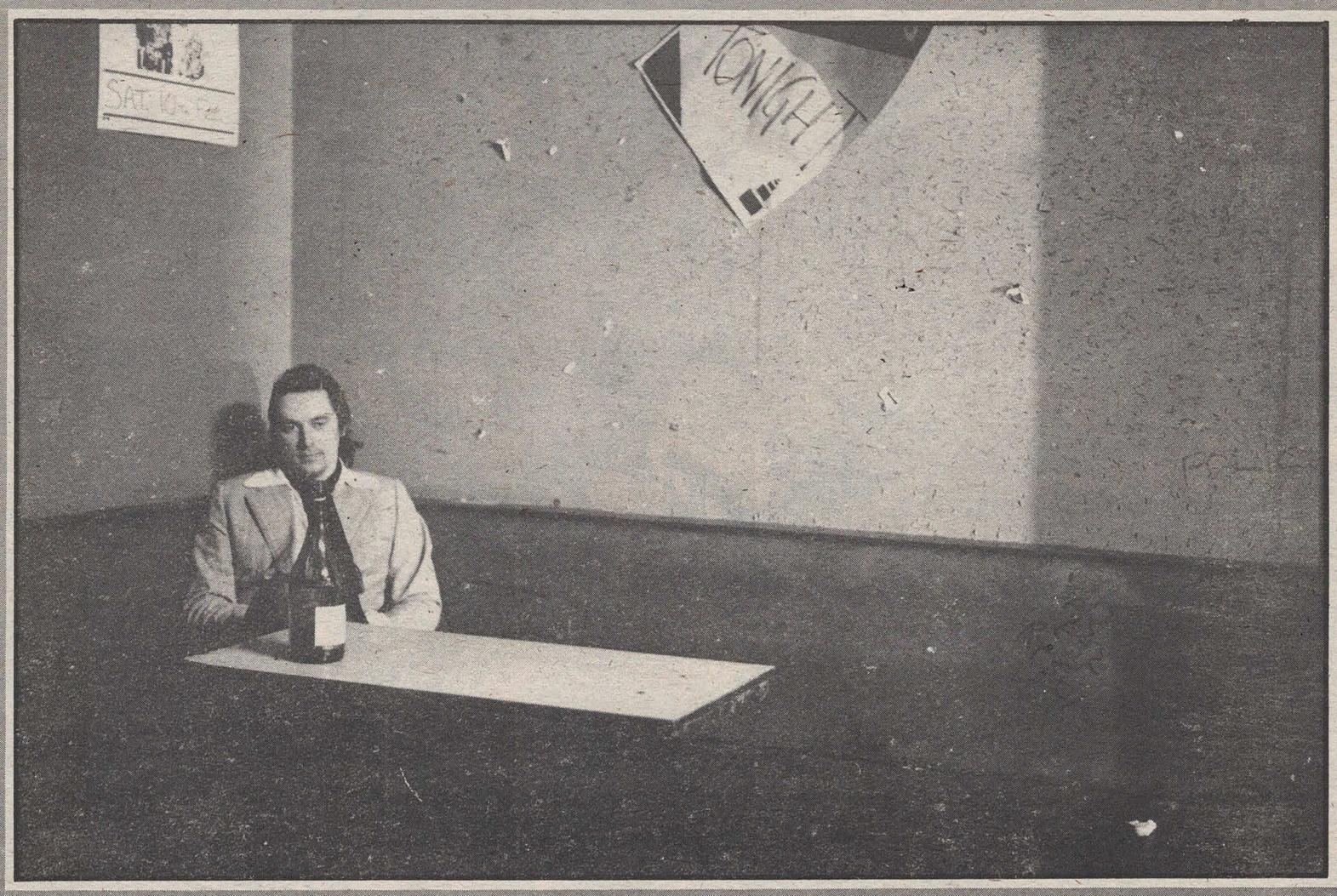
"At the same time the question that in turn raises itself and actually unnerves me is the position of the person who raised the question which created that response in the first place."

Ah, one argues — albeit spuriously — but surely there must be a better medium for such a release.

"Well, every art form has its own particular code, right — and any code must obviously have its own limits, right. But the literal semantic sounds of rock 'n' roll, when it comes to singing and even if you can't hear the goddam words — just the semantic vocal pattern going onstage — should be able to be fully comprehended by the audience. And if that isn't the case, then the author / instigator has failed and his intentions have divided. In other words, it's an entire experience — the music and the words together with something more than the sum of the parts going beyond the components.

"Rock 'n' roll, at its most effective, enhances any modern application of magic. I'm using the

■ *Continues page 57*

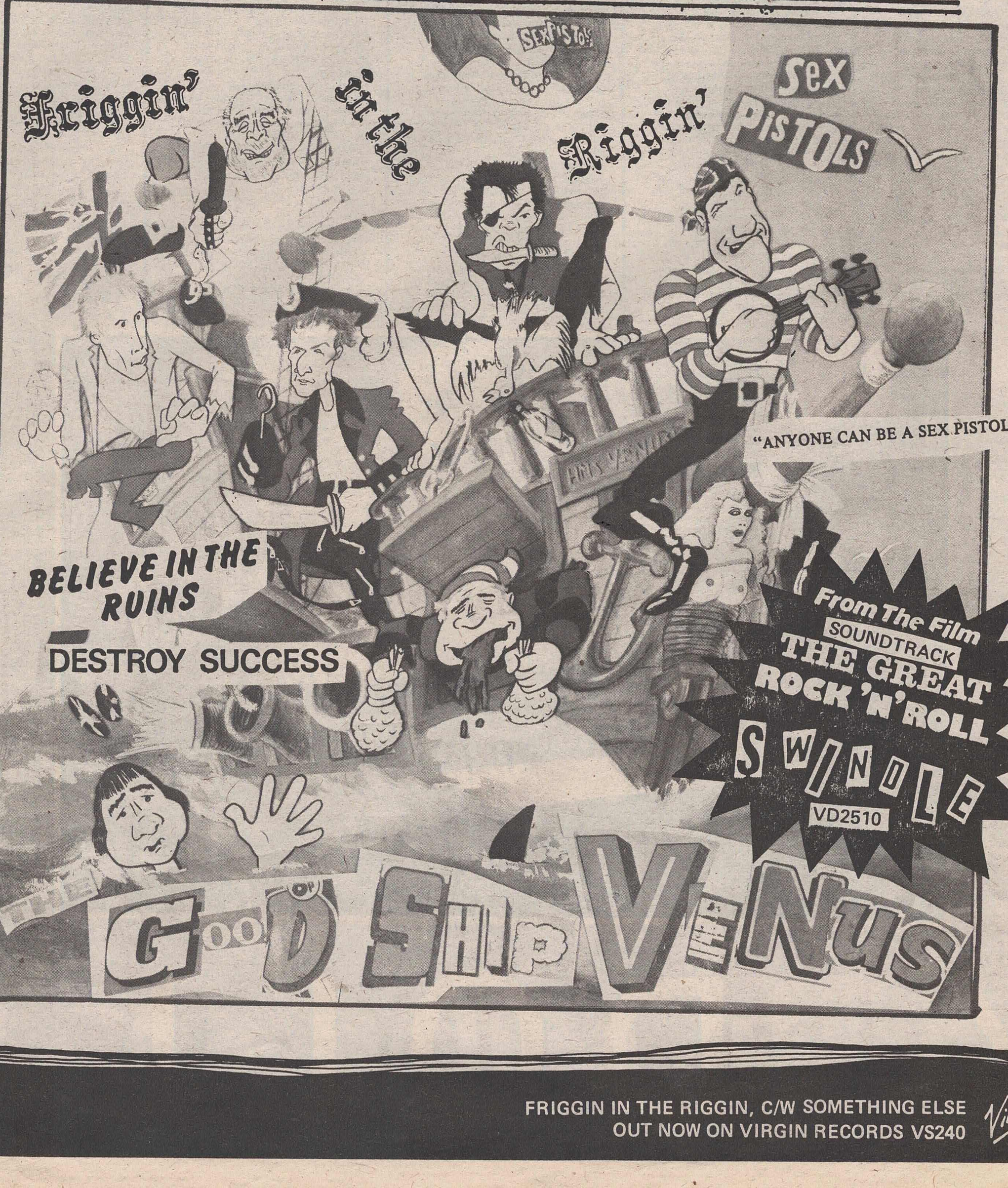


JACKIE LEVEN: "There are people here who I hope will die, because they're in such pain that the sooner they get out of the form they're in and ressurect themselves the better"
Pic: PENNIE SMITH

DOLL

THE SWINDLER 8p

Sex Pistols comic



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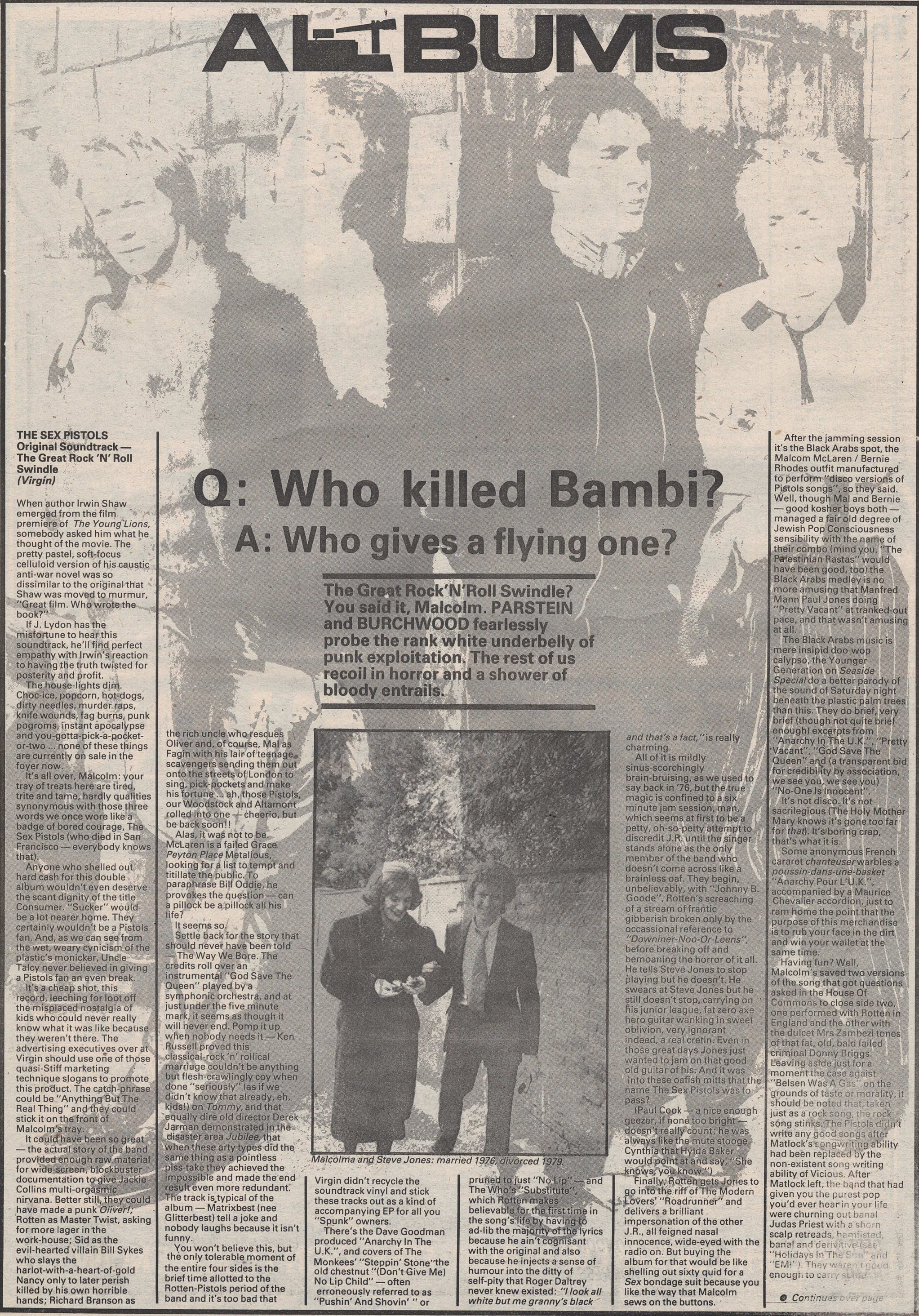

Q: Who killed Bambi?
A: Who gives a flying one?

The Great Rock'N'Roll Swindle? You said it, Malcolm. PARSTEIN and BURCHWOOD fearlessly probe the rank white underbelly of punk exploitation. The rest of us recoil in horror and a shower of bloody entrails.

THE SEX PISTOLS
Original Soundtrack — The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle
(Virgin)

When author Irwin Shaw emerged from the film premiere of *The Young Lions,* somebody asked him what he thought of the movie. The pretty pastel, soft-focus celluloid version of his caustic anti-war novel was so dissimilar to the original that Shaw was moved to murmur, "Great film. Who wrote the book?"

If J. Lydon has the misfortune to hear this soundtrack, he'll find perfect empathy with Irwin's reaction to having the truth twisted for posterity and profit.

The house-lights dim. Choc-ice, popcorn, hot-dogs, dirty needles, murder raps, knife wounds, fag burns, punk pogroms, instant apocalypse and you-gotta-pick-a-pocket-or-two ... none of these things are currently on sale in the foyer now.

It's all over, Malcolm: your tray of treats here are tired, trite and tame, hardly qualities synonymous with those three words we once wore like a badge of bored courage, The Sex Pistols (who died in San Francisco — everybody knows that).

Anyone who shelled out hard cash for this double album wouldn't even deserve the scant dignity of the title Consumer. "Sucker" would be a lot nearer home. They certainly wouldn't be a Pistols fan. And, as we can see from the wet, weary cynicism of the plastic's monicker, Uncle Talcy never believed in giving a Pistols fan an even break.

It's a cheap shot, this record, leeching for loot off the misplaced nostalgia of kids who could never really know what it was like because they weren't there. The advertising executives over at Virgin should use one of those quasi-Stiff marketing technique slogans to promote this product. The catch-phrase could be "Anything But The Real Thing" and they could stick it on the front of Malcolm's tray.

It could have been so great — the actual story of the band provided enough raw material for wide-screen, blockbuster documentation to give Jackie Collins multi-orgasmic nirvana. Better still, they could have made a punk *Oliver!;* Rotten as Master Twist, asking for more lager in the work-house; Sid as the evil-hearted villain Bill Sykes who slays the harlot-with-a-heart-of-gold Nancy only to later perish killed by his own horrible hands; Richard Branson as the rich uncle who rescues Oliver and, of course, Mal as Fagin with his lair of teenage scavengers sending them out onto the streets of London to sing, pick-pockets and make his fortune ... ah, those Pistols, our Woodstock and Altamont rolled into one — cheerio, but be back soon!!

Alas, it was not to be. McLaren is a failed Grace *Peyton Place* Metalious, looking for a list to tempt and titillate the public. To paraphrase Bill Oddie, he provokes the question — can a pillock be a pillock all his life?

It seems so.

Settle back for the story that should never have been told — The Way We Bore. The credits roll over an instrumental "God Save The Queen" played by a symphonic orchestra, and at just under the five minute mark, it seems as though it will never end. Pomp it up when nobody needs it — Ken Russell proved this classical-rock 'n' rollical marriage couldn't be anything but flesh-crawlingly coy when done "seriously" (as if we didn't know that already, eh, kids!) on *Tommy,* and that equally dire old director Derek Jarman demonstrated in the disaster area *Jubilee,* that when these arty types did the same thing as a pointless piss-take they achieved the impossible and made the end result even more redundant. The track is typical of the album — Matrixbest (nee Glitterbest) tell a joke and nobody laughs because it isn't funny.

You won't believe this, but the only tolerable moment of the entire four sides is the brief time allotted to the Rotten-Pistols period of the band and it's too bad that Virgin didn't recycle the soundtrack vinyl and stick these tracks out as a kind of accompanying EP for all you "Spunk" owners.

Malcolma and Steve Jones: married 1976, divorced 1979.

There's the Dave Goodman produced "Anarchy In The U.K.", and covers of The Monkees' "Steppin' Stone" the old chestnut "(Don't Give Me) No Lip Child" — often erroneously referred to as "Pushin' And Shovin' " or pruned to just "No Lip" — and The Who's "Substitute", which Rotten makes believable for the first time in the song's life by having to ad-lib the majority of the lyrics because he ain't cognisant with the original and also because he injects a sense of humour into the ditty of self-pity that Roger Daltrey never knew existed: *"I look all white but me granny's black and that's a fact,"* is really charming.

All of it is mildly sinus-scorchingly brain-bruising, as we used to say back in '76, but the true magic is confined to a six minute jam session, man, which seems at first to be a petty, oh-so-petty attempt to discredit J.R. until the singer stands alone as the only member of the band who doesn't come across like a brainless oaf. They begin, unbelievably, with "Johnny B. Goode", Rotten's screaching of a stream of frantic gibberish broken only by the occassional reference to *"Downiner-Noo-Or-Leens",* before breaking off and bemoaning the horror of it all. He tells Steve Jones to stop playing but he doesn't. He swears at Steve Jones but he still doesn't stop, carrying on his junior league, fat zero axe hero guitar wanking in sweet oblivion, very ignorant indeed, a real cretin. Even in those great days Jones just wanted to jam on that good old guitar of his. And it was into these oafish mitts that the name The Sex Pistols was to pass?

(Paul Cook — a nice enough geezer, if none too bright — doesn't really count; he was always like the mute stooge Cynthia that Hylda Baker would point at and say, "She knows, you know.")

Finally, Rotten gets Jones to go into the riff of The Modern Lovers' "Roadrunner" and delivers a brilliant impersonation of the other J.R., all feigned nasal innocence, wide-eyed with the radio on. But buying the album for that would be like shelling out sixty quid for a *Sex* bondage suit because you like the way that Malcolm sews on the buttons.

After the jamming session it's the Black Arabs spot, the Malcom McLaren / Bernie Rhodes outfit manufactured to perform "disco versions of Pistols songs", so they said. Well, though Mal and Bernie — good kosher boys both — managed a fair old degree of Jewish Pop Consciousness sensibility with the name of their combo (mind you, "The Palestinian Rastas" would have been good, too) the Black Arabs medley is no more amusing that Manfred Mann Paul Jones doing "Pretty Vacant" at tranked-out pace, and that wasn't amusing at all.

The Black Arabs music is mere insipid doo-wop calypso, the Younger Generation on *Seaside Special* do a better parody of the sound of Saturday night beneath the plastic palm trees than this. They do brief, very brief (though not quite brief enough) excerpts from "Anarchy In The U.K.", "Pretty Vacant", "God Save The Queen" and (a transparent bid for credibility by association, we see you, we see you) "No-One Is Innocent".

It's not disco. It's not sacrilegious (The Holy Mother Mary knows it's gone too far for *that*). It's boring crap, that's what it is.

Some anonymous French cararet *chanteuser* warbles a *poussin-dans-une-basket* "Anarchy Pour L'U.K.", accompanied by a Maurice Chevalier accordion, just to ram home the point that the purpose of this merchandise is to rub your face in the dirt and win your wallet at the same time.

Having fun? Well, Malcolm's saved two versions of the song that got questions asked in the House Of Commons to close side two, one performed with Rotten in England and the other with the dulcet Mrs Zambezi tones of that fat, old, bald failed criminal Donny Briggs. Leaving aside just for a moment the case agaist "Belsen Was A Gas" on the grounds of taste or morality, it should be noted that, taken just as a rock song, the rock song stinks. The Pistols didn't write any good songs after Matlock's songwriting ability had been replaced by the non-existent song writing ability of Vicious. After Matlock left, the band that had given you the purest pop you'd ever hear in your life were churning out banal Judas Priest with a shorn scalp retreads, hamfisted, banal and derivitive (see "Holidays In The Sun" and "EMI"). They weren't good enough to carry some

Continues over page

The swindle continues

● *Continued from previous page*

screwed-up junkie who was there just because he looked right.

They also copped out in a fashion that a band purporting to be the voice of a discontented generation can't afford to do; by making it easy on themselves and going for the quick shock-horror-outrage pose, which is all you can put a song like "Bodies" or "Belsen Was A Gas" down to when they sing about abortion and genocide without stating their position, without making a moral judgement, without saying whether they're *for* or *against*.

And with a character like Simple Sidney, not to mention working-class tossers Jones and Cook all present and correct on the songwriting credits, when the Pistols left themselves wide open for all kinds of misinterpretation it left only one choice — think the worst.

Certainly the song seems grossly irresponsible when Rotten sings it: *"Belsen was a gas I heard the other day / In the open graves where the Jews all lay, / Be a man, kill someone."*

So Mal sticks on the Biggs version entitled "Belson Vos A Gasser" just so the tabloids don't have any doubts that these rock 'n' roll bad guy outlaws really are playing six million deaths for laughs.

Wow, what hard nuts. But they'll get their's. They always do in the end.

The second record is devoid of any of the Rotten-Pistols period pieces that rescue the first record from total trash-status, and is wholly concerned with the fall-and-still-falling of the Pistols since Johnny went marching home alone to try and dodge punk-icon suffocation, Public Image and all that.

There's the abysmal Biggs' "No-One Is Innocent" and Sid's ridiculously self-conscious rendition of "My Way". Vicious also gets to sing on a trio of '50s funsters — "Rock Around The Clock", "C'Mon Everybody" and "Something Else" — and there's really not much you can say about them other than that they sound just about as mundane, mediocre and downright ordinary as it is possible for that gummy old ratbag, the rock genre, to get.

On their own songs, Cook and Jones strain so hard to convince all and sundry that they were the true heart of the Pistols that their manifold inadequacies are truly painful to behold; they sound like Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers on an exceptionally bad night with a Sid James clone at the mike and all tortuous Alvin Lee guitar heroics and a hapless travesty of terraces harmonies to persuade you that this is real McCoy raw, vital Pistols proles time when in fact what was once so great about that band was that they never had to resort to such crass Spam Army stylistic devices to set the house on fire.

Jesus, Jones and Cook probably haven't even noticed that their "Lonely Boy" and their "Silly Thing" are exactly the same song!!

"Friggin' In The Riggin' " is that old "T'was On The Good Ship Venus" naughtiness that you learn behind the infants school bicycle sheds when you're about eight or nine — very all-boys-together in the lavatoire humour. They should have done "All The Nice Girls Like A Candle" instead: it's much filthier, much funnier and much more sophisticated — why, you don't learn that one until you're at least ten or eleven.

Goodness, but it is so untoward to have to sit here and write constructive criticism of a smutty little nursery rhyme for people over twelve to read.

On the standard flabby raunch of the title track and Malcolm's very own brace of tracks (as Rex Harrison on a softly-spoken "EMI" and as Max Bygraves on "You Need Hands") these people are breaking their necks to come over as the world's biggest hard-bitten cynics. The irony of it all is that when you're as far past your peak as these people and when you're as stupid as these people, you just can't afford to be cynical.

Because if you're that cynical you end up letting ol' Viv Westwood write a nonsense song called "Who Killed Bambi?" and you get a Goon-voiced geek called Tudor Temple in to replace Johnny Rotten when he's really just an ex-Glitterbest clerk who used to answer to the name of Julian. Which is, of course, exactly what happens for the climax for the album and the beginning of a new era in The Sex Pistols saga (ho, ho).

Who killed The Sex Pistols? Who cares anymore?

This is a pathetic, worthless, hollow album, desperate ember-raking by people who have had their day and know it, the Simon Dees of the '70s. Stay away from this record — it'll make you a moron, a potential damp squid.

Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill

Above: Malcolm burns the Pistols' paraphernalia — only in jest?
Below: 'Highlights' from the motion picture.

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Huge Cornball: "This one's for, er, Nick Kent. *Pic: Robert Ellis*

Live and well duff

THE STRANGLERS
Live — X Cert
(United Artists)

The official line on this enterprise is that it represents, in the words of one J.J. Burnel, "The end of an era . . . a compilation of the first three albums. And rock'n'roll's all about live stuff."

The unnofficial line, however, has it that the group had forked out so much money for live mobile units set up especially to record innumerable gigs, that "X Certificate" virtually had to be released to provide a *raison d'etre* for all the wasted effort and finance.

That viewpoint gains credence when one notes the band's apparent disinterest in publicising the record, preferring to wax ecstatic about Burnel's "Euroman" project and Hugh Cornwall's solo affair, not to mention another group studio album (presumably volume one of 'the next phase').

Yet "X-Certificate" has been released with their blessing, it lives, it breathes, it demands a reaction. There lies the rub, because it's a thoroughly wretched record, sloppy and samey, totally without merit.

Even by the standards set by their three previous albums, it plumbs previously unassailable depths, providing both a thoroughly inadequate selection of former fare and spotlighting all the worst aspects of The Stranglers' supposed musical "chutzpah'.

At the outset, with "Rattus Norvegicus", The Stranglers had a sound — off-puttingly aggressive in its overall clout, maybe, and with an offensive bully-boy venom — which abraisively *delivered,* drawing the listener to the maelstrom like a moth to a flame-thrower. After "R.N." though, they failed to experiment, choosing the easy option of amping out one dimensional reprises of the old tried and trues.

If nothing else, "X-Certificate" provides proof positive of the strangle-hold that has stymied their output far more than all those tedious tirades against their noxious macho bully-boy image. Don't get me wrong, I'm as sickened by all *that* crap as any other reasonably enlightened sod, but the real deal concerns the actual sound they choose to toy with. And that's why "X Certificate" is so damnably feeble.

It's all far too cosy and formularised. There's barely a speck of deviation anywhere. So we have Burnel's hyper-aggressive bass lines (he's very good at the chosen style but just a *soupcon* of fretboard variety would do wonders for The Stranglers' sound), Cornwell's spindly lead lines (all heard before in better settings and his rhythm playing mixed so atrociously as to render it impotent) and Dave Greenfield's going-through-the motions organ — he appeared to have some potential until Steve Naive came along and stole his thunder. Jett Black simply takes care of business, nothing dynamic, nothing inadequate, yer proverbial mucker.

That's the main problem here — the band are merely marking time. Burnel and Cornwell are so obsessed with playing out their roles of macho boys that the one dimensional schtick is vengefully driven home with the continuous desire to override a merely aggressive slant. It's boring, offensive and downright irresponsible.

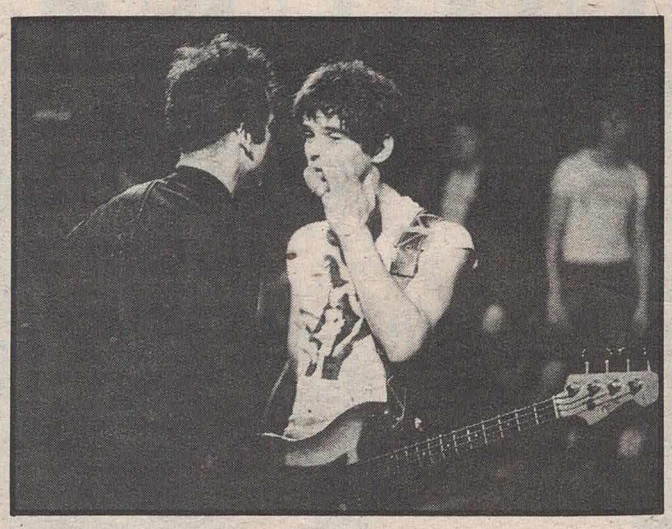
The Stranglers are so image conscious that they can't see that their audience is totally into apeing their hard-man personnas.

"X Certificate" is puerile pablum. Titles: "Grip" (same arrangement as on "R.N" but inferior version, a bad mix all but obscuring the vocals); "Dagenham Dave" (the formula starts to make itself manifest); "Burning Up Time" (a vague promise of something different but essentially more of the same); "Hanging Around" (the "Hope And Anchor" take is better); "I Feel Like A Wog" (good pace, interesting dynamic but ultimately flat); "Straight Out" (featuring a crass monologue intro); "Curfew" (starts promisingly but still hamstrung); "Death And Night And Blood" (cluttered, crappy and a grave disservice to a great Japanese writer); "Five Minutes" (a feeble song, badly interpreted); and the finale, "Go Buddy Go" (a rock-out item with little to commend itself).

All in all, a wasted effort. Those who own the three studio albums really don't need inferior versions of the same. "X Certificate" is also a pathetic introduction to Stranglers music.

So who does need it, beyond the most rabid Stranglophiles? No one, is all. Bullies really aren't very nice people, anyway.

Nick Kent



Jean-Jacket "Seen Huge — seen." *Pic: Andre Csillag*

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Hottest Hits *(Front Line)*

A rare treat: twelve cuts of vintage ('66-'68) Rocksteady at its sensuous, compulsive best, an essential collection from what many regard as the golden era of Jamaican music.

The production credit on the sleeve says Sonia Pottinger (now Culture's producer) but the real genius behind this set was the late Duke Reid whose Treasure Isle label was home to many outstanding artists of the day. It's been around on import for some years; now Front Line have rightfully made it more widely available, though 'lovingly repacked' it ain't — the original cover's been crucififed and there's not a sniff of a liner note. Also, there's been some tampering with the mix — fortunately not crucial.

Still, for once the title does not lie; the material here all scorched charts, hearts, and fingers at the time while many of the songs and rhythms have susequently been remade and remodelled to the order of the day, the most notable example being Dobby Dobson's "Loving Pauper", a massive hit for Ruddy Thomas (and Greg Isaacs) in '78.

For this music is no mere historical relic or nostalgia excursion to the vaults; it's still potent as a witch's charm, and as beguiling. Anyone expecting the whipcrack excitement of today's JA rockers will be sorely disappointed, but if this stuff sounds 'dated' then re-adjust your reality and hifi controls (this latter being something rock fans are curiously unwilling to do) to fit and drop into the cool, languid overdrive of Rocksteady.

Not that there's anything cool about the emotions being articulated here — good soul-churning stuff all of it, dedicated to charting the perilous course of true love. Forget the daffy UK vocal girl trios a moment: *this* is real 'lovers rock', simple heartfelt lyrics delivered in achingly pure, plaintive vocals over rhythms custom sculpted for closeclose dancing.

The artists are mostly outstanding vocal trios with names like The Sensations, The Paragons, The Techniques . . . which won't mean much to anyone unversed in reggae history but which represent one particular zenith of soulful harmony singing.

Stand-outs are The Jamaicans' "Things You Say You Love (You're Gonna Lose)", The Paragons' "The Tide Is High" and Phyllis Dillon's "Right Track" — but every track is a gem. Special mention should also be made of The Techniques' reading of The Impressions' "Minstrel And Queen" (one of the original 'Big Sixteen') which not only features one of the most widely recycled reggae rhythms but bears more than favourable comparison to the original.

The main exception to the romantic preoccupations is Alton Ellis' "Cry Tough", a more strident piece of sufferation from the Rude Boy era — *"How can a man be tough/Tougher then the world/Cos if he's tough/He's against the world"* — though no less a classic.

A great album. Volume two, by the way is still on 'pre' and worth the extra half-quid for the cover.

Neil Spencer

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Classic Rock: The Second Movement *(K-Tel)*

An entirely apposite title for the LSO's second venture into the giddy realm of 'rock', since by far the best place to lend an ear to their interpretations would be the smallest room of the house.

Presumably everyone except K-Tel was taken aback by the success of "Classic Rock", an unpalatably gloopy concoction of symphonic 'versions'. There's little reason to suppose that "The Second Movement" will fare any worse because it's the mixture as before; everything sounds like gauche out-takes.

So "Pinball Wizard" (with the participation of the composer) is bad Aaron Copland, "American Trilogy" slanders Rachmaninov and Tchaikovsky, and "Hey Joe" sounds like Elmer Bernstein for Chrissakes.

The plaintive "God Only Knows" is endemic, finally suffocated under the extraordinarily lachrymose overkill. Others getting the 'treatment': "A Day In The Life", "Question", "River Deep, Mountain High" and "Space Oddity".

Extreme oddity, very coffee table. File under a podium.

Monty Smith

THE DICKIES
The Incredible Shrinking Dickies *(A&M)*

In the vernacular: the missing link between a blocked toilet and a severe case of migrane.

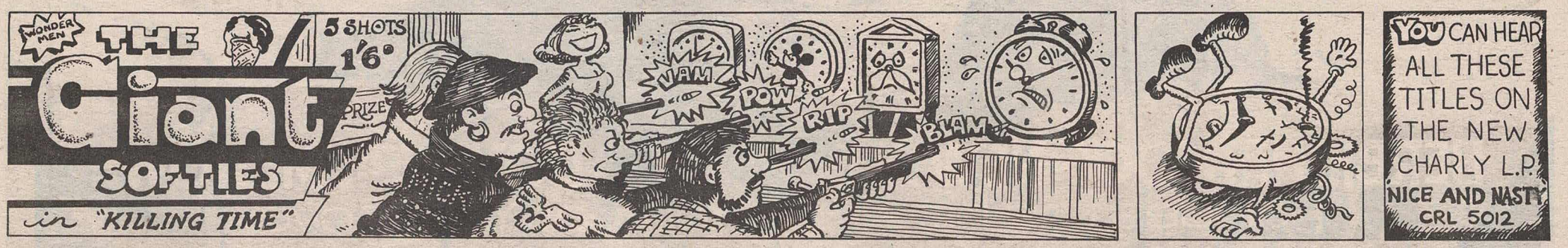
Number Eighteen in this week's *Music Week* charts, this is. Sells for £2.99 and is available on yellow vinyl (mine was black vinyl, but then I'm not a chart shop). I know people who'd buy half an hour of complete silence if it was on yellow vinyl and cost less than three notes, so the success of this album is a virtual *fait accompli.* After all, this album contains over *twenty-six minutes* of sounds produced by people using *real instruments* and singing into *real microphones!*

It also features three real songs: Boyce and Hart's "She", P.F. Sloan's "Eve Of Destruction" and the Sabs' "Paranoid".

As of this moment, I cannot remember ever having heard a more useless excuse for a rock album. This statement is not to be construed as an equivalent to a firm promise that a worse rock album does not — somehooooooow, somedaaaaaay, somewheeeeeeeere — exist within the confines of this dimensional plane. It's just that I haven't heard it.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I have an urgent appointment with my neurologist.

Charles Shaar Murray



The odd couple

LOU REED
Vicious *(RCA)*
NINA SIMONA
Pure Gold *(RCA)*

Two messy but intriguing collections in RCA's new, weakly packaged budget Show series (retailing at £2.49).

"Vicious" is an erratically assembled compilation comprising ten tunes from the studio albums up to "Coney Island Baby", offering a partial scan of a more confounding section of Reed's irregular growth. More by accident than intent, it captures his sinister sensitivity and awkward paranoia, confirming that Reed was always closer to Louis Armstrong than to Ornette Coleman. An uneasy alliance of the flawed genius and smiling, cunning family entertainer. Slut, poet or what? Too soft for his own good, and he's never got used to it.

It must be said, though, that in "Berlin" and "Coney Island Baby" Reed recorded two totally different, indulgently classic albums. Selections from the desperation and despair of "Berlin" and the decorative grinning of "Coney Island" are buffered peculiarly on "Vicious" by the grimey decadence of the throwaway numbers from "Lou Reed" and "Transformer," constructing a bewildering, shapeless pattern of retaliation and neutrality, maturity and impetuosity. Odd fun.

And a good way, in fact, to slide into the complexity and muddle of Reeds's reasoning. Yup, a suitably tacky introduction to rock's most turbulent, excessive and confused comedian.

With its disposable cheapness. the packaging for this series somehow suits the perverse Reed but it's a shame to slip an inevitably fine collection of interpretation from Simone the Singer between such shoddy covers.

It's not a particularly well-balanced collection, but Simone's deeply imaginative and assuredly academic approach to the popular song means each piece has a distinct atmosphere.

"Pure Gold" is crammed with such overworked standards as "The Times They Are A Changin'", "The Lock of Love", "House Of The Rising Sun", "Mr Bojangles" and "Just Like A Woman", but Simone's unusually sensuous arrangements and her resonant, wise voice coupled with the random, dislocated accompaniment lends them all a stunning freshness.

Her singular genius is to blend traditional black yearning and techniques of popular music, creating a confidently committed contemporary music that can swing as it soothes and suggests.

Reed and Simone; the albums go together curiously well. Two individuals who've fused traditions and musics with their own idiomatic and inventive ideas. Two surprisingly inviting introductions to differing types of defiance.

Who would have guessed?

Paul Morley

LA DUSSELDORF
Viva
(Radar)

Despite appearances, this isn't a very modern menu. Although La D include ex-members of both Kraftwerk and Neu, neither last year's "La Dusseldorf" nor "Viva" suggest that this grouping of German 'industrial' musicians is likely to be as formative as those.

Obsessed with rigid rhythm and 'developed' repetition, La D seem unable to capitalise on these Ruhr trademarks; "Viva" only reinforces suspicions that Neu's influential legacy has been better served and digested by another ex-member, Michael Rother, whose "Flammende Herzen" and "Sterntaler" albums on Sky have all but defined the state of the art.

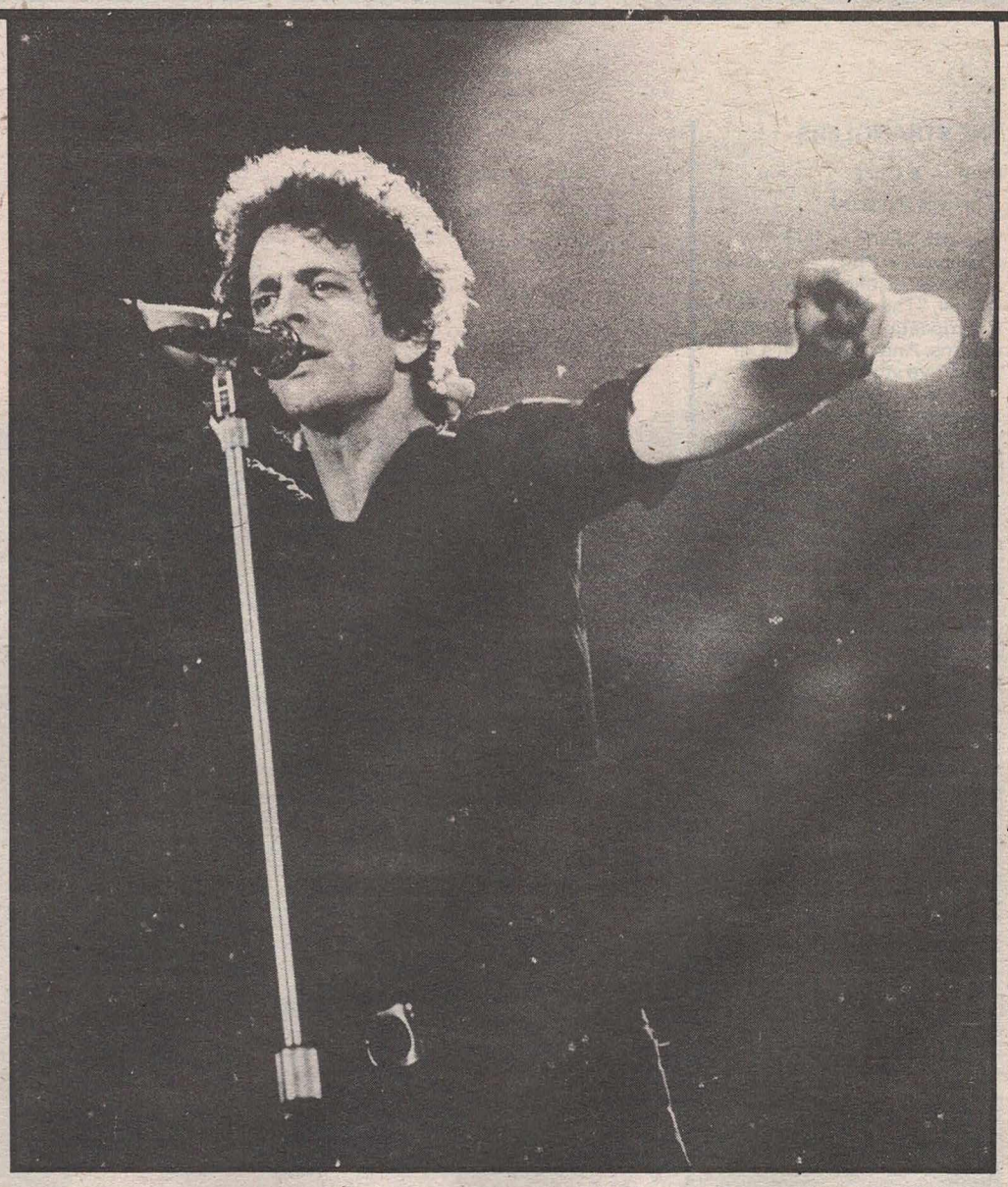
La D seem and sound a tantalising prospect — until you realise all the studio-centred effort (the band never play live) that's obviously been invested in achieving unorthodox mixes and unexpected emphases can't cover the fundamental vapidity of the material.

"Cha Cha 2000" over-extends a pretty but tenuous piano motif through an entire side, coupling it with dreamily Utopian lyrics *("And your laser blue eyes can see paradise / When all the wars have gone and we care for the weak and share with the poor . . .")* totally at odds with the self-consciously modish image La D seem determined to convey in "White Overalls" *("Sons of the city / Sons of the future / We are like roses / White overdoses . . .")*, itself a brisk 'punk' thrashette in the manner of "Hero" and "After Eight" off "Neu '75".

Only "Rheinita" places all La D's eggs in one metal box without them breaking. Mostly instrumental, it typifies the luminescent mood music that Neu often offset against their more abrasive experiments.

But, however impeccable the credentials, once is never enough.

Angus MacKinnon



TERRY REID
Rogue Waves *(Capitol)*

If you've nestled on a waterbed in a Santa Monica deplux, brained to the extent of paralysis, listening to "Rogue Waves" could well be a palatable pastime.

If not, then boredom hails from its every groove.

Reid, primarily a guitarist / songwriter of long and mainly ineffectual standing, owns 26 guitars, very few of which get a

Left: Lou Reed can still punch it out — providing it's re-issued material (Pic by Carol Davis). Top: Real mean Boyzz. Above: Terry Reid (left) finds his music amusing and obviously goes to the same barber as Eddie Money (right).

The toppled copper

EDDIE MONEY
Life For The Taking *(CBS)*

When a record company starts to brag about their act once being a New York cop *("he turned in his badge and became a rock 'n' roll star")*, it shows just how far the rock industry has become cosily ensconced within the establishment.

If CBS had any sense of rock ideology — rather than hoping audiences had been influenced by Joseph Wambaugh's stories of rogue-cops in *The Choir Boys* and *The Black Marble* — then they would have vetoed the present advertising campaign. It's an embarrassing disservice to Eddie Money but paradoxically the best indication of what he's about.

Safely sure, this second album is a business man's idea of rock 'n' roll. The first side is transparently 'fierce' but melodic rock of respectable America (file under Boston, Kansas and Journey); side two is beaty, bouncy but banal pop.

Unfortunately, the pop sensibility which made his debut so entertaining has been buried in producer Bruce Botnick's floor-to-ceiling instrumentation and cannon-boom rhythms. And guitarist Jimmy Lyon, a welcome supportive figure on the first outing, wearily flexes his heavy-handed, plectrum often eclipsing the singer.

Vocally, Money is now very much the American Colin Blunstone: asthmatic and often weedy. Frankly, this ex-cop will have trouble arresting anybody.

Tony Stewart

KANSAS
Two For The Show *(Kirschner)*
LIAR
Set The World On Fire *(Bearsville)*

Kansas are a cross between ELO, Foreigner and just about every other ponderously soloing heavy rock band from here to 1967. They're not so much a hybrid as a mutant.

This live double album is premature to say the least. Such stage act souvenirs frequently serve a valuable function. They have the potential to be "Greatest Hits" sets with the added zest that comes with a live performance.

In this case, though, the band have had too little time to establish a substantial repertoire. The five minute version of their big American hit "Carry On Wayward Son" is the most memorable song here, and inevitably it's not much different from the studio original.

The principal soloists — Robby Steinhardt (violin) and Rich Williams (guitars) — do remarkably well with the thin material available, but in truth there's not enough happening to sustain interest through one side, let alone four. If only they'd waited for a few more studio albums.

Liar are a newish U.K. band working in a broadly similar vein — what might be called cocktail lounge heavy metal. They write fairly catchy little hooks, but the beat is basically yer Bad Company plod.

Still, Bearsville obviously believe in them. A picture disc for a debut album must represent quite an investment. No doubt the Americans will like them.

Bob Edmands

THE BOYZZ
Too Wild To Tame *(Epic)*

The Boyzz are *men*. Loud guitars, big bikes, hairy faces. I'm impressed.

Heavy metal is not dead; you can read that every week for what it's worth. So millions of people watch *Coronation Street* — does that make it compelling, contemporary or worthwhile? No, it makes millions of people unadventurous, unquestioning and indifferent.

The Boyzz are a five-piece fossil found gathering dust in the midwest of the ever-productive USA. This, their first album, is decorated with a convincing but misleading cover-shot of a pose straight out of *The Wild One*. This is not rebel music, this is lumbering, guitar-heavy boogie for the big boys: "Destined To Die", "Lean 'n' Mean," "Wake It Up", this is party time and anyone who won't get down and rock has got to be a sissy.

Lead singer Dirty Dan Buck once fronted a band named Cock 'n' Bull. Draw your own conclusions. "Hell, if I wasn't talking to you," he bellows from the press release, "I'd be out on my motorcycle." I quake in my seat.

I'm not interested in an interminable roar of plodding rhythm and howling guitars that, thankfully, I can barely distinguish from the bulk of the other middle-aged Yank combos wallowing in this genre. I don't need ear-ache and I'm too considerate to give this away.

There, I have broken it.

Kim Davis

CROSBY-NASH
Best Of David Crosby And Graham Nash *(Polydor)*

They've got to be kidding.

Almost single-handedly, Crosby and Nash were responsible for the Californian fault line. It's surprising they've been able to inveigle the genuine talents of Sunshine State regulars like Garcia, Lesh, Lindley and Sklar but the connection can be traced back to Crosby's near-listenable solo "If Only I Could Remember My Name" (sic).

Because Crosby was once a Byrd — he *had* it once — he deserves respect. But Graham Nash is a disaster area. Doze once again to "Chicago", "Southbound Train" and the ironic "To The Last Whale" (Crosby's autobiographical masterpiece — floundering on dry land for ever).

Max Bell

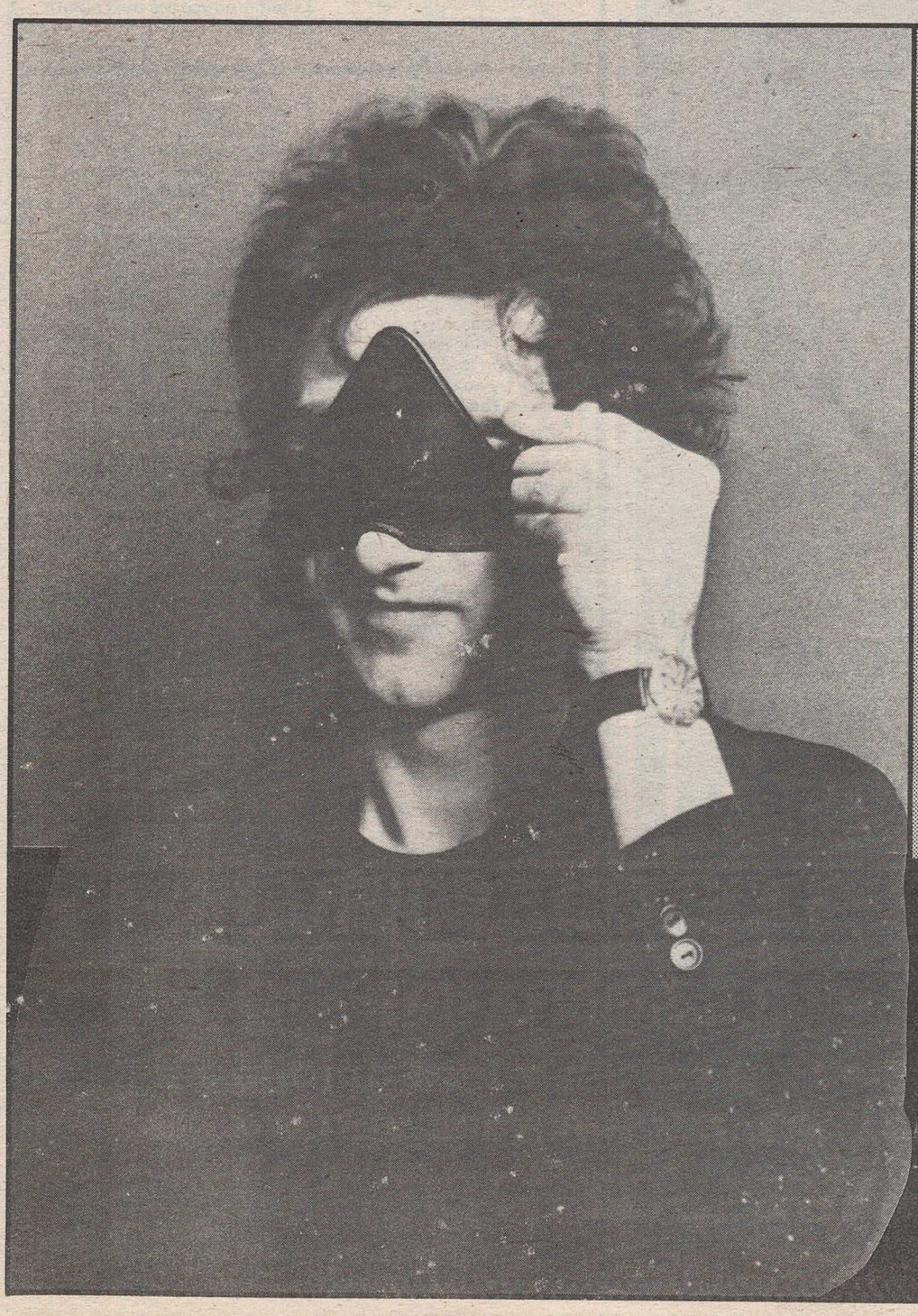
piece of the action. Mostly he allows his vocals to dominate; an unfortunate move as his soulful high register tends to grate like Gregg Allman with severly infected tonsils.

Four of the eight tracks are covers — a suggestion that his creative talents could also be on the blink. They include a ponderous crack at "Walk Away Rene", and a sluggish, acoustic "All I Have To Do Is Dream".

The rest are originals, divides between cosy, seductive West Coast funk, and vacuous, laid-back rock, with its seamless rhythms tumbling over slow, jazzy offbeats, occasionally swathed in a string section.

Music to dry your hair by.

Mark Ellen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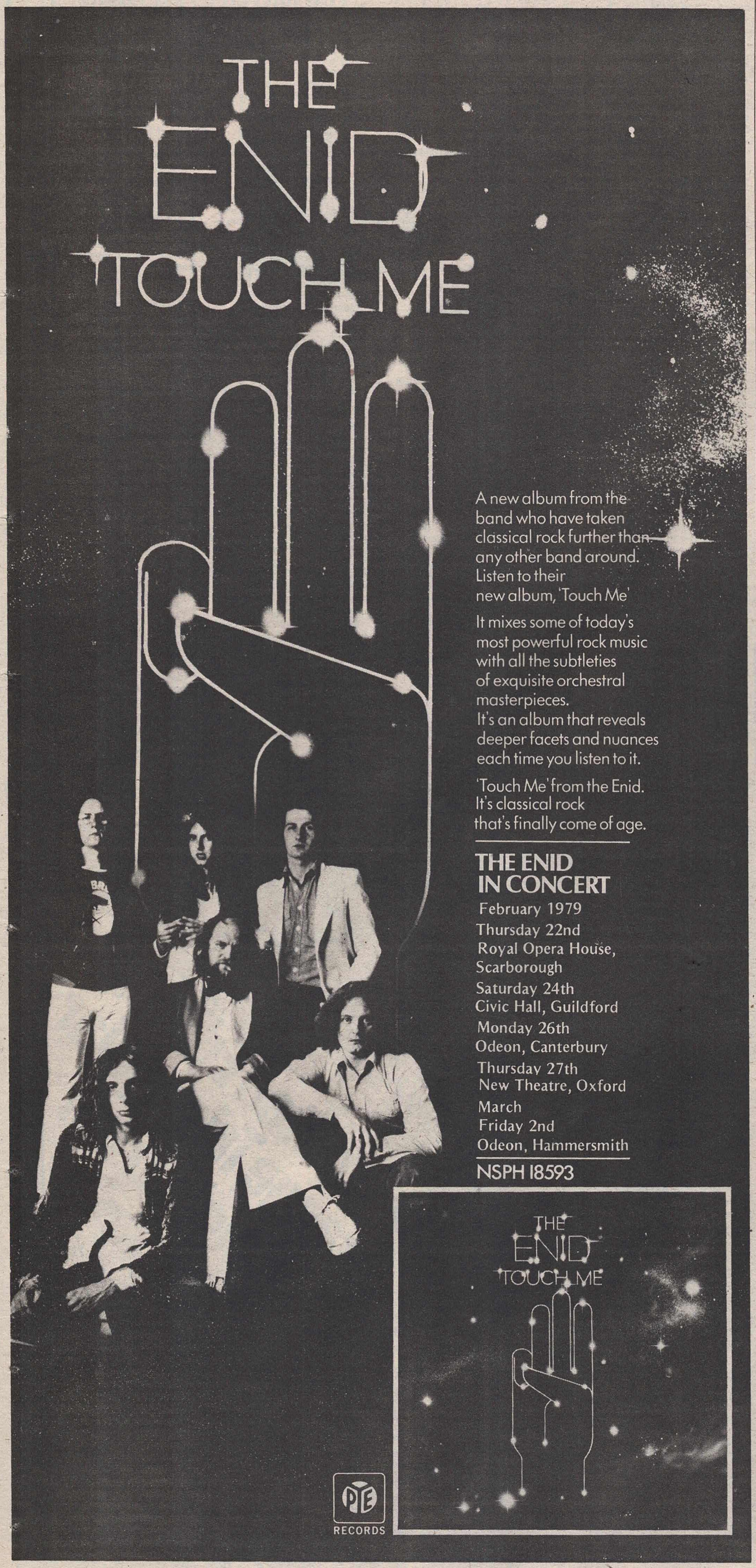
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RECORDS

Huh!

Alicia dresses up

ALICIA BRIDGES
Alicia Bridges *(Polydor)*

"I Love The Nightlife" deceived everyone into thinking Alicia Bridges was a black disco singer. But she's white, from Atlanta, Georgia — and into a wide range of music from hard rock to blues, soul and jazz.

Her first album is an impressive affair. A bare production (barely adequate, some might say) at least highlights her strengths — a superb voice, and a set of remarkable lyrics co-authored with flat-mate Susan Hutcheson. Good though the songs are, a lot more could have been made of them by a sympathetic producer. Steve Buckingham has the music too basic and conservative by half, particularly on the rock tracks. Such an original performer deserves a more imaginative setting.

It's still a decidedly intriguing album. Alicia Bridges can sneer, growl and slip into a Bushesque falsetto with total assurance. And though there are obvious similarities to Terry Garthwaite and Phoebe Snow in her phrasing, the voice is essentially her own. She exudes confidence and strength, without ever being strident, and isn't afraid to reveal occasional vulnerability. Simply, she sounds like a real person, with all the complexity that implies — I still can't decide whether she sings "Foolish Broken Woman" with contempt or regret for the subject. I guess it's both.

The lyrics are a perfect complement to her voice. "Break Away" and "High Altitudes" are airy affirmations, promising life for those who want to take it, while "Nightlife" and the magnificent "Diamond In The Rough" assert pride and independence. Even the few songs which come close to being standard love songs avoid the accompanying cliches. On "In The Name Of Love", for instance, she undermines the line *"I'm crying for you"* by following it with a darkly ironic cackling laugh. She even sings *"I love you baby"* like it was a huge joke.

Unlike many albums by women artists, this one isn't dominated by accounts of relationships with men. (Unlike many albums by women artists, this one was written by women.) In fact, it may be unique in the fact that, as far as I can remember, the words "He", "his" and "him" don't occur once. And even the famous put-down in "Nightlife" could possibly be construed as a jibe at another gay woman.

Whatever the case, those lines are my favourite moment on the album: *"Loving lies just bring me down/When you've got women all over town/You can love them all and when you're through/Maybe that'll make — huh! — a man outta you."* There's more intelligence in that one *"huh"* than you'll find in a hundred interviews with the likes of Jean Jacques Burnel.

Alicia Bridges is *nobody's* fool. But if she wants to stay in control, she could do no better than produce the next album herself.

Graham Lock

Imports

I've just discovered a fine album.

Correction — Dave Kuznetz at the HMV shop discovered it and tipped me the wink. "It's very Graham Parkerish," he claimed as I handed over the readies. The album in point is an unprepossessing looking item titled "Reckless" (Mushroom) that's been put together by an Aussie outfit known as **The Sports.**

And, yes, it is very Parker-like, lead vocalist Stephen Cummings dispensing his lyrics in typical Gee-Pee manner, snappin' out each line with an amalgam of love and hate, savouring each syllable and reluctant to part with it, yet equally anxious to spit it in your ear. The Sports — two guitarists, a pianist, bass-player and drummer — also sound as though they've spent a fair portion of their life in the Antipodean equivalent of the Hope and Anchor, possessing a happy - to - entertain - while - you - slosh - your - Foster's feel to their music, yet being equally aware that the drinking man can also be a thinking man.

They offer something for everyone, the fare including a hard-hitting, yet true-to-school re-run of The Searchers' "When You Walk In The Room"; plus "You Ain't Home Yet", a sax-driven love gone wrong shot that's kinda on-form Van M. in pitch and comes spiced with a happy jazz solo from pianist Jim Niven; "Rockabilly Billy", a straight-outta Lubbock hiccup; "Down In Chinatown", a clenched-fist hand-jive — and other diverse but all equally palatable goodies given unity by these new wizards of Oz.

An unequivocal thumbs-up then. Go buy a copy of "Reckless" before Kerry Packer shanghais the lot.

Next — just a track. You'll find it on **The Players Association's** "Turn The Music Up" (Vanguard) and I guess it's almost MOR. A mere throwaway really. A totally melodic version of "The Closer I Get To You" that fills a gap, provides breathing space amid the get up, get down, everybody dance fare that fills the album's remaining tracks. But the interplay of Tom Harrell's trumpet and Bob Mover's sax does strange things to my spine. The message is that beauty is alive and well and living somewhere in disco-jazz land.

Those who must have everything by Ross McManus' little lad may care to know that the import version of **"Armed Forces"** (Columbia) not only sports different packaging but also has a track change, "What's So Funny About Peace, Love And Understanding" replacing "Sunday Best".

And in the good-for-a-giggle department there's an album called "Moulin Rouge" (ABC) which sports three female fruit-cakes on the front cover — all dressed exactly like Bee Gees cloned from the "Children Of The World" sleeve. Incidentally, the music contained therein is, as you've probably sussed, production-line disco featuring **Michael Zager** masterminded versions of such early Gibbsville favourites as "Massachussetts", "To Love Somebody" and "Lonely Days". You don't have to buy the disc then — just have a free guffaw at the front pic and drive your local record dealer to distraction!

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SILVER SCREEN

Bowie as Prussian fashion model, circa 1920

Bowie and The Bee Gees do the turkey trot

A. MAC and CSM endure two millstones in '70s cinema

Just A Gigolo

Directed by David Hemmings
Starring David Bowie, Kim Novak, David Hemmings and Marlene Dietrich
(Tedderwick)

Pssst, can you keep a secret? David Bowie, self-confessed rock chameleon, Corinthian and caricature, really isn't a very good actor.

The point wasn't lost on Nicholas Roeg, director of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, Bowie's previous bid for screen stardom. Roeg had already shunted Mick Jagger through the mind and mirror games of *Performance*, so was well-equipped to direct another temperamental, image-conscious rock star. Much to Bowie's chagrin, he apparently refused to entertain the Alien One's 'creative' whims on set.

But Roeg's rigour worked a dream; Bowie's graceless portrait of the diffident Thomas Jerome Newton was wholly in keeping with the spirit of Walter Tevis' original story. Whereas actor-director David Hemmings, no match for Roeg as a cineast, has decided otherwise.

Perhaps awed by Bowie, whose dramatic ambitions obviously far outweigh his abilities, Hemmings seems to have let him indulge himself. With dire results — although recut after the showing coolly dismissed by Ian Penman in *NME* 9/12/78, *Just A Gigolo* remains a disaster of interplantetary proportions.

Bowie might look the perfect part as a foppish Prussian gentleman turned gigolo traipsing through 1920's Berlin, but he can't *play* it.

All illusion is burnt to a crisp every time he opens his mouth or tries to convey any depth or detail of character. Bowie's efforts throughout are comically inept; the last time I saw 'serious' drama as funny as this was when someone blew the lid off a broody Scandinavian play at school by firing a pistol five scenes too early.

But, even as bad jokes go, *Just A Gigolo* is worse. Its contrived camp is an insult to the art, its script shamefully dumb. Bowie's ineffectuality seems almost forgiveable when he's forced to limber up lines like "There comes a time when a man mustn't make the same mistakes as Napoleon", "I may be a gigolo, but I'm not a whore", or, when resisting the charms of a would-be starlet in a mansion owned by one of the German royal family, "I really don't think we should play around until The Kaiser returns".

Hemmings would probably justify the latter as a cleverly concealed comment on the state of the nation — Germany was a fledgling republic at the time — but it won't wash, let alone spin dry. His own little cameo as an embittered National Socialist agitator is even more ludicrous than Bowie's mainly because it's *supposed* to be amusing, and isn't.

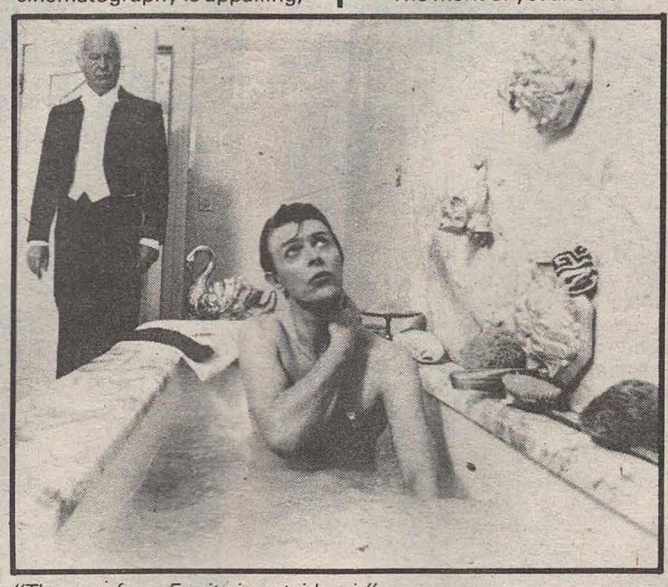
Hemmings might again claim that his aim was true and that he was only trying to pull the leg off the Nazi carcass, but that's no excuse for his peddling idiocies — especially as many of Hitler's cronies were unfortunately rather more intelligent than the brawling, boorish oafs of popular fiction pictured here. *Just A Gigolo* has pretensions to being (says the blurb) "a tragi-comedy without political overtones". The only element of tragi-comedy I can spot is that anyone connected with the film seriously expected anyone else to swallow it straight.

This is a bungled feint of a farce. It's tacky and trivial, insultingly so. As cinema of any kind taken on any level, it's worthless, lighter than featherweight. Hemmings' direction is abysmally unimaginative. The opening sepia-stained scenes and the narrative line provided by two wealthy old crones passing worldweary comments on current events are stylistic devices so hack they hurt.

And were the camera crew trussed up in sacks for the duration? It sure looks that way. The film's cinematography is appalling, its pacing as agile as a glacier's. *Just A Gigolo* makes the *Confessions Of* series seem like the work of a budding Visconti.

The one saving grace is the brief appearance of the agelessly wonderful Marlene Dietrich who, just by sitting, talking, walking, singing and being Dietrich, flaunts more style than the entire scam (which, incidentally, even wastes the considerable charms of Kim Novak).

The merit of yet another



"The man from Equity is outside, sir". Bowie comes clean in Just A Gigolo.

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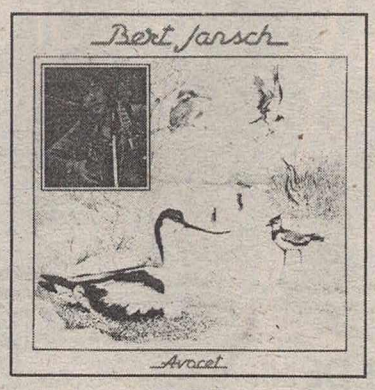

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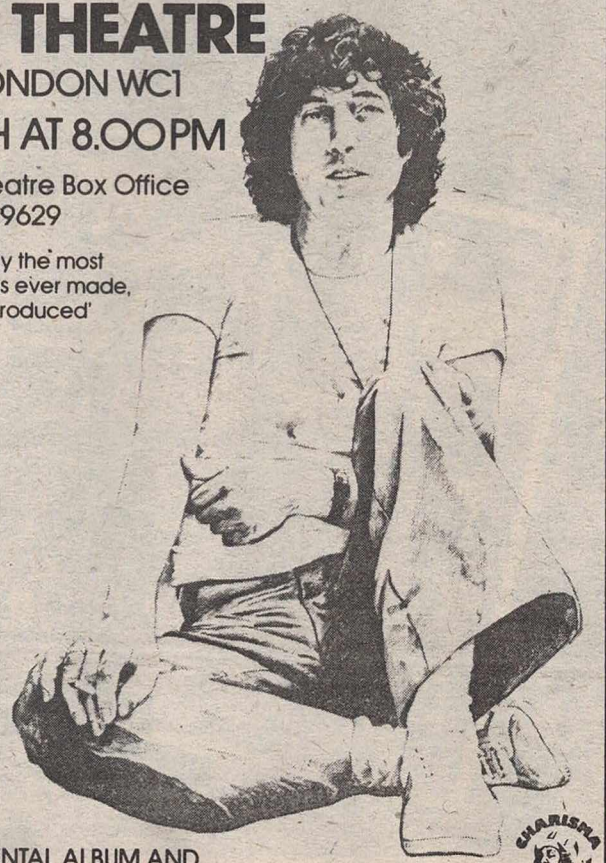

AVOCET IS BERT'S FIRST INSTRUMENTAL ALBUM AND IS AVAILABLE ON CHARISMA RECORDS

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film about Berlin was dubious enough before *Just A Gigolo* started shooting. Look — if you want a long laugh at David Bowie's expense and rilly have to see your hero's corpse wrapped up in a Nazi flag, then off you go. If you want a credible and responsible impression of the life and times in question, either catch Bergman's *The Serpent's Egg* or read some Christopher Isherwood.

But by far the most worrying aspect of *Just A Gigolo* is its final confirmation that rock stars of Bowie's status really do have trouble with reality. I wouldn't know and couldn't care what overweening delusions on his part or what sycophancies on others' encouraged Bowie to make such a comprehensive public prat of himself here. Why should I?

Dream of your dreary dreams of decadence, David, dream on. It don't bother me — I'm just a laughing gnome like all the rest.

Angus MacKinnon

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Directed by Michael Schultz
Starring Peter Frampton and The Bee Gees
(CIC)

In which whole new dimensions of resonance and meaning are added to the term 'crap.'

It must have seemed like a great idea at the time. With Beatlemanianostalgibuzz at an all-time high, a giant lightbulb must've appeared over Robert Stigwood's greying, leonine head. Let's turn *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* into a giant musical film starring Peter Frampton and The Bee Gees (Frampton being a hot rave at the time and The Bee Gees just starting to happen on a grand scale). Let's hire a writer to string together a plot utilising characters from all sorts of Beatles songs. Let's get lots of famous people to play these characters, let's protect ourselves against the dramatic limitations of the cast and the script by giving only one character spoken lines (that's George Burns, a veteran vaudevillian who's been handling dialogue for most of his 80-plus years), let's aim for Innocence in the kind of way that only the utterly cynical could even imagine.

Sgt Crapper's Lowly Farts Drab Band watch in bemusement as thousands leave the Boise Drive-in.

You wanna hear the plot? Really? Alright. Sgt Pepper's band (four old duffers with oompah devices) possess a world-saving magic which is passed on to Billy Shears (Frampton) and the Henderson brothers (Bee Gees) by the kindly old mayor of Heartland (George Burns as Mr Kite) and, spurred on by their manager, Billy's nasty half-brother Dougie (Paul Nicholas), the new band get a recording deal with B.D. records (run by Donald Pleasence) and go to Los Angeles, leaving behind Billy's girlfriend Strawberry Fields (Sandy Farina).

Once there, they get corrupted by stardom, sex and drugs symbolised by Lucy (Diane Steinberg) and her Diamonds (Stargaard). While they're away, the instruments of the original Sgt Pepper's band are stolen by Mean Mr Mustard (Frankie Howerd) and since these instruments are magical talismen which represent all the virtues of cleancut smalltown Americana, the town immediately becomes debased. This debasement is symbolised by pinball machines, litterbugging, hamburger palaces and kids dressing up as punkrockers and glitterkids. Strawberry leaves for L.A. and alerts the boys and they have to get the instruments back . . . fascinating, no?

Peter Frampton possesses all the dynamism, credibility and raw power of a cross-eyed puppy with four broken legs. The Bee Gees are slightly less exciting, amusing and charismatic than The Monkees. The musical performances are so limp that the most exciting moments are provided by Aerosmith.

The comedy is so hilariious that the biggest laugh is gleaned when Robin Gibb attempts to run out of a studio without first removing his headphones. The movie's two professional comedians are so badly misused that American audiences (if there were any) were probably as puzzled as to why we Brits consider Frankie Howerd to be funny, as I was puzzled as to why they consider Steve Martin (Dr Maxwell Edison) at all humorous. Alice Cooper remains sufficently detached in *his* cameo to retain whatever was left of his credibility before he got embroiled in this ludicrous venture (which was less than zero to begin with, but not as big a zero as it could have been; if you see what I mean).

The movie's message is that small town values are where it's at and that Hollywood and the music business are infinitely corrupt. Since the RSO/Dee Anthony axis which is responsible for this epic flop are probably the most typical representatives of the Hollywood rock biz imaginable, one can only admire their gall in expecting us to think they're kidding. *Sgt Pepper* is boundlessly cynical, since it comes out for innocence and purity in such a hideously calculated manner.

Well, they fell on their faces. The movie bombed so massively in the States (the soundtrack album — released by RSO in the States and A&M here — was selling quite well until the flick was released) that it is rumoured Stiggy was advised not to release it over here. His response was to double the advertising budget.

Marvel Comics were supposed to bring out a tie-in magazine *(Marvel Super Special 7)* to come out a fortnight before the movie opened, but publication was put back because the artwork was late. When Stan Lee saw how badly the movie was doing, he decided not to bring the book out at all and scrapped the entire project. Since it was impossible to change the numbering, future comic book collectors will drive themselves nuts trying to find *Super Special 7*, and never will.

Stigwood is set to lose a pile of money on this project. If he'd asked me, I'd've told him to forget the whole thing and only charged him a million for the advice, thereby saving a lot of people a great deal of time and trouble and making myself very rich in the process. Saving graces: Peter Frampton displays such an infinitely gormless screen presence that it'll be a hot day in January before anybody ever asks him to make another movie, and we'll also be spared film versions of other big-deal '60s albums. I mean, if this had been a hit then Stigwood would probably have filmed "Otis Blue", "Pet Sounds" and "Blonde On Blonde."

Charles Shaar Murray

P.S. Billy Preston gives a remarkable performance as a weathervane. If any of you directors, producers and scenarists out there want someone to play a weathervane in *your* next movie, Billy's your man.

Screen Dream

The *Star Trek* feature, currently in production with all the old crew on board, will be released in time for Christmas with a Sensurround-type sound system which Paramount have dubbed 'Psycho-accoustics'. . .

Way before then will be *Battlestar Galactica*, a Sensurround epic which boasts a score by **Giorgio Moroder**. . .

And **Andy Warhol's** chum **Paul Morrisey** is set to direct the $5 million *Attack Of The 50ft Woman. (Wow. — Ed.).* . .

James Caan hustling to get **Dolly Parton** co-starring in his independent production of *The Cowboy And The Dandy*, inspired by the **Bobby Goldsboro** song. . .

Gigantic cock-up in last week's *Silver Screen* review of *Halloween*. The fifth paragraph *should* have read: "Carpenter still neutralises all 'character'. The cops and cons were straight off the shelf, the gangs mindless zombies. *Assault* was Carpenter's knowing tribute to the American B-movie and directors Hawks, John Ford and Sergio Leone." Grovelling apologies to the reputations of all concerned. *(Still doesn't make any sense. — Ed.).* . .

And still more grovelling (welcome to the horizontal working week). In his (favourable) review of *Capricorn One*, **Angus MacKinnon** intimated that the film had bombed in the States. This, distributors ITC assure us, is a vile slander, not to say totally untrue. The film has done very nicely thank you and MacKinnon has been despatched to a Swiss sanatorium for the duration. . .

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Story by MICHAEL CIMINO, DERIC WASHBURN and LOUIS GARFINKLE, QUINN K. REDEKER · Screenplay by DERIC WASHBURN · Produced by BARRY SPIKINGS · MICHAEL DEELEY · MICHAEL CIMINO and JOHN PEVERALL
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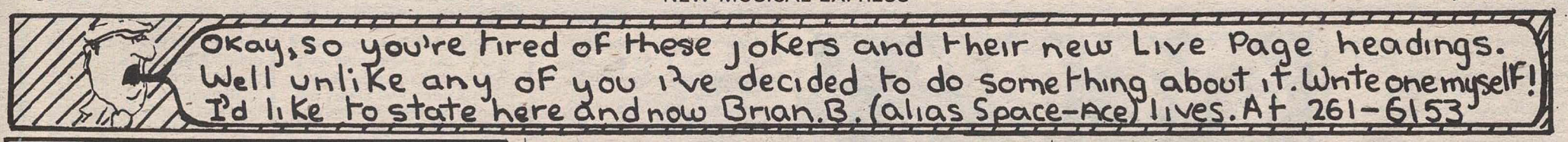
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Sat. Feb. 24th — 50p
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(Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith)

Sun. Feb. 25th — 50p
☆ LEA HART JNR. ☆
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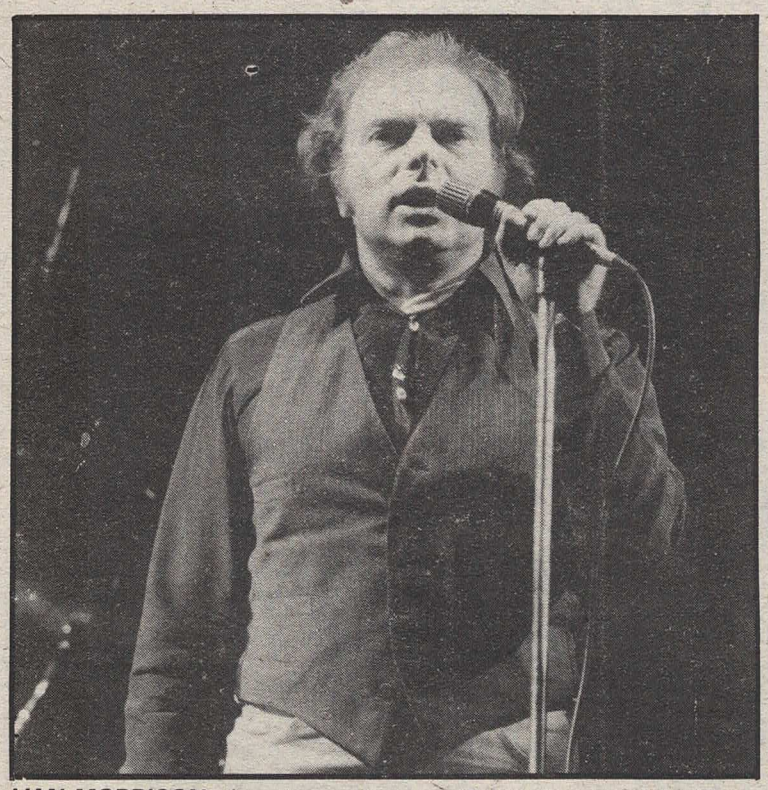
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



VAN MORRISON *plays three shows in Dublin from tonight (Thursday), then next week begins his long-awaited British tour. He's playing 15 dates starting with three gigs at the Hammersmith Odeon (from next Monday). His new single, out this weekend, is 'Matalia' from his 'Wavelengths' LP.*

Thursday

Alexandria Griffin Hotel: **Chou Pahrot**
Ampthill Folk Club: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Bath University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/ The Members**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Wire**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **Funktion/ Lautrec**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bolton Rivington Barn: **Alex Glasgow & Henry Livings**
Brighton Dome: **Darts**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Those Four**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **U.K. Subs**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **The Bombers**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Generation X**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
Derby Midland Hotel: **Steve Cooper**
Dublin Stadium: **Van Morrison**
Dunfermline Glen Lounge: **The Tools**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Thieves Like Us**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Glasgow Atlantis: **The Shapiros**
Glasgow Mars Bar: **Sneeky Pete**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Stan Tracey Octet**
Great Yarmouth Star & Garter: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Huddersfield Business College: **The New Jets**
Leeds Fan Club: **Joe Jackson Band/The Tunes**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Cheap Trick**
Leicester University: **Chas & Dave**
Liverpool (Huyton) Bluebell: **Tonfrix**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sniff & The Tears**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Grass/ Poison Girls**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Vipers**
London Epping Folk Club: **Adrian May**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Staa Marx**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Clerks**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Zaine Griff**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **N.W.10**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Rednite**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tour De Force**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fidgety Feet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Dogwatch**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roy Hill Band**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **Beast**
Loughborough Town Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Macclesfield Krumbles: **The Accelerators**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Billy Joel**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Pressure Shocks**
Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Newcastle City Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Newcastle University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **The Carpettes**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Pontypridd Polytechnic: **Writ**
Scarborough Royal Opera House: **The Enid**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Eric Bell Band**
Sheffield University: **Dave Cousins**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**

STEVE HILLAGE *goes back on the road this week with his re-shaped band, and he'll be promoting his recently-released double album 'Live Herald' at Newcastle (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Sheffield (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Oxford (Wednesday).*

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Weymouth College: **Streetband**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **The Piranhas**
York Barge Club: **Brian Jackson Quintet**
York Revolution: **Vice Squad**

Friday

Aylesbury Friars: **Gillan**
Bagshot Pantiles: **Gonzalez**
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **The Motels**
Beaconsfield North Staffs Polytechnic: **Joe Jackson Band**
Bath Pavilion: **Generation X**
Birmingham Aston University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Telephones**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Rokotto**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Wild Horses**
Bournemouth Rooftop Hotel: **Tours**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Bombers**
Brighton Top Rank: **Herbie Hancock**
Burton 76 Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Cambridge Girton College: **The Soft Boys**
Chester Arts Centre: **The O.K. Band**
Coventry Warwick University: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**
Crawley Technical College: **Agnes Strange**
Crewe Alsager College: **Special Clinic**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Alan Price**
Cudworth Village Club: **Strange Days**
Dublin National Stadium: **Van Morrison**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Stonehenge**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Swingle II**
Eastbourne Curzon Cinema: **The Vandells**
Exeter University: **Darts/The Only Ones**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Feltham Bison Club: **Matchbox**
Fife St Andrews University: **Stan Tracey Octet**
Glasgow Mars Bar (lunchtime): **Sneeky Pete**
Goole Station Hotel: **Snoots**
Gourock Ashton Hotel: **The Deft Jerks**
Hamilton Bell College: **Chou Pahrot**
Harlow Technical College: **Roy Hill Band/ Simon Townshend Band**
Harrow College of Higher Education: **Prag-Vec/Music Club/Blancmange**
Hastings Carlisle Hotel: **Stunshot**
Hustings Ocean Bar: **The Piranhas**
Hatfield Balls Park College: **Streetband**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Irthlingborough Working Mens Club: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kings Langley Ovaltine Buildings: **Flying Saucers**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Panties Daylight Robbery**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Quartz**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Crisis**
Leeds Winning Post: **Ethel The Frog**
Liverpool Eric's: **National Health**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sucker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fischer-Z**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lea Hart**
London City Polytechnic: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Funkees**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Dan Graham**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **The Edge**
London Kensington Imperial College: **After The Fire/64 Spoons**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Lew Lewis Band/Steve Lynton Band**
London Marquee Club: Dave Lewis Band
London Maunkberry's: **Midnight News**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Kestral**
London New Cross Baths Hall: **Matchbox**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Grieg & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jacksons**
London School of Economics: **Local Operator**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Lee Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Secret Seven/The Crooks**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Apokalypsis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mike Westbrook's Mama Chicago**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Screens/The Accidents**
London W 1 Portman Hotel: **Roger James Band**
Manchester Belle Vue Kings Hall: **Public Image Ltd/Merger/The Pop Group/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Manchester Mayflower: **U.K. Subs**
Manchester New Century Hall: **Delegation**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Accelerators**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Matlock Crabtree Inn: **Steve Cooper**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jigsaw**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Straight 8**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Radio Stars**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Cheap Trick**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Norwich Boogie House: **Zaine Griff**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Pressure Shocks/Gaffa**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **NW10**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Paradox**

BAD COMPANY *have been absent from the British concert platform for an eternity, but they're making up for lost time by way of a major tour opening in Newcastle on Wednesday, and subsequently including a string of gigs at the massive Wembley Arena. Paul Rodgers is pictured above.*

Nottingham University: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Rober Rental & The Normal**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **The Damned**
Paisley College of Technology: **The Shapiros**
Penzance Gulval Meadery: **The Fans**
Reading University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Retford Porterhouse: **Eric Bell Band**
Rochester Folk Club: **Dave Cousins**
Rowley Regis Four Ways: **Ocean Boulevard**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Young Bucks**
Southampton Onslow Arms: **Thieves Like Us**
St Albans City Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Stoke Longton Town Hall: **Discharge**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Atlantis/Intermediate Treatment**
Whittington Village Hall: **China Street**
York Revolution: **Warm Jets**

Saturday

Andover Country Bumpkin: **Kestral**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Yakety Yak**
Belfast St. Paul's Hall: **Positive Action / Flicknife / Voltage / LSD / The Strainz / Fairfax**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **N.W.10**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Generation X**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Lautrec**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Cosmotheka**
Birmingham Odeon: **Billy Joel**
Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **Spitfire**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Stunshot**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Rokotto**
Blackpool Norbreck Hotel: **Electrotunes**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Bombers**
Brighton Cage Skate Park: **The Vandells**
Brighton Sussex University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bristol Clifton Hill House: **Point Blank**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol University Union: **Gardez Dark/ Colour Tapes**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Stormforce**
Chelmsford College of Further Education: **Fischer-Z**
Cheltenham Gloucester College of Art: **Speed Limit**
Chichester Bishop Otter College: **Thieves Like Us**
Crawley College : **90° Inclusive / Sniff & The Tears**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Chairman Of The Board**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **Lipstick**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Doncaster Askern Spa: **Blush**
Dublin National Stadium: **Van Morrison**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Eric Bell Band**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **Nightrider**
Edinburgh Rudolf Steiner School: **Egor Daunte**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Shapiros**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Wild Horses**
Glasgow Saints & Sinners (lunchtime): **Sneeky Pete**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Gosport John Peel: **Eyes**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Executives**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Enid**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Capital Letters**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Streetband**
Hull University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / The Members**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Straight 8**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Stiff Little Fingers / Essential Logic / Robert Rental & The Normal**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Viv Stanshall**
Liverpool University: **The Pop Group / Manicured Noise / Linton Kweise Johnson**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cygnus**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Late Show**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

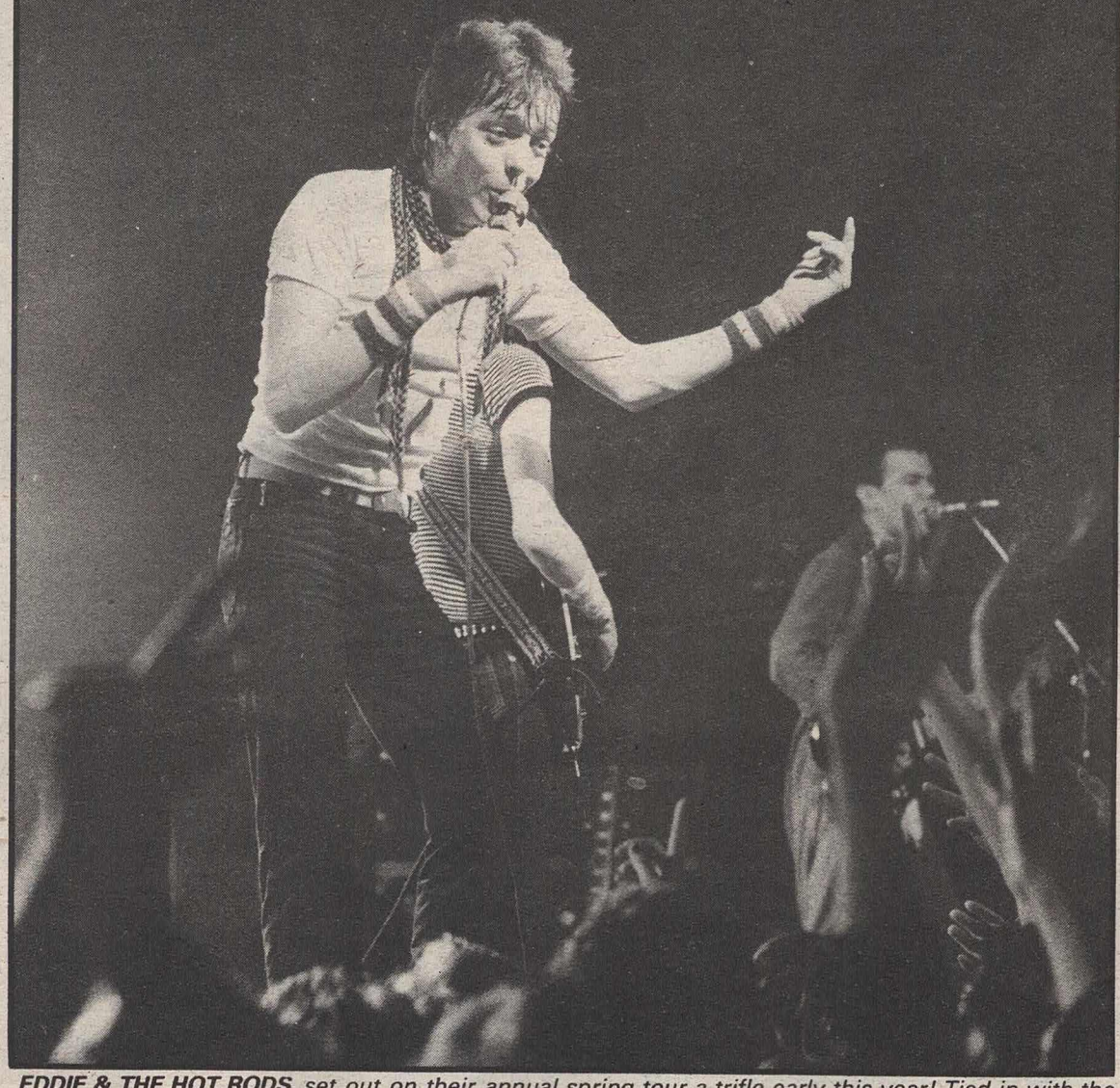
MAGAZINE *are promoting their new single 'Rhythm Of Cruelty' in a 12-date college tour opening at Brighton (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday). And Howard Devoto and the lads will be going on the concert circuit in April, when their new album is released.*

London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Funkees**
London Eltham Dutch House: **The Fridges**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Herbie Hancock**
London Hamersmith Riverside Studios: **Dan Graham**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Gang Of Four**
London News Cross Goldsmiths College: **Ian Bird Quartet / Ronnie Kissinger & The Diplomats**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Vaguely Attractive**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Canis Major**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Rednite**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jacksons**
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Walters**
London School of Economics: **'Be Limp' Package Tour**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ray Swinfield Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Chris De Burgh / Catherine Howe**
London Twickenham Technical College: **Warm Jets**
London Twickenham West London Institute: **Roy Hill Band**
London University College: **The Monos**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Apokalypsis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **London Zoo**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Nancy Kramer**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Zaine Griff**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Pressure Shocks / Pam Nestor / Gentry**
Loughborough University: **Supercharge**
Manchester Russell Club: **Joe Jackson Band**
Manchester The Devonshire: **Tanx**
Matlock Pavilion: **Quartz / Hot Water**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jigsaw**
Newcastle University: **The Young Bucks**
Northampton County Ground: **Gillan**
Northampton Nene College: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Outward Band / Understains**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **After The Fire**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Lea Hart**
Paisley TV Centre: **Chou Pahrot**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Rosyth The Club: **The Tools**
Sheffield City Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Sheffield Dial Club: **Paradox**
Sheffield University: **Lene Lovich / Fingerprintz**
Southend Minerva: **Cadillac**
Southport Arts Centre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
St. Albans City Hall: **Cheap Trick**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **The Fans**
Stevenage The Swan: **The Accelerators**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Orphan**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Radio Stars**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Wailing Cocks / Gaffa**
Woodbridge Framlington School: **Writz**
York Revolution: **Panties / Daylight Robbery**

Sunday

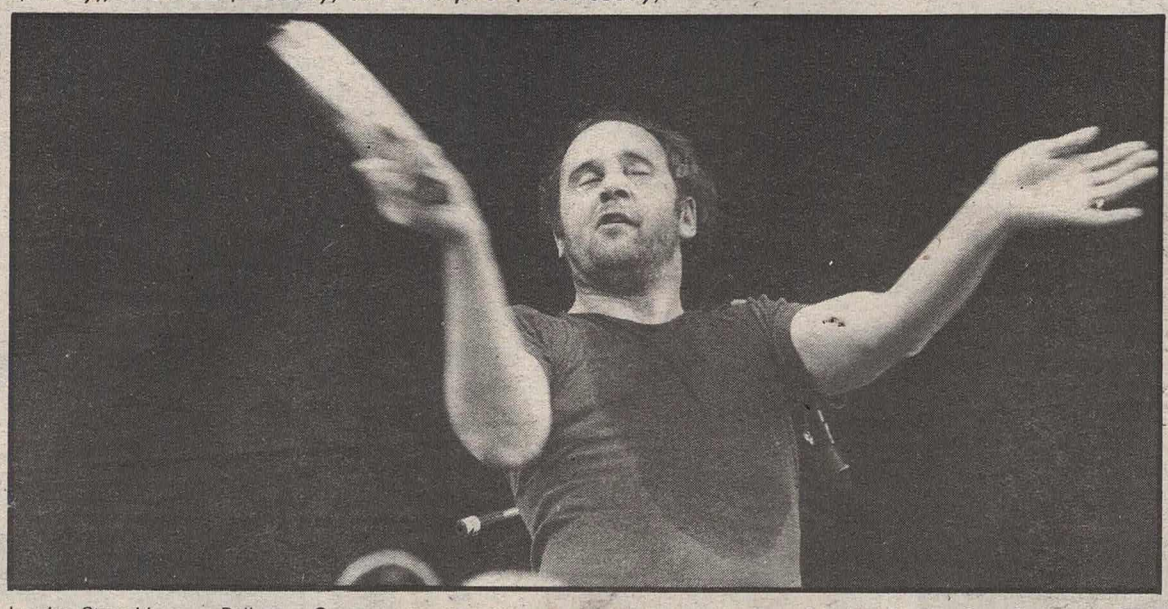
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Hillage Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings (lunchtime): **Tracks**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Billy Joel**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhall Miners Club: **The Bombers**
Cardiff Sherman Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Anniversary**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Pedestrians**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Chris De Burgh/ Catherine Howe**
Cwmbran Congress Theatre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Fife St. Andrews University: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Shapiros**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Enid**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Skin Deep**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Bobby Henry Band/Rubber Johnny**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Eric Bell Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Speed-O-Metors**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Fischer-Z**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cheap Trick/Wreckless Eric**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Jab-Jab/The Accelerators**
London Marquee Club: **The V.I.P.'s / Little Bo Bitch**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lea Hart**

GIG GUIDE STRIKES AGAIN



EDDIE & THE HOT RODS *set out on their annual spring tour a trifle early this year! Tied in with the upcoming release of their album 'Thriller', and supported by The Members, they play Bath (Thursday), Reading (Friday), Hull (Saturday) and Redcar Sunday). The picture above was taken at their last London gig just before Christmas.*

ROGER CHAPMAN *(below), the former Family and Streetwalkers linchpin, undertakes his first-ever solo tour with his new backing band The Shortlist. First dates are at Oxford (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).*



London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Generation X/The FallThe Mekons**
London S.W.4 The Larkhall: **The Fridges**
London Tooting The Castle: **Rednite**
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Acker Bilk Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Kathy Stobart**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Royal Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **C. Cyclops & The Cage**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Trademarked Newman**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Jacksons**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Dave Cousins**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Foggy/Tickawinda**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Alan Price**
Southport New Theatre: **Michel Legrand**
Stockport The Brookfield: **Tanx**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Slade (for a week)**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Paradox**
Wigan Casino: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**

Monday

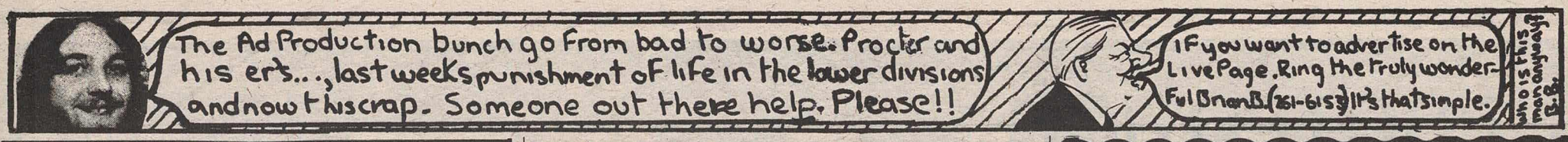
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Cardinal Wiseman School: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Birmingham Crown & Cusion: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Birmingham Night Out: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Bradford Metro Inn: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Brighton Sussex University: **Magazine**
Cambridge University: **Radio Stars**
Canterbury Odeon: **The Enid**
Chester Smartyz: **Tontrix**
Dublin Olympia: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Exeter Routes: **Lena Lovich / Fingerprintz**
Farnborough Technical College: **N.W.10**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Johnstone Cochrane Hotel: **Chou Pahrot**
Lancaster University: **Darts**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **The Bombers**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Tragician**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Chris De Burgh / Catherine Howe**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Teardrop Explodes**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Exzibitor**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Psychadelic Furs / The Flys**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Warm Jets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Local Operator**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Big Deal**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Van Morrison**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Young Bucks / Pinpoint**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Bumpers**
London Marquee Club: **Reggae Regular**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **David Stuart Ryan**
London Putney Half Moon: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Billy Joel**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Terje Rypdal Group / Neil Ardley's 'Harmony Of The Spheres'**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Resistors / Charge**
London Tottenham The Fox: **Flying Saucers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Vipers / Split Screens**
London W.14 The Kensington: **First Aid**
Newark Bowling Green: **Art Failure**
Newport Pagnall The Cannon: **Dave Cousins**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Wiseman / C. Cyclops**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **Viv Stanshall**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Sheffield City Hall: **Average White Band / Inner Circle**
Trowbridge Village Pump: **Steve Cooper**
Warrington Carlton Club: **The Fall**
West Bromwich Sandies Club: **Gerry & The Pacemakers (for a week)**
York Barge Club: **Defunked**

Tuesday

Birkennead Hamilton Club: **Wild Horses**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Fischer-Z**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Paradox**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **Funktion-/Lautrec**
Birmingham Odeon: **Chris De Burgh/ Catherine Howe**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Extras**
Brentwood Hermit House: **Harvey Andrews**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Radioactive Spleens**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Executives**
Canterbury Odeon: **Billy Connolly**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Shades**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: **The Dooleys**
Coventry Bulls Head: **Armpit Jug Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Michel Legrand**
Glasgow Glen Douglas: **Sneeky Pete**
Glasgow School of Art: **Company**
Leeds Fan Club: **Cheqs/Neuroes/The Toys/The Restricted**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Leicester University: **Magazine**
London Camden Brecknock: **London Zoo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Members**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lip Service**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Van Morrison**
London Marquee Club: **The Records**
London Maunkberry's: **The Voice Squad**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Writz**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Kestral**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Harper — Denny Wright Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Ronettes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **U.K. Subs/The Nobodys**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Piranhas/The V.I.P.'s**
Manchester University: **Viv Stanshall**
Newcastle City Hall: **Darts**
Norwich Cromwells Club: **Gonzalez**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Gillan**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Enid**
Plymouth Metro: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**
Salford University: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Sheffield University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **N.W.10**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
York Barge Club: **Brownie Dyke**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Belfast Queen's University: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Brooklyn**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Lesiure Centre: **Topaz**
Bournemouth Maison 2: **The Jags**
Bradford University: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Molesters**
Cardiff Troubadour: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Cardiff University: **Darts**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: **The Dooleys**
Clydebank Atlantis: **Sneeky Pete**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Dawlish Grand Hotel: **Fischer-Z**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Company**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Darts**
Ilford Oscar's: **Dog Watch**
Liverpool Eric's: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/ Catherine Howe**
Liverpool University: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **First Aid**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Sinceros**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Out To Lunch**
London Camden Music Machine: **Grand Hotel**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **UXB**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Enid**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Eyes**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Eric Bell Band**
London Maunkberry's; **Eric Roberts Band**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Max Jones All-Stars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Vipers/Wild Life**
London University Collegiate Theatre: **Dave Cousins**
London Victoria The Venue: **Joe Jackson Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight: **Angletrax / The Stilettos**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Big Chief**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Gaffa**
Mountain Ash The Palace: **Zaine Griff**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bad Company**
Newport Stowaway Club: **The Skids**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Beast**
Oxford New Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band**
Petersfield HMS Mercury: **Yakety Yak**
Plymouth Circus Tavern: **Flying Saucers-/Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs/Steve Hooker Band/The Vicars**
Scampton Flying Bowman: **Pressure Shocks**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Leon Rosselson/Roy Bailey (for three days)**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Immigrant**
Southampton University: **Radio Stars**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Those Naughty Lumps**
Wakefield Speakeasy: **The Issue**
Windemere Folk Club: **Steve Cooper**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Magazine**
Worthing The Balmoral: The Tinsels
Wrexham The Jolly Tavern: **The Accelerators**
York Barge Club: **Best Friends**
York Pop Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
York Revolution: **The Drones**


The Ad Production bunch go from bad to worse. Procter and his er's..., last weeks punishment of life in the lower divisions and now this crap. Someone out there help. Please!!
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Saturday March 3rd MAGAZINE

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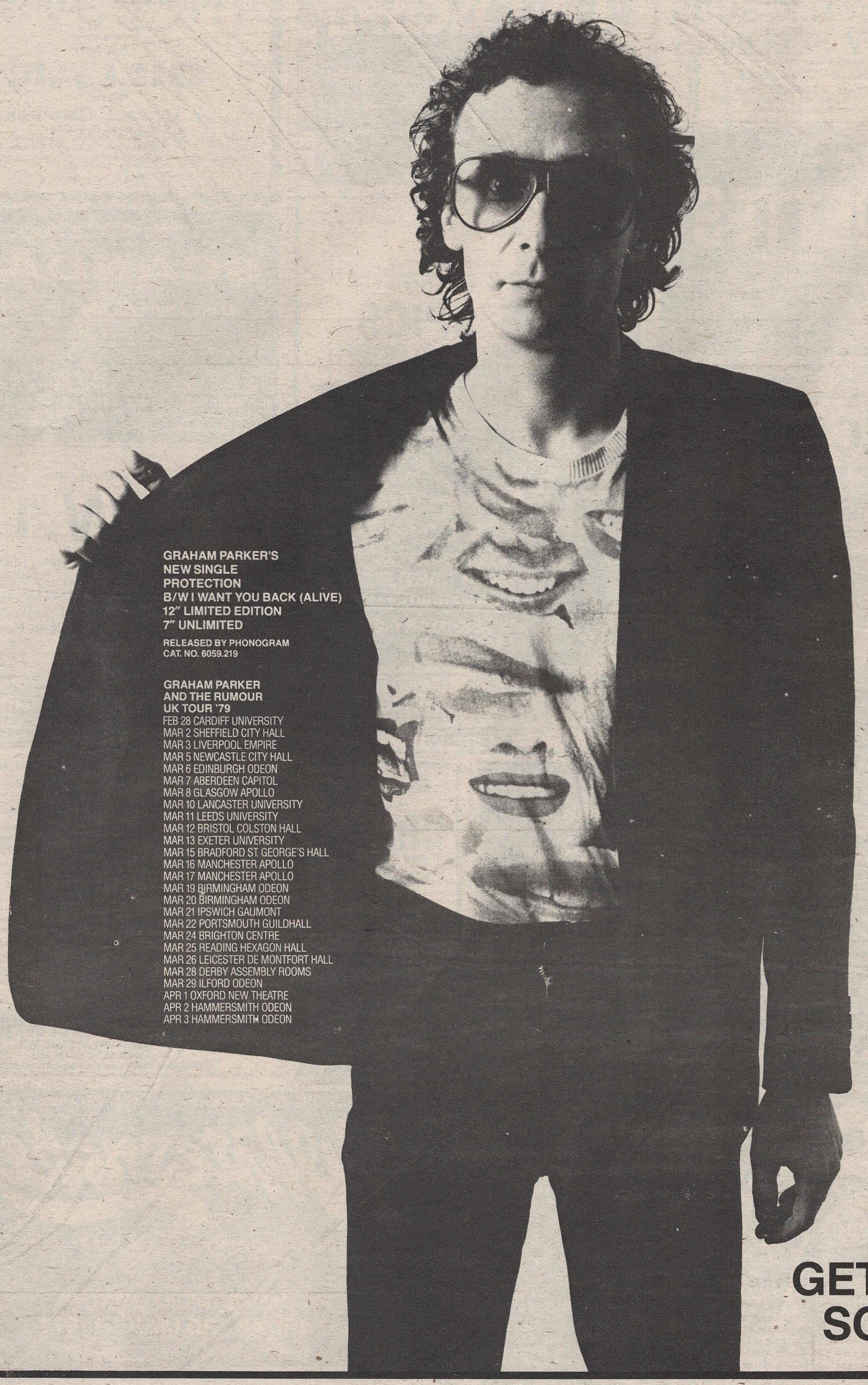

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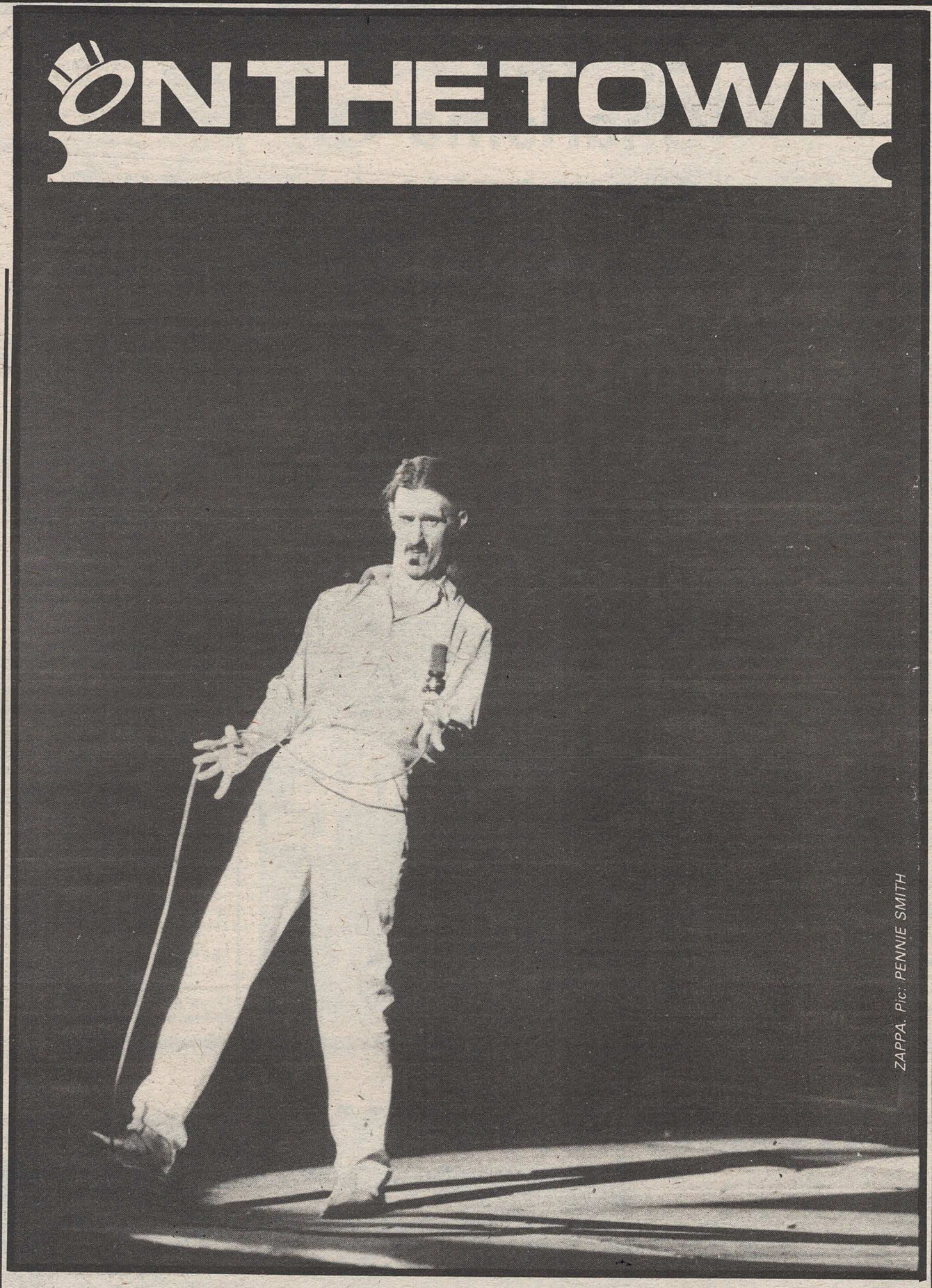

ZAPPA. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

A tasty change from so-so soup

Frank Zappa

Hammersmith Odeon

In the late '60s, Zappa's crusty operettas were known to warp impressionable young minds, while striking chords of primal panic in the ranks of the morally stable.

By '74 ('Apostrophe'), the Mudshark, the Poodle and all other spectres from his fetid fantasias no longer outraged, they merely amused. Despite his insidious comtempt for the lame-brained, hung-up geeks that he reckoned constituted his audience, Zappa's seedy demeanour had lost its 'reactionary' stamp.

On stage for this year's panto in nasty pink shirt, buckled sandals and shapeless white strides, he cuts a perversely tame figure. The shock/horror mystique has long since been replaced by 'total control'.

Perched on a stool, tapping a toe, coffee and king-size in hand, he clicks a finger and the band shift gear like a programmed computer. He wanders out front, hand in pocket, marshals the crowd to stand up or "be sedentary" ("in normal circumstances I'd call this audience participation") and the whole place shifts as one.

Apart from a change of bassist and an added guitar (making four in all), it's the same band as he used for Knebworth last year. They're formally introduced as Peter Wolf and Tommy Mars (keyboards), Vince Cacaiuta (drums), Ed Mann (percussion), Denny Walley (guitar) and the excellent Ike Willis (guitar and floppy knitted hat), who supplies many a fine idiot vocal when Frank is resting up.

They play a non-stop stunning three hour show which, according to the set list, totals 22 numbers. Mostly, it continues Zappa's precision jazz/rock workouts, balanced by his overtones of clever, caustic cynicism and effortless drollery. Merely glance at the cover of his new album 'Sheik Yerbouti' — FZ swathed in a mail-order djelabi — and you'll get the drift.

He walks a thin line between the ageing tackiness of his sagas and the sheer complexity of his music; to over-indulge in either, as he has proved in the past, amounts to extreme tedium. But neither can be called 'experimental' anymore, they're just extensions of his own commercial formula.

In fact, comparing his earliest offerings ('I Ain't Got No Heart' and 'Brown Shoes Don't Make It') with the latest ('Jumbo' and 'Why Does It Hurt When I Pee?'), it's clear that his lyrics have never veered much from the gross and narrow. But he keeps the smut count low by underplaying the theatrics, using the band's Disneyland sound effects to highlight the absurdity of the songs.

They're all paced out perfectly to dilute the extended jazzy instrumentals, varying from the ultra-disco 'Dancing Fool', the sublime 'Peaches En Regalia' (with a new reggae inflection), to the ridiculous 'Cosmik Debris'.

Just when they wind up the Nanook section ('Don't Eat The Yellow Snow' and 'St. Alfonzo's Pancake Breakfast') and the act seems under control, Zappa starts leafing through a book that someone's handed him from the front row. He looks *delighted*. It's passed around the whole band, who all crack-up in hysterics. We're treated to an extract — a clinical aid to the canine birth process, advising the use of sterilized scissors.

In normal circumstances, I'd call it weird. In this case, you *know* it makes sense.

Mark Ellen

Kevin Coyne

Royalty Theatre

Afterwards, scraping through the snow, a friend remarked that one of two other Kevin Coyne sets he'd seen had concluded with the frustrated artist throwing his chair out *at* the audience. *Chop chop.*

Coyne has become relatively mellow of late, optimistic even, and the cause for this is caught in last year's 'Dynamite Daze': *"Oooh, little punks come out to play!"* At the Royalty he dedicated 'Brothers of Mine' to John Lydon, explaining that Rotten "certainly changed the face of something for me." Ah, Kev, for a lot of people.

It's now often difficult to perceive as rigorous or even reasonable quite a lot of what seemed good beat music pre-1976 — not that *that* validates criticism which persists in giving absolute priority to Observing Journalists who place their individual point of view at the origin of all evaluation. *"It's a nice place, if you're dreaming."*

Kevin Coyne is very much determined in *his* situation (his communicative capacity and practical possibility) by conditions that dominate, even, it seems, overwhelm him. The rules that come into play in live performance, for instance — active performer produces, passive audience accepts — can effectively prevent any attempted aggravation of safely strategic role-playing.

I was expecting Kev to maybe ... oh, cauterize that comfort; hoping that all those things he seems rightly or wrongly totally immersed in — guilt, anger, righteousness, pity, joy — might, like elements in a dub, crystallise, synchronise, eject, stammer, babble . . .

A Moroder-ish drum machine pulse shivers up, a seedy-looking synth-player ineffectively doodles along for five minutes to the Big Intro, that "Mr. K. Coyne Esq." Chubby and drab, the artist shuffles behind a microphone to preach sort of O'Jays style *"SAVE the world!"*

The set is divided between Coyne and drum machine, Coyne and acoustic guitar, with Zoot Money on keyboards and Jerry Decade on synth. Drum machine passages seem weak and contrived, almost exciting in *theory* when he begins to suggest something like a white, Western equivalent of Jamaican DJ talkover . . . in his version of 'Bourgeoise Dance' for instance.

But in this he seems unsure of the exact targets; unsure of which *bourgeoisie* is being lampooned; and unaware that his audience — those 'intelligent' mid-20's who were never real hippies — comprise the new middle-class: *legalise hip-Capitalism!*

Coyne and guitar: songs like 'Araby', 'Right On Her Side', 'Brothers Of Mine', 'Oggy's Song' are familiarly vulgar, with primitive chording, croak and scramble around loud words, gasps and squeals; it's just a bit *too* familiar and obvious; no question of audience or performer being at all tested or tried.

This was even more so when the other instruments were introduced, employing *all* the same old riffs, vamps, fills and frills: a *"nightmare boogie-one"* indeed.

The only moment when something scathed through, like a samurai blade through rice paper, was in 'Having A Party' off the new album, when the song shifted dramatically (yes) from general to specific: *"If you want to be a Pop Star . . . like Sid Vicious!"* This got giggles from the stalls, sharply stopped by a kidney punch, a seething *"Poor Sid . . . It must never happen again"*.

Shocks for the rest of the evening came mainly from jokes or jokey behaviour, mostly the northern (Les Dawson?) organic volubility type. The shock of something beautiful breaking wind, essentially. There's a lot of Dawson about Coyne, right down to the references to his mother — "a Zeppelin for me through the years."

A comfy night of humanism, with Kevin Coyne, a mumble and stamp, bother and strum about. The theatricality was muddled, the targets obscure, the threat negligible. The conclusion was *"We're all searchin' for something"*.

Afterwards, I remarked to my friend that I thought Kevin Coyne had become a Teddy Bear himself, that his mid-20's audience only have to hug him once a year to ease their consciences. It *would* be too easy to damn Coyne with his audience's complacency . . . were it not that he chose to acquiesce rather than aggravate it.

But it went *Clap clap* not *Chop chop.*

Ian Penman

KEVIN COYNE: A teddy bear? *Pic: ROB HALL.*

Human League.

Nashville

The weather might be wreaking havoc with the football programme but electronic pop group The Human League are still playing all their games bang on schedule.

The Human League are fun — a synthesiser band who owe more to Georgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte than they do to Brian Eno or Can, and who combine that with a pop sensibility the equal of Pete Shelley's, have got to have a lot going for them.

They duly proved as much with this brace of Nashville dates — their first London gigs since being totally overshadowed by the Leeds contingent of the Gang Of Four and Mekons at last autumn's Electric Ballroom Fast Product night.

But first, the bad news.

The Sheffield four-piece provide an electronic tonic that is approachable and accessible, and intentionally so. But these much-vaunted populist aspirations are prone to degenerate into a ragbag of contradictions in live performance. Sure, The Human League are still fun, but they are also one of the most puzzling bands on the electronic, uh, circuit.

Example one: they have been at pains to emphasise the 'human' elements in their music but, on stage, vocalist Phil Oakey, and synthesizer operatives Martyn Ware and Ian Marsh are all classic deadpan non-performers. They appear far more serious than they really are. And again, you can't help but feel that the group's attendant visual show — a series of slides projected onto two screens at the back of the stage by technician Adrian Wright — acts largely as a prop, compensating for the lack of visual excitment coming from the actual stage itself.

Example two: the pre-recorded backing tapes used onstage leave the band little room for improvisation or even minor changes in the running order of their set.

To an extent, The Human League live are a case of admirable intentions that don't quite bridge the manifold limitations of the chosen instruments.

Still (and here's the good news), it would be a grave disservice to them to over-emphasise problems which, after all, are not insurmountable.

I like The Human League for their songs, their dry satirical, earthy humour and the audacity of their cover versions.

It's in the songs that the League score most heavily over their colourless peers. Each composition has a definite shape and form; not one is over three minutes long; and the best usually feature exhilarating harmony vocals from Oakey and Ware.

And then there's the covers — three altogether and all done with a healthy respect for the original versions, using but not abusing. The sheer excellence of their 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling' has already been well documented in these pages, but it was the double-headed encore of Gary Glitter's 'Rock And Roll' and the Iggy Pop/David Bowie song 'Nightclubbing' that was the better received.

Crossover potential, I think they call it — of which The Human League have plenty.

Adrian Thrills

McGuinn, Clark and Hillman

The Venue

Ah, but you were so much younger then, younger than yesterday . . . and that is the whole truth so help me God.

As it is McGuinn, Clark and Hillman (but let's call 'em The Byrds for old times sake) have only themselves to blame for entering into yet another hopeless prima donna reformation with such an evident lack of conviction that I couldn't even make the trouper charge stick. The results were predictably painful.

Obviously there are those of us who regard The Byrds (circa '65-'69) as legit claimants to the ultimate title of rock and roll greatness; but what was this shit?

Gene Clark assumed the mantle of stage buffoon, exhorting the audience to clap along and mug the chorus for 'You Ain't Goin' Nowhere', while Roger McGuinn would frequently reassure the audience they were "beautiful, we really love ya".

The evening started out as a nightmare as they played a selection of the guff from the new Capitol record. Utter bemusement all round, what depths of self-depravation have they reached? Here's McGuinn looking sullen and bored with his Rickenbacker turned down low, strumming some dumb rhythm chord while someone else gets to play lead guitar.

For 50 minutes the spectacle was too depressing with Hillman and the surrogate picker (no Clarence White) getting off on each other, and Clark was on the lam with some acoustic folderol of little substance McGuinn — who invented one brand of psychedelic pop-rock only to find The Eagles and CS & N make a profit out of it — had to stand there justifying his own contributions to popular schlock. What irony.

But he *still* had it there to blow you away, which eventually he managed to do for the final 20 minutes.

'So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star' and the double *piece de resistance* 'Eight Miles High' plus 'Feel A Whole Lot Better' showed McGuinn still knows how to reach the ecstatic heights. Nostalgia be damned; the solos and the sound of singing sunshine remained intact. 'Mr Tambourine Man' in 1979 was just alright, not as embarrassing as Dylan or Baez singing 'Blowin' In The Wind' but equally irrelevant.

McGuinn has contributed hugely to our rock heritage, but unfortunately he was eager to please the whim of a crowd who probably spend their time easy-listening to Dire Straits or The Jam if they're hip.

What a drag it was to see McGuinn squander his genius in a hamburger parlour where the sound of chinking glass was louder than he was, to know what he's got is lying dormant. I could have cried, except the finale almost made the abomination that preceeded it worthwhile.

Max Bell

All The Charisma Of Memorex

A HUMAN. *Pic: CHRIS HORLER*

Jabula Immigrant Mayibuye The Realists

Camden Town Hall

The first Anti-Apartheid Movement benefit gig went off successfully, despite a good deal of attendant chaos.

Despite these factors, the evening was a triumph because of some excellent music and an overall atmosphere of solidarity.

It began inauspiciously with The Realists (of 'I've Got A Heart' fame). They played a set of loud, melodic, undistinguished pop which left me unmoved and seemed out of place with the purpose of the concert (officially titled "A Spectacle Of Sight And Sound In Solidarity With Southern Africa"), though this could be because they were a late replacement for Red Rinse.

Things warmed up with Immigrant. They began stiffly

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but by the end of their set the aisles were packed with beaming, dancing crowds.

A group composed of white Zimbabweans and black West Indians, they chiefly play reggae songs about Southern Africa, which is a strange cultural mix. But their raw, punchy reggae certainly excites; while the political perspective of songs like 'Exile', 'Rivers Of Blood' and 'One World' provides a necessary alternative to the religio-sexist excesses of Rastafarianism.

Jabula's version of township jazz is a cooler, more delicately complex music, but a brass section of trumpet and saxophone gave it an abrasive edge. Julian Bahula's brief solos on the malombo drums drew ecstatic applause; and the source of Lucky Ranku's unique tone is an acoustic guitar which he electrified himself in South Africa — where there's an unofficial government ban on electric instruments on the grounds that rock'n'roll is part of a world-wide communist conspiracy to undermine white rule. The sooner the better.

Jabula's short set was followed by an even briefer one by Mayibuye, who are the Cultural Unit of the African National Congress.

A vocal group who sing short exclamatory phrases in several African languages, they left me cold. But I'm not a South African exile; and Mayibuye speak directly to people involved in that struggle. They don't seek to entertain, but to exhort and encourage with shouts of defiance and solidarity.

Doubtless they perform a valuable political function, but their aesthetic appeal is nil and to an English rock writer in Camden Town Hall they seemed dull and a little puzzling. Surely music needn't be artistically barren before it can be politically effective?

Graham Lock

The New First Lady Of Stiff

Sweet successor. *Pic: ROB HALL*

Lene Lovich Fingerprintz

Bedford College

With Success City just a kiss away, Lene Lovich needs a duff band like she needs varicose veins. But, her own bravura performance apart, on this evidence the current operation is about as seaworthy as the Titanic.

As theatre, though, it was fine. Announced as "The First Lady of Stiff (wait till tell Rachel), Lene flounced on like Dickens' Miss Haversham in a Raymond revue, Valentine heart pendant bobbing among yards of black lace. The Lady is a different class, as 'Monkey Talk' soon showed.

From staccato riff and jungle noises to lurching, Junior Choice swingalong and back, few others could have brought it off: *"Monkey see, monkey do/Monkey want to talk to you . . ./Men and monkeys all are we/Swinging through eternity"*. Charles Darwin was never like this.

The Lovich sax is soon in evidence, her voice flowing like a continuation of her solo on 'Writing On The Wall'. Her control of voice, instrument and body are already apparent — flamboyant yet strangely asexual and detached; she's a sort of rock'n'roll Dietrich, without being aloof.

But whereas previously The Sinceros' Ron Francois and Bobbi Irwin had the snap necessary for Lene's eccentric tempos, Lenny Meade (bass) and Ben Overhead (drums) are way out of their depth. Fellow new boy Phil Ramocom, Funkadelic-cool in bowler and huge round shapes, also fails to impress, bar some florid piano on 'Too Tender To Touch'.

'Momentary Breakdown' is nearly just that and even Les Chappell's whiplash rhythm guitar is affected. His oddball solo on 'Sleeping Beauty' is barely adequate, while 'Lucky Number' — currently bubbling under, as they say in the business — finds him downright subdued.

Yet the students went potty, joining in a hilarious PT routine on 'Say When', and were totally dissatisfied with a solitary encore. Ms Lovich is simply A Star, fusing disparate traditions into an inspired whole.

Despite her Slavic origins, she has a Gallic tendency to flit from the playful to the impassioned. On 'Tender' and Nick Lowe's melodramatic 'Tonight', for instance, the spirit and quavering vibrato are pure Piaf. Forget the band: the Stiff-equals-Dung snipers are living on borrowed time. Ultimately, like the Upminster Kid, Lene Lovich reasserts the compatibility of fun and food for thought. Don't settle for less.

If there's a better two-guitar line-up than Jimmie O'Neill and Cha Burnz in circulation, lead me to it. These two, plus Jimmie's excellent songs, form the core of Fingerprintz.

'Fingerprintz' (the song) is a grinding, claustrophobic mini-masterpiece — their very own 'Cold Turkey', no less; Step Lang's stuttering, incoherent vocals menaced by guttural, clashing guitars over Bob Shilling's taut, insistent drums.

While Thin Lizzy base their pyrotechnics on early '70's rifferama, these boys are dragging the concept into the '80's with '60's economy and discipline. Confused? See them for yourself.

Harry George

Dave Lewis Band

Riverside Studios

Glad you could make it past the title.

Agreed, the Dave Lewis Band is not the zippiest of names, but quite simply, they're a band defined by the personality of frontman, singer and writer, Dave Lewis himself. And, as such, it would be a pity to overlook this outfit.

There can't be many better groups inside the mainstream of 'class' traditional rock, nor many people with Lewis' compelling vision. His hard-knock romanticism is reminiscent of Van Morrison (a fellow Belfast cowboy), or at times Bruce Springsteen, yet at the same time entirely personal.

The songs gain extra potency from the back-up. Ex-Family drummer Rob Townsend is capability in person, while Stan Smith and Derek Beauchamin add distinctive guitar and keyboard lines. Completing the line-up is token tall person Charlie McCracken, formerly bassist with Taste, now bassist with taste.

And icing the cake tonight are Davey on congas and formidable saxist Raff Ravenscroft of 'Baker Street' legend.

Lewis himself is a raffish, enigmatic character. Hair-greased and bleary-eyed, he sings songs of optimism and romance, like 'Keep A Little Sunshine' and 'Open Up Your Heart If She Comes Knocking On Your Door'.

He gives a no-frills show: solid-funk soul or straight-ahead rock'n'roll, a couple of country touches, lyrical and tight. It's a rich mixture, aptly encapsulated in 'Whole Lot Of Something Going On'.

The Dave Lewis Band aren't pushing out any musical frontiers; they're doing fine just where they want to be. . .in the heartlands.

Paul Du Noyer

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WELCOME

It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that Sting

The Police
The Resistance

Leeds

No gumshoe alive could ever have suspected that The Police were going to turn out this good.

Towards the climax of their set, when a posse of punters rushed the stage in tribute to Sting's remarkable likeability, it certainly seemed like one or more name had to be added to the short-list of meaningful new bands thrown up over the last couple of years. The neo-Brinsley Schwarzian element in The Police was inevitably to the liking of those responsible for promoting the gig.

From the Poly's point of view, the deal had indeed been a fair cop.

The Resistance were hardly any less likeable, though not very liked. Exponents of melodious, capricious tunes, sung with feeling by mohaired Mark Darmon, and consolidated by bassist John O'Leary and drummer (is he still only 15?) Martin Saunders, they were up against it here.

Another band with a new wave Doors orientated sound, they knew what they were doing (even if the punters didn't) and their time will surely come. Ironic jeers greeted their last number, and understandably, they weren't in any hurry to encore for the handful of vigilantes who recognised them as more than lost sheep.

The Police were in a differnt league if only beacuse two-thirds of them know the rock'n'roll game inside-out. They're an ambitious band with an ideal line-up of three complementary tunesters, the two old hands Andy Summers (ex-Coyne appendage) and the fully air-conditioned Stu Copeland backing with great verve the unhinged psyche of Sting, who would otherwise probably be in for one laugh too many.

Of course, Sting is the star. He fancies his cool, he calls the shots, plays fretless bass, panders to the pogoers, pertinently ad libs (it takes homework to know about the pea factory in Hunslet), camps around, busts strings (and plays without them) and strikes up chats with punters down from Middlesborough.

Supreme showmanship aside, Sting is also in possession of a very useful voice (often reminiscent of Andy Fairweather Low's), well-employed on the BeBop 'n' Holla-ish 'Hole In My Life', 'Can't Stand Losing You' and the highlight, the definitive 'Roxanne' ("number 84 in the American charts — with a bullet").

The band justify their frugal line-up, echoes and other heterogeneous electronic effects filling out the gaps not filled by extra humans: Summers occasionally gets his rocks off extolling the merit of meaty lead on the border of heavy metal.

Successful experimenters with rhythm, and in essence an intelligent force, The Police are at their best when they gamble, as with the dub of 'Roxanne' and 'So Lonely'. They are very definitely one band which deserves to have got thus far alive and well, and they'll survive because they have what appears to be the beginnings of an ongoing attitude, and because — superficial new wave trappings apart — they're essentially mainstream rockers looking outward, rather than phoney extremists looking in.

Their current image is the sole peccadillo: maybe Sting could score a wig. Otherwise, they have what it takes, they know it, and so will you.

Emma Ruth

MONEY: Pic. GEORGE BODNAR

Eddie Money

The Venue

"And this one's for Eddie Money, 'cos we think he's fucking great," support band The Business announce. And Eddie reciprocates when his turn to hammer out that 'good ol' rock 'n' roll' comes round. There's a great deal of *cameraderie* around here, and not much else.

Should have known from the recent single what to expect — an out-dated strain of R &R, a mixture of hard, driving monotony and softer, slower lullabies. Eddie Money sings safe and conventional mainstream rock with splashes of what he hopes is bizarre behaviour, dragging in sex and drugs in the form of over-bloated Rod Stewart antics accompanied by the guttural vocals.

So he rushed in brandishing a tambourine, swiftly exchanged for the harmonica on 'You Can't Keep A Good Man Down'. The rest of the time he gave his full attention to vocals.

"And this is dedicated to all my frens at CBS," he said, introducing 'I Wanna Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star'. How cute, but he'll fail with these weak songs, cliched lyrics, unimaginative arrangements and careless playing by his six-piece.

'Call On Me' , another slow melody, promised well, but got no further than repetitive indulgence. I was relieved when he got off the 'phone and consoled himself with 'Baby I'm A Fool'.

'Baby Hold On To Me' — the song which brought him "off the streets (and the beat) to the hotels" — is probably his best; flowing, practised (obviously) and catchy — another juke-box puller.

Most of the material from the first and second albums is similarly uncomplicated, but even the penny-pushers' will tire of it. That's what you get for mindlessly churning out over-exploited, pretentious, commercial R & R.

Deanne Pearson

The Head Boys

Edinburgh

Just in case those of you with a morbid nature have been wondering what kind of a moneyspinner good old RSO have been planning for you after those wonderful films of theirs, here's your answer — The Head Boys.

Not quite your worst fears confirmed but close enough: four Edinburgh studio musicians who've secured a major deal without a gig to their name and armed only with a tape of 24 songs, all with strong airplay potential. The Head Boys could have had their pick of labels, such was the demand, but the RSO bag fits them like a glove.

They're four in number — Davey Ross (drums), George Boyter (bass), Calum Malcolm (keyboards) and this year's John Cooper Clarke lookalike, Brian Lou Lewis (guitar). Together they write and play a squeaky clean brand of pop-rock with one advantage — a sense of humour (any band signed to RSO that sings 'Money' has *got* to have a sense of humour) — and at least two disadvantages.

The first of these is their, ahem, gimmick of school uniforms. (Head Boys — geddit?) This looks just as stupid as it sounds. What slim chance they had left of a favourable reception from anyone with any semblance of grey matter promptly vanishes on encountering the juvenile crap served up as lyrics. After songs about schoolgirls, long white socks and mummy's boys, the nadir comes with a song about, wait for it, farting ('Jack The Ripper', would you believe).

At the end the band expose bums to the audience, make rasping noises and lob toilet rolls into the crowd. A new low in entertainment, anyone?

But the songs are quite good; simple, tight and catchy. Just the job for a series of hit singles that you may find yourself humming in unguarded moments. There are even a couple of really strong numbers in there, especially 'Breakout' and 'Take It All Down', though most songs also have an irritating tendency to sound like bits of half a dozen other tunes, none of which you can quite locate.

As might be expected with studio musicians, they are very proficient technically — especially Malcolm's keyboards — but have sweet-zero presence on stage. To compensate, they blast out one dollop of brainless bounce after another without relief until the listener, having searched in vain for anything of real character or substance, begins to develop what we analysts call consumer resistance.

Still, I'm reluctant to trot out the "Head Boys Suck — Official" captions just yet as the band clearly have a lot to learn, especially about live work. If they could grow up somewhat and maintain the raunch of their first and last numbers, then I dare say there's room for another Motors somewhere.

Let punishment commence!

Ian Cranna

Little Bo Bitch Sucker

Marquee

Straight off the squash courts and into the Marquee may be an odd way to spend your Sunday, but the blonde singer of Sucker projected just that air of clean-cut exertion.

So fresh, so innocent — the whole band, as a matter of fact, were obviously Marmite babies before the hankering for ugly, draughty music halls set in.

There was the obligatory naughty bit of course, yet another tirade against rock'n'roll journalism. But I didn't catch all the words as I was too busy learning to lip-read throught the microphone distortion. A rather saucy song called 'South London Average Girl' ended the set.

Speaking as your average girl, Little Bo Bitch definitely have the edge.

Pretty boys one and all — bassist Bob Wainwright dark and leopard skinned, and vocalist Tony Watson is a treat in matching twin-set. If Teenagedom had a *Ritz* equivalent this band would be the cover stars, aimed straight at your thinking Child market, and don't forget the lip-gloss, dear.

Light, commercial ditties alternate with more menacing heavy-on-the-bass-and-drums tunes, some harmonizing guitars and the pacing is as sharp as a needle point. Somebody's working hard here, and as polished as Terry Reece, Steve Carroll and Dermot Maugham may be, one can only point the finger at former Cockney Rebel manager and chief Little Bo, Trevor Beaton.

Determined in their professionalism, this band have studied the charts, read the fashion reports and practised their instruments. And for the moment they're pretty good: a disarming nervousness keeping the pre-packaged phrase at bay.

Given more coverage and the inevitable record deal, Little Bo Bitch could become the first 19-year-old Boring Old Farts.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

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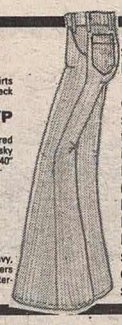

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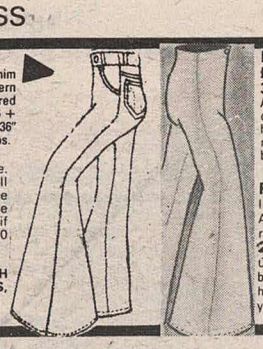

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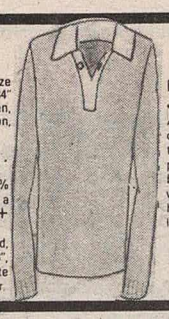

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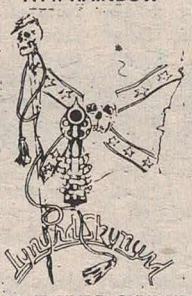

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Matthews, your pedigree Chum

Ian Matthews

The Venue

At last — the acceptable face of hip easy listening.

Granted, if I was hearing 'Shake It' sandwiched hourly between Linda Ronstadt, Billy Joel or similar, it might merge into the mush. But in Ian Matthews' set, his US smasheroo is highly palatable, part of a literate, reflective whole with an unassumingly high marrowbone jelly quota.

Matthews' voice is so unforced that a career of Crosby (not David, fool) like longevity seems his for the asking; but with an ever-present core of muscular sensitivity. Writing apart, he's the British Jackson Browne.

Despite a characteristically demure performance by him, the enigmatically-named Polaroids are agreeably looser than on last autumn's Renaissance tour, with Bob Metzger, a hulking American, replacing Phil Palmer on guitar.

'Just One Look' (not the Doris Troy/Hollies one) is downright funky, while 'Man In The Station' has acquired a long, shuffle-bump intro with ace harp from slide gutarist Joel Tepp. Stabbing clavinet (Mick Weaver) and strutting bass (Mark Griffiths) fire the latter song, well enough to obliterate memories of Pete Wingfield and Rick Kemp on the album.

Looking as dapper as ever, Ian Matthews should SPEAK UP a bit if he hopes to reach more than the converted. Sure, it's not a show for Earl's Court — thank God — but his drawl (LA out of Lincolnshire) gave The Venue's clinking glasses mimimal competition.

The seamless country-rock of Matthews' US albums blended too easily with the wallpaper. Now, Griffiths and Jim Russell (drums) stop things getting *too* tasteful. 'Payday' is a fine, chunky rocker with intriguing lyrics and some rugged guitar from Metzger. But Weaver scores again for Blighty with some lovely piano on 'Lonely Hunter', pitched against more throaty harp.

Not for dry ice or bondage fans obviously, but far more than a polite rerun of My Latest Album And Other Favourites. 'Stealin' Home' and Robert Palmer's 'Give Me An Inch Girl' *are* played pretty straight, but with the same relaxed power.

Success in the land of the megabuck has reduced the grand to the bland too often, but on this showing Ian Matthews can cope. After all, he did it *his* way.

Harry George

Crown Heights Affair

Southgate Royalty

There is a disparity between the Affair's records and their impact at this gig that is little short of tragic. How their producers can reduce such an apparently dynamic band to so mundane a level as their recent album is beyond me.

Because of the group's uneventful career since 'Galaxy Of Love', Phonogram were disinclined to ferry me to the wilds of Southgate, but I reached the gig on time anyway, thanks to a friend from a rival record company. So enthused was he by events that he'd gladly sign the group tomorrow if Phonogram are really as disinterested as they seem.

It was one of those nights when the only sensible thing to do was leap in amongst the revellers and party, so you'll get no detailed study of the group's performance from his reviewer — just a sporadic view across a crowded dance floor of a nine-piece set of black dudes in fairly typical combination: three horn players, lead and bass guitarists, keyboardist, percussionist, drummer and lead singer.

They played good, solid, funky R'n'B interspersed with a couple of powerful soul ballads; all hard and hearty stuff, a grand time was had by all (including the hip little old man who collected glasses on the off beat).

In retropspect, I guess their particular brand of boogie doesn't often transfer onto record very satisfactorily; a receptive audience is always half the battle.

Nevertheless, a visiting American soul act that not only raises a ruckus on its own behalf but also has the wit and audacity to whip several minutes of 'Hit Me With Your

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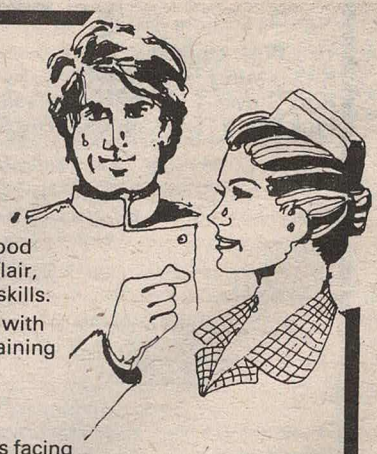

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The Records

Marquee

As proved conclusively by its scores of perpetrators, '60s-style pop has eternal appeal.

But most of the bands fail to last longer than a few months because either they can't balance ageless sentiment with a new modish stage presence, or simply because they can't write chart hits.

The Records aim for the same nostalgia market in Britain as The Rubinoos try to monopolize in the States. Both recycle basic styles, but with brasher, heavier rock overtones, and neither adhere too closely to a stereotyped visual image. I hasten to add that only rarely do the two bands sound alike, and that The Records mercifully spare us any of The Rubinoos precocious overstatement.

Will Birch (drums, ex Kursaals) formed the band a year ago with Huw Gower as lead guitarist, John Wicks on rhythm and Phil Brown, bass. They landed the prestigious break of backing Rachel Sweet on the recent Stiff Tour, also playing sets in their own right.

Accustomed now to various Stiffs joining them on stage, they've augmented the line-up for the next few dates with Ian Gibbons on keyboards

They play slick, exuberant, coasting beat music with strong Merseyside leanings. The lyrics, chirpy, idealized and deliberately bland, could well come over as consummate goo were it not for their toned-down effortless vocal styles.

They sidestep an overtly 'pop' mystique and replace it with endearing cynicism. This is no mean feat when 'Teenarama" is blessed with lines like *"Sugar Candy is all you ever eat / You're so skinny, you're so sweet"*.

The front three alternate the lead vocal, none of them with any real distinction. The result is a stable, well-paced set that accelerates but without much variation. Creamy harmonies and smooth guitars merge with Birch's beefy, manic kit thrashing into solid and impulsive rhythms.

To these ears the most engaging entries are the least commercial — 'The Man With The Girl-Proof Heart', the slower, grating 'Insomnia', and an excellent retread of that illusory theme 'Girls That Don't Exist'.

I leave assured that at least one revival beat group can lay it down straight, without insisting that they ride Lambrettas and have dates with ponytails and crimplene mini-skirts.

Nostalgia — they use it but don't abuse it. At very least they deserve a hit single.

Mark Ellen

Ronnie Paisley's Band

Glasgow

Would *you* go to see something called Ronnie Paisley's Band? That's the first problem. Names are very important.

Ronnie's from Glasgow, been playing for years: yodelling, supporting strippers and comedians, been psychedelic — done everything. His first album, 'Smoking Mirror', is just out and he *still* doesn't know what to sound like.

Variation is a wonderful thing, but it's better to be distinctive than make sampler albums. He even changes his voice for each song.

Live it's apparent Ronnie has a very powerful voice, if lacking in character, and it's unfortunate that his adequate tunes are cursed with almost actively intrusive lyrics by John Mackey.

I think Ronnie Paisley would really like to be a great visionary eccentric in the style of such great men as Syd Barrett or Lewis Furey, but you need more than silly lyrics and an esoteric range of influences to do that. Besides, his background's against him.

I mean, does Captain Beefheart even know the words to 'Ten Guitars'?

Glenn Gibson

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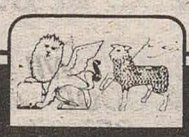

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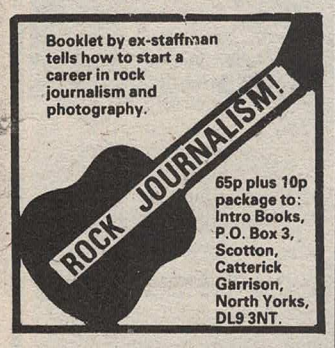

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DOLL BY DOLL

■ *From page 29*

word 'magic' as a term which anyone has an instinctive and heartfelt understanding of.

"The grievous thing is that the art or craft of rock 'n' roll has been continually distorted."

LEVEN'S definition of magic — something he believes one instinctively comprehends or doesn't — gets a practical work-out when he addresses the recent affair when, as initial support group to Devo's last British tour, the band were considered an unsuitable appendage to the headliners and, after two dates, promptly asked to leave.

Leven had high hopes about the tour itself, viewing it in terms of an amicable Devo vs Doll By Doll or, more pointedly in his frame of reference, magic (D by D) vs Science (Devo).

"It could have been the tour of the decade," he states now without any definable hint of regret, "presenting two sides of the coin to the essential human condition. But my mistake was believing that they (Devo) were serious about what they were doing. I now realise they long ago lost the ability to account for their actions."

Leven's seriousness about his own role in Doll By Doll is defined by its instigator thus:

"I personally see myself as the global idiot who can interpret to those who want to know. It's not coming from my ego though. In a very real sense, it's very de-personalised."

Without claiming to despise established forms of 'rock' — rock as simple fun, rock as outlet for frustrations etc — Leven still regards the mission behind his music in brutally self-effacing terms.

"Doll By Doll want rock 'n' roll simply to have a healthy attitude to its own inevitable decay, death and equally inevitable ressurrection."

When pressed for a more concise definition of the terms utilised, he waxes virtually enigmatic in his mode of dogmatism.

"I see it (resurrection) in terms of an escalating and relentlessly ferocious set of mind games between those who orientate themselves around us and those that don't.

"See, I believe all wars are essentially conspiracies, and myths are discredited truths. And people who believe that myths are alive don't see any connection 'twixt the image and their feelings. And it's the closing of that gap that is the greatest conflict and most critical job facing rock 'n' roll in its relation to the human race."

Does Leven see any potential co-conspirators?

"No, I don't. I see ambassadors from other camps. They have their affiliations, loyalties and a power-base, but . . ."

Any kindred annihilators then?

"I don't like the word 'annihilation'. See, we are dealing with everyday problems and realities and the fact is people don't regard that as entertainment. People can't stand to be reminded of them, which is what I find so laughable about the new wave, or should I say the axis that the new wave seems to operate on.

"I'm not looking for solutions . . . I'm just trying to point out the conspiracy which everybody knows is going on, but won't let on. I know what's going on. I've got to show those people around me — without being wilfully destructive — what am I prepared to accept. And compromise is out of the question because I don't have to compromise whatsoever because I don't need to in any way."

FITZGERALD

■ *From page 8*

challenge. And because I don't think you can criticise things unless you do them first. I thought I'd do it so I could tell what I thought about things like that."

And?

"I thought it was terrible. There was no respect for the artists involved, no kind of understanding. And there was all that trouble outside, people getting knifed. And things get like that if people don't like the situation — if you stick them in a place like Wembley Pool, which is like a glorified aircraft hanger, and expect them to get on with it. The sound was abysmal, everything was abysmal. It was a complete farce, an easy way to make a lot of money. But I found out by doing it."

"See me, feel me
Nothing but the real me"

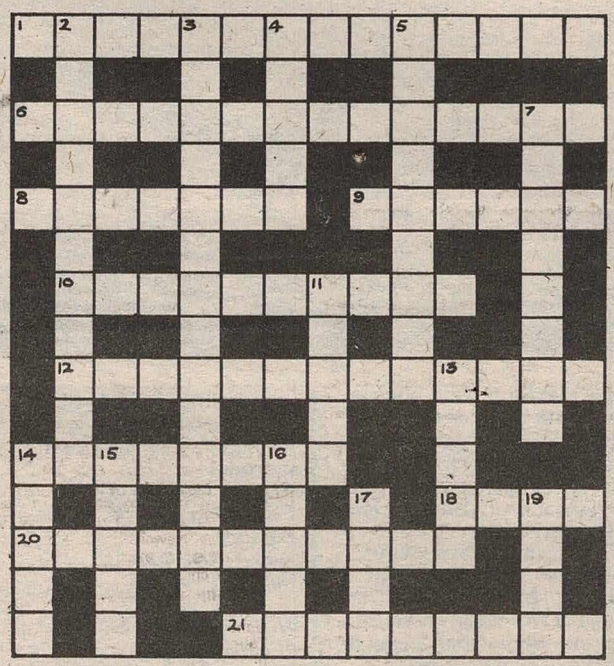
As he's just mentioned money I ask Patrik how he views the possibility of becoming rich and famous.

"I dunno. I'm still living at me mum's, and I've still got money problems. I can't honestly visualise it. I'd like to have a bit of money cos I've never had any at all before. I've never been able to buy anything I want. I ain't got big dreams for that. I'd like to be able to buy some new clothes. I haven't bought any for ages. I'm still stuck in the same old Oxfam clothes. I can't even find any I like in the Oxfam shop anymore (laughs).

"It would be nice to have a bit of money just to be able to do things. Cos I don't like the idea of getting free things. I like to actually buy what I want cos it makes me feel the same as everyone else, if you like. Cos basically I am, and always will be. I'll still be me all the time. I can't see myself turning into a Rod Steward — I'd get too guilty about it. I don't know how the man lives, I really don't (laughs). I hope he's reading this. It's his turn today (laughs). There's always somebody gotta be a target."

Patrik Fitzgerald will be 23 next month. His time is coming. He'll be rich; he'll be a target. He may even be on *Top Of The Pops.*

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Could this describe Nick Lowe's reflections on reggae in general, and Third World in particular? *(Could this be one of those crosswords? — Ed)* (4,10)
6 Bedtime tale for young Robert? Or one of those continental combos? (6,3,5)
8 Nirvana for the surfing punk! (3,4)
9 Be late and confuse a Moptop!
10 '60s Brit songthrush *(hi there Keith Fordyce)* whose gimmick was to sing in her bare feet (6,4)
12 Girls sent loon (anag. 2 words)
14 But you may have heard of his sister Ryvita! (2,6)
18 &19 Slovenly Rutle
20 Bowie's punk-prophecy LP (7,4)
21 See 7 down

DOWN

2 Alison's ex now wants a fight! (7,4)
3 HIC! MOO! BURP! (4,3,7)
4 "Drift Away" was his biggest non-hit
5 Glasgow folkie who's big in the USA (according to his publicist) (2,7)
7 & 21 Time-honoured riposte used by fans of the big beat when engaged in debate with students of classical music *(No, it's not F . . . Orf W . . k . r!)* (4,4,9)
11 Detroit rocker who chose German camouflage!
13 Every schoolkid knows the gallant one who braved the snow. This isn't him. This is the berk who sings with Daryl!
14 Megs' favourite crooner (but where was *he* in the *NME* Poll?)
15 Record container?
16 To Rods what Rocky is to Replays
17 Least would be an apter name!
19 See 18

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Billy Joel; 7 "Hejira"; 9 "Bend Me Shape Me"; 10 EMI; 11 Roy Ayers; 13 Tony (James); 14 Abba; 15 "Stupidity"; 16 "Sherry"; 17 Chaka (Khan); 19 Haile (Selassie); 21 Pips; 22 "Brandy"; 23 Spots; 24 Bethnal; 25 Tams; 26 UFO; 27 "(All) Mod Cons"; 28 Lurk (Lurkers).
DOWN: 2 "Interiors"; 3 Lindsey Buckingham; 4 Jane Birkin; 5 Esther Phillips; 6 Eagles; 7 "Happy Days"; 8 Jimmy Page; 12 Robert Palmer; 18 "Heroes"; 19 (Brian) Hyland; 20 "Exodus"; 21 (Sex) Pistol(s).

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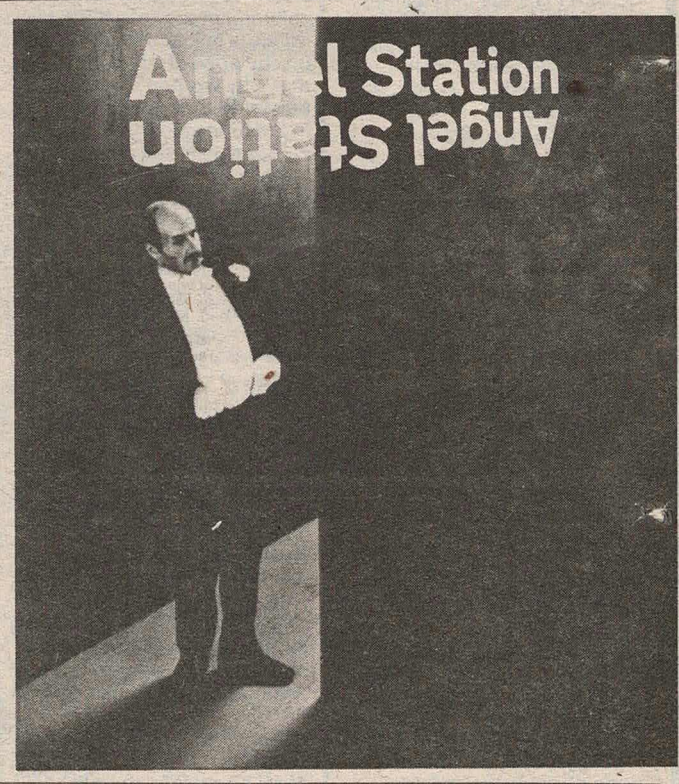
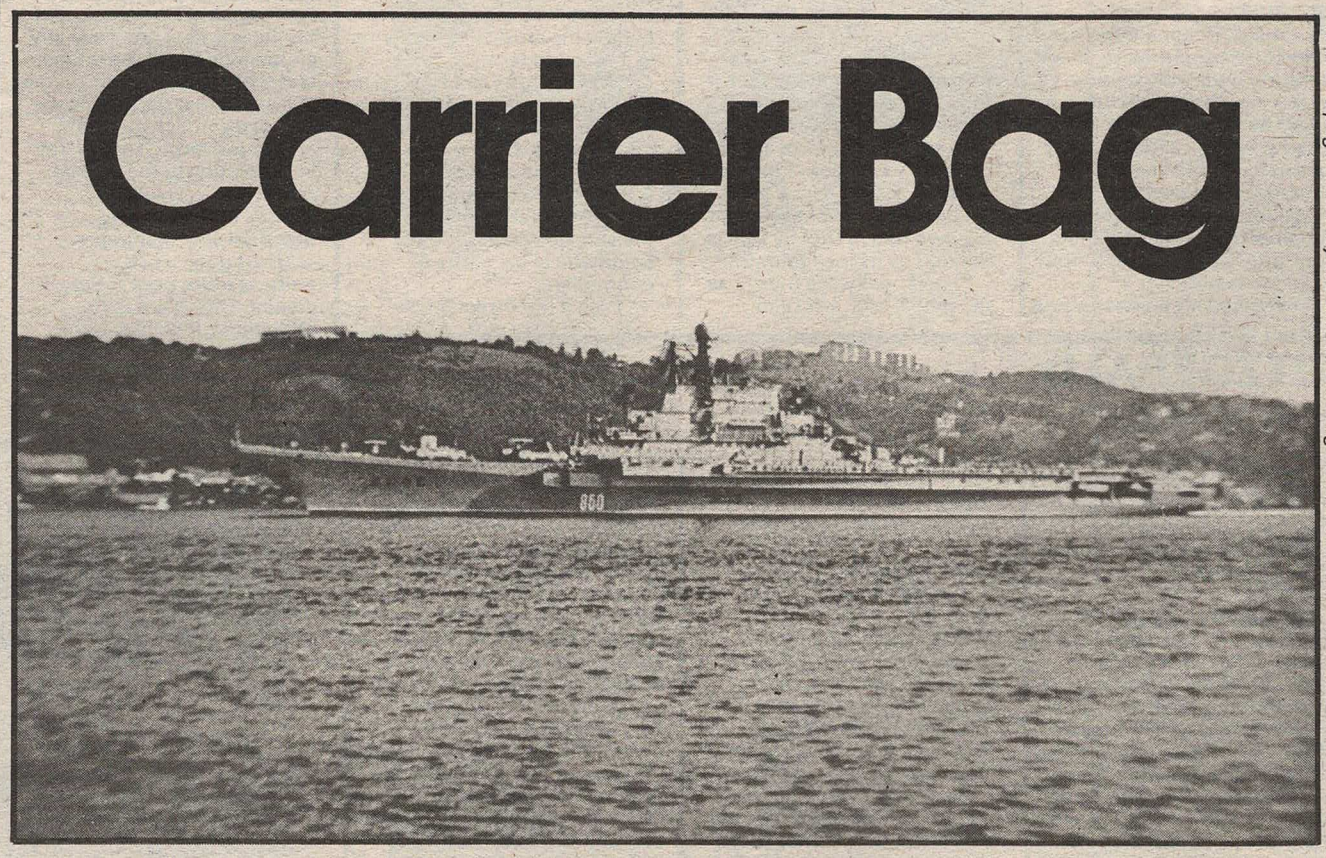


Hi, guys and gals, I'm a Harpoon anti-ship missile courtesy of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation, St Louis, Missouri. That's me down there speeding below the main pic; you can call me Harvey for short or Harv for shorter. I'm kinda keepin' a watchful eye on that Red Ruskie flat-top the *Kiev* as she slips through the Bosphorus Straits into the Mediterranean. So, enough guff, let's get down to sea level and get going with

Carrier Bag



Was this page edited by the charmless Angus MacKinnon — or what?

JUST a short line to tell you how much I enjoy the letters page in *NME* every week. Nothing about music, just good honest rubbish. I think *NME* would be a far better music paper if there was nothing about music in it at all.
GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, Pennsylvania 5600.
Mighty swell of you to wish me luck on my mission, General. May The Lord be with you wherever you are. — H The H.

I MUST commend Mr. Murray on his Soul-Stealing Photographs theory. This belief was widely held amongst primitive tribesmen in Africa ("with no capacity for abstract thought" — Martin Webster) but at last concrete evidence has been found. Good show!
Additional data: (1) The reason why movies don't work is 'cos they *move*, hence the images are more transient: the people in them are *acting*, the present-day equivalent of wearing masks to ward off evil spirits. (2) David Bowie is aware of this latter point, hence his constant role-switcheroooos, thus nullifying the effect. (3) The Residents are such a spiffy group 'cos they ain't never been photographed! (4) J. Lydon is well aware he's having his soul stolen, hence the 'No Photographer' rules at the Rainbow, the wide-brimmed hats, silly goggles . . . This policy seems to have been adopted mid-'77, when his mug was suddenly splashed over *The Sun*, etc. (5) Is this for why the shades, Charlie? (6) There is a man in Chicago who can affect the silver nitrate coating on photographic film with thought-waves (thus creating images). The reverse may also be true . . .
URS LUTH, Cwmbran.
Yeah, I can dig that, Urs. I'm sorta paranoid about anyone taking snaps of my innards myself. My shrink back on board ship tells me it's just routine neurosis, but I ain't so sure. I mean, give them Commies a printout on my in-flight telemetry and I'd be well useless. Keep those negs to yourself, boyo. — H The H.

COULD I just say here at this point that my new book, *The Sid Vicious I Knew*, is out *now* through the wacky, well known publisher, Deadstarsell.
SHAUN KEOGH, Stevenage, Herts.
Keep diggin' death, Shaun, the US Navy needs men like you. — H The H.

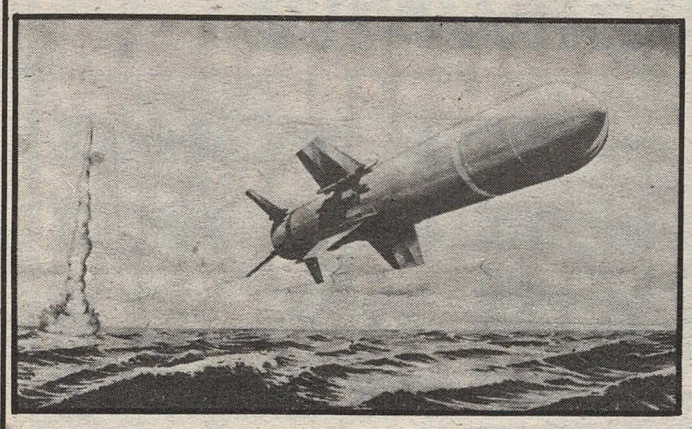
IT SEEMS rather ironical that while the *NME* can fill its pages over the years with articles on nuclear bombs, bloodsports, save-the-whale and others (all very interesting I should add), it has yet to make an equally big issue over the exceedingly appalling state of the record manufacturing industry in the UK: a topic which is most relevant to all of us who buy records at one time or another.
K. OTHAM, Chelmsford, Essex.
Jesus, you civvies have *no* sense of reality. Don't mean no offence, K., not personally, but lemme tell you it's the creeps with causes like ecology and stuff that have done down America in the eyes of the world. Sure, gimme nukes galore, but the rest — bullshit. Records? Whaaaat? Who's got time to groove to records when there's a war on. — H The H.

CAN I say that I like keeping jolly little frogs in matchboxes, and the ones that are too big are cut up into little bits and so I can get all my frogs into a nice collection. I like frogs. Mainly happy ones. I also like Ian Dury. Is this my fault?
SKUNK CYANIDE & HIS FAITHFUL MISTRESS MELANIE, Oldham.
Guess so, Skunk. I never was partial to Frenchies since they pulled out of NATO. That De Gaulle guy, what a pickled leg. — H The H.

IS IT hip / trendy / fashionable to use strokes / dashes / lines when writing to a good music paper?
AL, Stafford.
Depends on your data. My mission controller uses /'s to programme his computer profiles, but then he's a psychopath so how the heck should I know? — H The H.

SO, JEAN-JACQUES Burnel thinks it "pure entertainment" to have strippers on stage during his act. Who's he trying to kid? Isn't it also a very convenient way of selling his music (a few bodies thrown in for the price of a ticket)? Isn't that why women's bodies are plastered all over the adverts in the tube stations, strewn across cars in the motor show — because it's a good way of selling the products.
He's not the only one that wants sexual liberation — we want to enjoy sex as well: Love sex — hate sexism. But where's the fun in it for us when we have to be merely passive sexual objects? And that's the way men see us all the time — even if women do manage to become computer programmers (or, hope against hope, even rock stars) it's our bodies that men are interested in. That's what a woman's role is all about — whether we're playing the perfect mother or the faithful wife, girlfriend or sexual object — it's all about pleasing men. Well, we wanna please ourselves and we don't need Jean-Jacques to tell us how to do it.
'Fraid you're not as *risque* as you like to think, Jean-Jacques — there's nothing new about treating women as mere playthings. You're not "challenging the social order" by keeping up that ancient custom — from William the Conqueror to Hitler to Mary Whitehouse — they all wanted women in their place. We thought Punk and New Wave was new, was for everyone — everyone except women, that is. Music could be a vehicle for change but not if it's based on "Cocks and jiving and the odd bloodied nose", not if it propagates exploitation and violence towards one half of the human race (you may well argue that Stranglers' song is only about violence to *one* woman but we know of lots of others and we think it's fairly typical of what happens between men and women in our society).
That's why we have set up *Rock Against Sexism* which aims to present a positive image of women in music to promote women bands and to fight sexism and for *real* sexual liberation.
JADE & JO, London SW11.
S'alright for you two to talk. I got no sex to speak of at all. I might look kinda phallic, but all I penetrate are the hulls of enemy ships. It's a missile's life, I'm tellin' ya. — H The H.

Maritime letters sighted, intercepted and sunk by Harv The Harpoon Anti-Ship Missile



I'LL COME straight and tell you that I'm only an ignorant Chemical Engineer undergraduate. Chemical Engineers have no kulture — we don't read novels or watch Shakespeare on the tele or spel and most of all we karnt doo kriptik crosswords.
Once upon a time crosswords in the rag were not kriptik, and Chemical Engineers cud doo sum of the clues, but tymes change and krosswords become kriptik and Chemical Engineers become confused. So have a heart and print one non-kriptik crossword. Pleez.
PETE THE THICKIE, Manchester.
Limeys, always goin' ona bout schpelling. Where were you in 'Nan' — H The H.

WHO IS this Bob Williams of Chelmsford that he gets his letter printed twice? Will you print this letter again in a fortnight's time, you mad morons?
SUSAN READ (a very discerning, nitpicking type of person).
Niet — ANGOR MACKINOVITCH

WHO IS this Bob Williams of Chelmsford that he gets his letter printed twice? Will you print this letter again in a fortnight's time, you mad morons?
SUSAN READ (a very discerning, nitpicking type of person).
There, uh, seems to have been some sort of systems malfunction here — H The H.

I AM writing to you as there is only this one hope left; after reading your diagnosis last week of how modern science has managed successfully to reduce the occurrence of "cult heroes", yet still this Coyne variety survives. May I be the first to point out that I too may have found one in my *own home!* Only the other day, while examining my body for all the tell-take signs of alopecia (sp.) and ugly spots, I found a new culture on the side of my left eye and, after checking with *The Boys Own Book Of Terminal Diseases*, yes, there it was! I too was in danger! I too may be destined to become unsung, poor, but nevertheless sincere for the rest of my life.
I am desperate, but after seeing your success with the likes of Elvis Costello to name but two, I appeal to your sense of decency and fair play in this matter. If necessary I will arrive at your offices in a plain, brown paper cover.
WORRIED (MRS.) Name and address withheld by request.
Weelll, if it's any help to you, ma'am, I got a small ongoing rust situation at the root of one of my ventral fins. The medics didn't diagnose it before launch so here I am all alone over the Med on seven wings instead of eight and a prayer. Oh, God, gimme a gull or something to scratch my infection for thine own greater glory — H The H.

I WAS shown a copy of your paper dated the 3rd February with an item which completely bewildered me. You wrote that *New Style* magazine had written that our firm was having diffculty in persuading any of our authors to accept a certain assignment from Paul McCartney. The project was a film for Paul McCartney and his wife.
The facts are simple: Last year Paul McCartney's manager phoned to ask whether Willy Russell, author of the play *JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE, RINGO . . . AND BERT* might be interested in writing a screenplay for Paul McCartney and Wings. Willy Russell went to see Paul McCartney and accepted it with the greatest pleasure, and Mr. McCartney has received the screenplay this week. We are hoping very much that he will like it and that the film will be made.
MARGARET RAMSAY Play Agents Ltd. London WC2.
As my buddy Harry always sed, the fax may be simple, but the on-site analyses ain't never. Mind you, Harry went down on a *test* firing, fer Chrissakes, so don't credit him with too much homing sense — H The H.

NME is an anagram of men.
JUAN O'CROSS (Sun *Crossword addict).*
And HARPOON makes RHOAN OP. Clever dicks, us military minds — H The H.

PLEASE TELL Jean Jacques Burnel and anyone else for that matter that the SWP (Socialist Workers Party) are not "Moscow lovers". We are totally opposed to the police state regimes in the so-called Communist countries. The Socialist Revolution is needed in the cities of the East as well as The West. We support the resistance against the Russian invasion in Czechslovakia (sic). Stop tarring us with the brush of the Stalinists.
By the way, if the Anti-Nazi League is a wing of my party, does that mean that Brian Clough, Arthur Scargill or Tom Robinson are SWP members? Could somebody please collect their dues for us — we need the money. Don't talk rubbish, J-J, the ANL is supported and organised by members of many parties and no parties. The National Front is just like Mosley and the British Union of Fascists. Brick Lane is Cable Street once again.
PISSED OFF SWP MEKONS FAN, London NW6.
Fascists, socialists, balloonists, mysogynists, Marxists, golfists, hegemonists, homosexualists (copyright Auberon Waugh) and just plain ol' cysts — takes one to know one, sez I — H The H.

I READ your article on Sid Vicious and found it to be factual, straightforward and sensitive in comparison with everything else that has been written over the last few days.
Not that it's anything to do with your paper but I want to express my disgust at the extreme bad taste shown by the *Sunday People* in the picture they used on 4.2.79. Ok, so that's how the guy killed himself and I suppose they could argue that it might scare other kids off from using heroin and serve as a horrible example, but why can't they allow him the dignity of death? After all he wasn't allowed much dignity while he was alive.
STEPHANIE PERRIN, Sutton.
Heroin? Yeah, I could tell ya some stories about the Big H. Last time some guys on ship shot up, they took out a small town in Sicily with Hector, Horace and Horatio. But there ain't no dignity in death, babe, have it from one who'll know real soon — H The H.

IN A interview in *NME*, Jean-Jacques Burnel stated that the Triumph M.C. Workers Co-op was for him an example of socialism.
Just to put the record straight, socialism has nothing to do with the works. When the British motorcycle industry collapsed and Triumph went bust, dedicated workers sat in. These men believed in the machines they produced, so they got a grant and continued production, every man in the works is there for this, not socialism. Get your facts right.
A TRUE BRITISH WORKER, Burbage, Wilts.
Nice to know some of you Limey colonials check integrity, decency and the American work ethic. The burgers are on me, True Brit — H The H.
You mean True Grit, kid — JOHN WAYNE
Make that "Here's lookin, at you, kid" — HUMPHREY BOGART
Or just True Trash — BRYAN FERRY

I am totally pissed off with absolutely everything and I would like to know if anyone else reading this mag feels the same way.
FROM SOMEONE IN NORTH WALES ON THE VERGE OF SUICIDE.
Get a job, sucker. Be somethin' useful to society like me. Hey — wait a minute, my internal guidance system's OD'd on info from base. I'm screwing off course, screwing up, gonna blow my main chance, gonna miss that goddam Red ship, gonna . . . glug, glug, glugghhh — H The H.
'Bye, baby, 'bye, as you Yankee imperialists are used to say — ADMIRAL SERGEI GORSCHKOFF, C-in-C Soviet Black Sea Fleet.

T-ZERS

PLATINUM DISCS ARE FOREVER

The ILPS prefix — the right to sign acts to Island Records — was an honour. It had been earned hardly. It brought Blackwell the only assignments he enjoyed — the controversial ones (in other words, Island boss Chris Blackwell gags it up to celebrate the signing of The Slits for the lubricious lens of ace photog — and brand-new Island Art Director — DENNIS MORRIS).

HAS THIS week been wildly exciting or what? Just think — last Wednesday the triple dots got to talk to **David Bowie** and **John Lydon** in the same lunch hour and became so overwrought that they had to be carried home afterwards suffering from a severe case of nervous exhaustion.

For some reason, our wonderful national press haven't exactly gone overboard in their coverage of the **Sex Pistols** court case (that's Lydon v. Glitterbest to you), so for those of you who check *T-Zers* before reading *Thrills* (which this week contains the whole exciting scam in excruciatingly gory detail), here's the late score from the city desk. Hit it!

John Lydon dropped by the *NME* offices after the case closed clad in an exquisitely garish red towelling suit with the express intent of drinking as much of **Neil Spencer's** beer as possible, discussing things and whiling away a couple of hours, all of which was achieved quite effectively. What's actually happened is that, following the decision of **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** to become plaintiffs instead of defendants (i.e. to side with Lydon rather than **McLaren),** an official receiver has been appointed to sort out Glitterbest's affairs and assets (including McLaren's *Great Rock And Roll Swindle* movie). Both Glitterbest and Matrixbest (the film company) have been declared bankrupt, and Legs McLaren himself signed his rights over to Virgin and split to France, dejected and allegedly broke. **Steven Fisher,** a director of Glitterbest and the company's solicitor, is finding himself facing possible disbarment. Worst of all, Seditionaries failed to open this weekend.

Despite the Cook-Jones volte-face (which, as John Lydon pointed out, renders the poxy pair liable for both sides' court costs — awoah!), it seems unlikely that any sudden fit of buddy-buddyness will ensue, and Legs' fear that now that he's out of the way there'll be some sort of Sex Pistols reunion seems completely out of order, out to lunch, not on etc.

Meanwhile, the burning question of the age (or at least the first burning question of the age to crop up in this week's T-Zers): where's the money? Who's got it? How much is there? Can we have some? How do you spell **Branson?** . . .

It's much easier to spell **B-O-W-I-E.** All the assorted mediafolk who showed up at the Cafe Royale for a lunchtime photocall were ready to grab their piece of the Thin White Duck, and so they wandered about obsessively testing their flashguns and cassette machines. So obsessively, indeed, that DB (looking well hale and hearty in his tweed jacket and loose red Japanese tie) had gotten about five yards into the room before anybody even noticed he was there. Accompanied by **Sydne Rome** (his co-star in *Just A Fiasco),* he swept in most genial and they struck lotsa good poses together (including an interesting one that made them look like Siamese twins joined at the anus) before the routine gangbang Q&A sesh.

It was speedily established that the autobiographical rant-novel previewed in *Rolling Stone* the other year has been long abandoned, that a book of short stories is currently in the Bowie in-tray, and that the final album in the 'Low'/'Heroes' series features Bowie's current tour band and is provisionally entitled either 'Planned Accidents' or 'Despite Straight Lines'. He's also "back into Japan again", loves the new cut of the movie, hated the old one ("the German producers edited all the humour out of it"), stopped producing **Iggy** "because Jimmy preferred to do it himself", once again disowned his old "fascist" statements as "dumb", asked "what, no questions about sex?" and signed an autograph "Bowie '78." He was later seen looking for 1979 and finding 1980 at **The Human League's** Nashville gig, but that's another story and you'll find it in *T'rills.* Onwards. . .

Another story (again) is that **The 'Oo** are at loggerheads (again). This week's moot point is (you guessed) touring. As you know, The 'Oo are gearing up for a series of British dates, but **Roger Daltrey** wants to tour the States as well. **Pete Townshend** (as you may have guessed) differs emphatically and what are euphemistically referred to as 'Heavy meetings' are taking place. Personally, the dots reckon that America got far too much of The Who's prime time anyway. . .

This little *T-Zer* comes to you with three pink vinyl dots and a detachable sticker reading "Collectors' Item": it has been decided by the people who decide these things that if **Ian Dury's** 'Rhythm Stick' flogs a cool million — something only 24 records have ever achieved on UK sales alone — it will be deleted. Stiff Records will then be the proud owners of what affable, exquisitely-clad PR **Kosmo Vinyl** describes as "the first million-selling collectors' item". So you see it's in your interest to buy up all the copies of 'Rhythm Stick' you can lay the grubbies on. After all, the more it sells the faster it'll delete, and the sooner it deletes the sooner all those copies you bought'll become super-rare and hence extremely valuable. What are you waiting for? Race you to the record shop . . .

Rats invade London's West [illegible] dumps. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR George Bodnav

Phew! That's 25 safely stashed in the time capsule. Incidentally, I.D. has taken to referring to his hardy perennial 'New Boots' bestseller as "the working man's 'Tubular Bells' " . . .

So what else is new? **Poly Styrene** was spotted at the Venue demurely taking in **McGuinn, Hillman and Clark** (the **ex-Byrds** to you). She probably wished she had braces on her ears. Still in clubland (this is what we dots refer to as an 'effortless transition') **Blue Oyster Cult** recently played a secret club date in New Jersey to test out their new material in a different environment (it says here). The Cult were reportedly scared shitless but still had enough new material left to play and go down a *real storm, people* . . .

They also kept their good-guy credentials intact by playing a benefit concert for the "Boat People" refugees alongside **Patti Smith, Todd Rundgren's Utopia** (Todd was the host for the event) and **David Johansen.** The proceeds from the gig will be going towards much-needed food and medical supplies *(Could do with some up here — Ed).* Rodd Tungsten himself announced that he's undertaking no more tours for a long, long (that's looooooong) time seeing as how he's rilly into videotapes now, man. Meanwhile, the Todd-produced Patti Smith album 'Waves' is now set for March release, just one short month before — hang onto your haunches for this one — the new **Led Zeppelin** platter comes out!!! . . .

Burning questions of the week: whatever happened to **Cat Stevens?** Simple, Otto. He has changed his name to **Yusuf Islam** and is now a practising Moslem resident in Rio de Janeiro. Whatever happened to **Bianca Jagger?** She is reputed to be signing to Casablanca Records and playing a Munich hooker in a movie called *The Ringer.* Whatever happened to **Captain Sensible?** He was last seen welcoming returning members of the England cricket team with a clutch of other whackos waving pro-**Geoff Boycott** posters and banners. Boycott, you remember, is the former Yorkshire captain. Captain Sensible is the former . . . um . . . hey, who *is* Captain Sensible anyway? . . .

Hold the presses (until they get heavy): another burning question of the age has just popped out of the bag. How — you may ask — did **UFO** get to their Hammersmith Odeon gig last week? Who — you may answer — gives a monkey's? Nevertheless — we reply, refusing to be put off our stroke by hecklers from the gallery — when adverse weather conditions prevented UFO's fleet of IROs *(Identifiable Rolling Objects — Our Defence Correspondent)* from reaching their destination, the lads hopped out and caught the tube. Is there nothing these gallant bunch will not endure to bring music to the masses? . . .

And yet another **Bruce Springsteen** song is premiered on vinyl by somebody other than The Boss himself: **Greg Kihn** is cutting Windscreen's 'Rendezvous', and unlike sundry other covers, this one comes with Loose's blessings, approval, endorsement and consent . . .

Does this mean a signing: representatives of the A&R departments of CBS, EMI and Virgin showed up alongside famous record producer **Martin Rushent** and **Eddie** from **Sham** to see **Local Operator** at Dingwalls . . .

All of us dots were highly relieved to read this week that **Peter Frampton** does not take drugs. "The nearest I got to heroin was smoking opium. *Once!*" reports The Angelic One, obviously still shattered by the experience . . .

Whoops! Instant update! **Bianca Jagger** has finished her role in *The Ringer* (playing, you will recall, a Munich hooker) and producer **Dan Blatt** was so knocked out that he's already offered her the lead in his next, *The Moe Berg Story* (in which she will presumably play **Moe Berg**). And at that **McGuinn** gig at the Venue, 100 or so punters actually got their money back after complaining about the rather unenthralling quality of the performance. . . .

Our spies in the fashionable parts of town tell us that the punks on the Kings Road are begging off tourists these days. Lazy, worthless oafs — why can't they go out and get an Arts Council grant like anybody else?

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	CLASH POLICE	2
2	PIL	2
3	BUZZCOCKS	4
4	ALTERNATIVE ULSTER	9
5	999	–
6	PENETRATION	–
7	ANARCHY IN THE U.K.	–
8	THE JAM	3
9	SMIRKS AGAINST TRAVOLTA	5
10	THE SLITS	–

30p Drunks Punk, Drug Users Against Nazis. **25p** Tapper, Herbsman, What You See, Gen. X, Arts No. 6. **20p** More Rope, Sham, Cabaret Voltaire, Raiders, Fairies, Doomed, Kraftwerk, Parsons, Burchill, Gauche Siouxsie, ½ Japanese, Metal Urbain, Buzzcocks Pink, Buzzcocks Promises, Fugs, Chrome, Sons of Joh, Monochrome Set, Members, Doll by Doll, The Night, All Mod Cons, Tube Station.

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VACANCY

There is a vacancy for a sub-editor on NME.

The successful candidate will have solid subbing and layout experience (essential), and the ability to work creatively under considerable deadline pressure. He or she will already be familiar with the design and scope of NME, and have a keen interest in rock music, youth culture and modern graphics.

Salary; IPC Magazines Grade 8.

Applications, with full career details to: Neil Spencer, Editor, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

B I L L N E L S O N ' S

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THE SINGLE

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C/W

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and

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(These two tracks not contained on the album and unavailable elsewhere)

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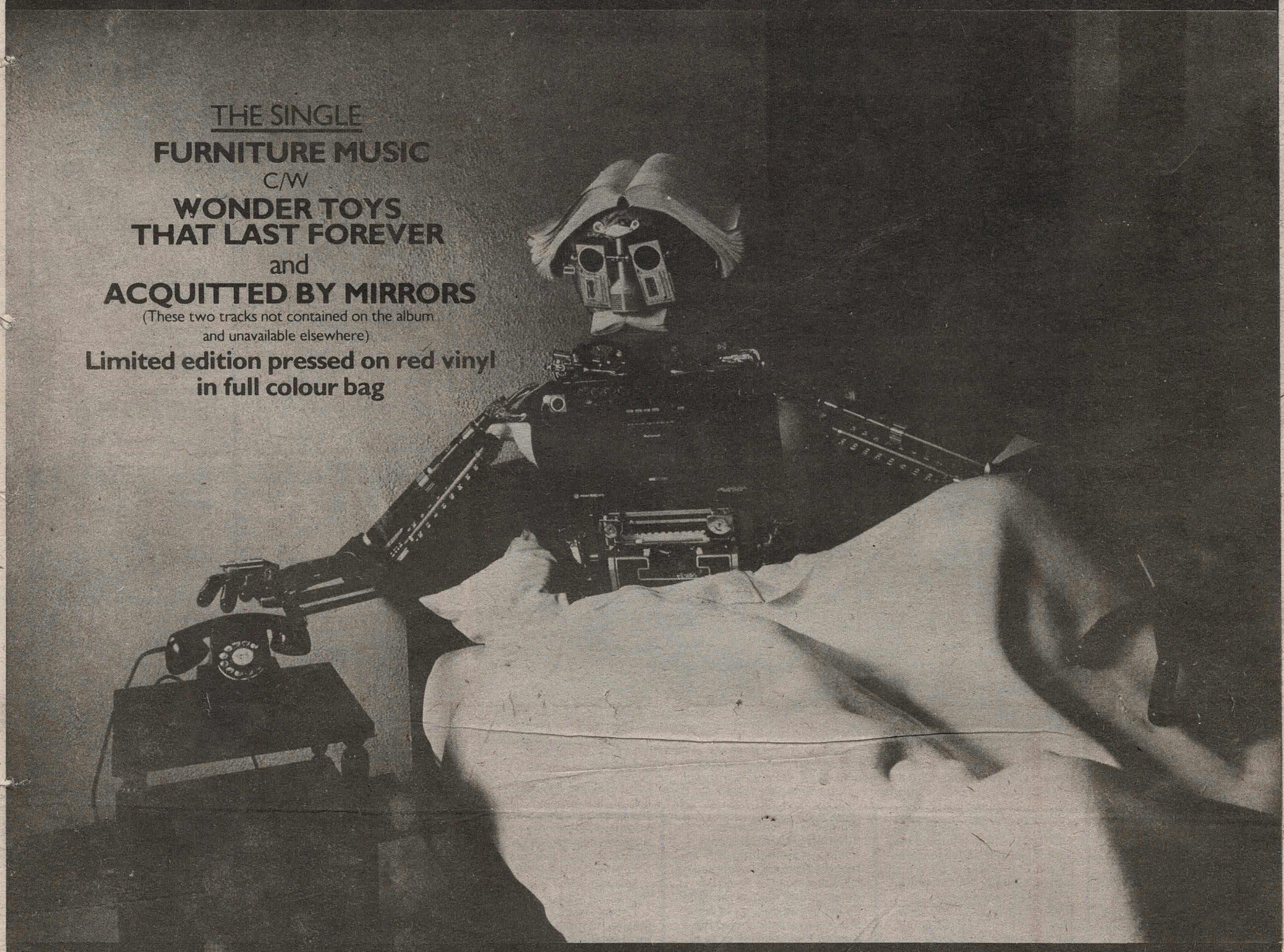

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INTO THE ALBUM CHARTS AT 33

THE TOUR

4th Mar **BRISTOL** Hippodrome
6th Mar **SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont
7th Mar **BIRMINGHAM** Odeon
8th Mar **LEICESTER** De Montford Hall
10th Mar **LIVERPOOL** Empire
11th Mar **MANCHESTER** Apollo
12th Mar **NEWCASTLE** City Hall
13th Mar **SHEFFIELD** City Hall
14th Mar **BRADFORD** St. Georges Hall
16th Mar **LANCASTER** University
17th Mar **LEEDS** University
18th Mar **LONDON** Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

HARVEST